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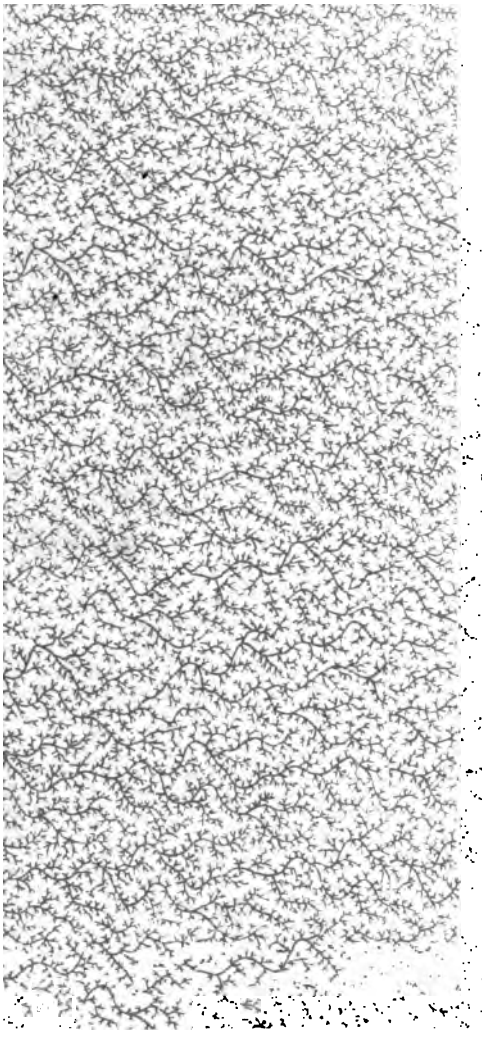

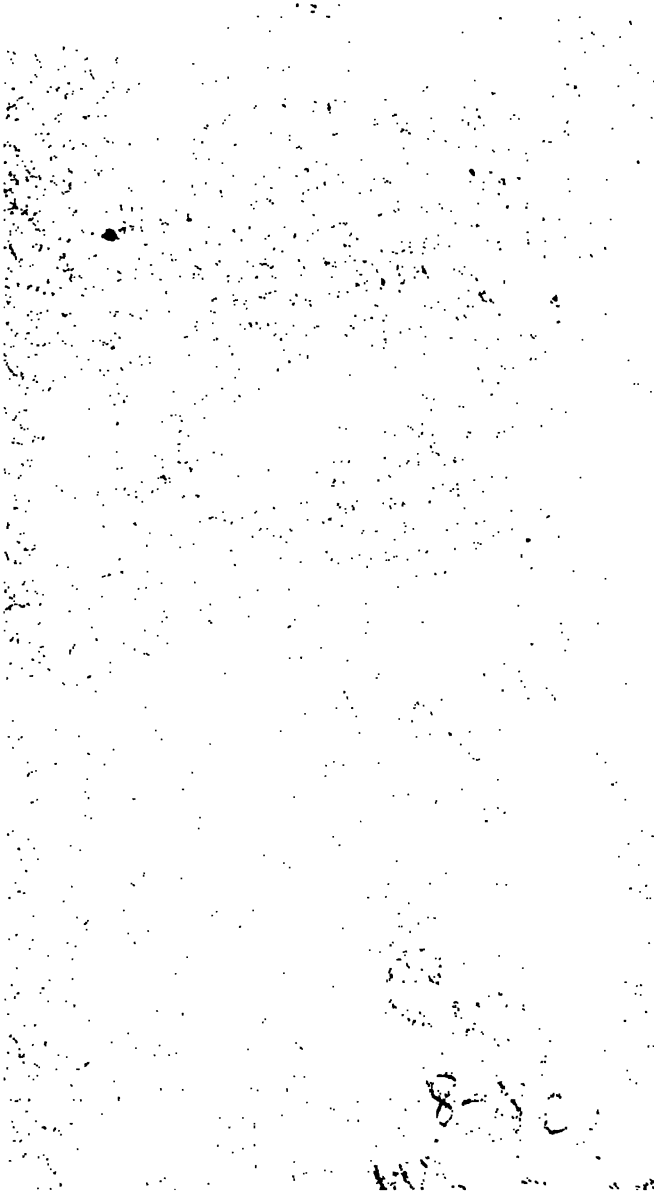

Westminster Drolleries.

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this is No 198 RR

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DROLLERIES,

Both Parts, of 1671, 1672;

BEING

A CHOICE COLLECTION

OF

SONGS AND POEMS,

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With Additions made by 'A Person of Quality.'

Now First Reprinted from the Original Editions.

EDITED,

With an Introduction

ON THE

Literature of the Drolleries;

A COPIOUS APPENDIX OF

Notes, Illustrations and Emendations of Text;

A Table of Contents, and Index of First Lines of Songs and Poems;

BY J. WOODFALL EBSWORTH, M.A., CANTAB.

R. ROBERTS, BOSTON, LINCOLNSHIRE.

M,DCCCLXXV.

MD

AV

LENOX LIBRARY
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TO THOSE

IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA

WHO LOVE

Old Songs and Old Ballads;

PRIZING WHAT IS GOOD IN THEM, DESPITE

THE FICKLENESS OF FASHION:

THE FIRST REPRINT

OF THE

WESTMINSTER DROLLERIES

IS

DEDICATED.

January, 1875.

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VALE.

BLE OF FIRST LINES, OF SONGS AND POEMS.

PRELUDE.

Who comes to this quaint Hostelry need bring
No peevish visage and no railing tongue,
Grudging the merry Lays that here are sung,
Hating to hear the clinking glasses ring:
Good store of viands on the board they fling,
Choice fruit and flowers in plenty grouped among,
Such as Iacchus loved when earth was young,—
Autumnal grapes, with garlands of the Spring.

Come! though at times Satyric notes may sound
Few are the words unchaste that meet your ear;
We ask no modest maids to gather round,
Yet many a pure and loving hymn thrills here:
Scholars of life mature will haunt the ground,
And leave unscann'd whate'er would mar the cheer.

1875. J. W. E.

EDITORIAL

INTRODUCTION

TO THE

WESTMINSTER DROLLERIES:

1671, 1672.

Scholar.—"THIS IS A VERY BIG GATEWAY TO SO SMALL A HOUSE, MASTER BUILDER?

Palladio.—ALL THE FAULT OF THE *house*, NICOLAS FOR NOT BEING LARGER. WOULD THAT IT WERE!"
(Chronicles of Nirgends College, Tom. LVI. p. 38.)

§ I. THE EARLIEST REPRINT.

TO persons already acquainted with the two parts of the *Westminster Drollery*, published in 1671 and 1672, it must have appeared strange that no attempt was hitherto made to bring these delightful volumes within reach, for the students of our early literature. The originals are of extreme rarity, a perfect copy of the two being seldom attainable at any public sale, and on such occasions fetching a price that makes a book-hunter almost despair of its acquisition. So great a favorite was it in the Cavalier times, that most

 copies

copies have been literally worn to pieces in the hands of admirers, as they chanted forth a merry stave from its pages. There is no collection of Songs surpassing it in the language, and as representing the lyrics of the first twelve years after the Restoration it is unequalled. A few of the expressions, we confess, are a little too "free" to suit indiscriminate readers in these hypocritically-precise days; when newspapers publish reports of criminal trials far more offensive to morality, and novelists choose objectionable entanglements and careers of vice to delight the readers of Circulating Libraries. But in general, with a few exceptions, in the *Westminster Drollery* "the mirth and fun," though "fast and furious," like the witcheries at Alloway Auld Kirk, is not of a sort to need censure. Here and there a touch of coarseness, such as we meet frequently in Chaucer and succeeding writers, serves to remind us of the changes in fashion since the age when our ancestors used plain language to express their thoughts. But, on the whole, the collection is far more pure and wholesome than the later editions of *Wit and Mirth*, re-issued during the Augustan age of Queen Anne, and in the early years of George I., or other books which appeared after the Revolution of 1688.

Among the hundred and seventy-odd Songs here preserved, by far the greater number are elsewhere unattainable

attainable. A few of the choicest, by Charles II., Dryden, Wycherley, Sedley, Shadwell, Butler, L'Estrange, Wotton, Etherege, Flatman, Hicks, &c., were established favourites. Those beside them, chiefly by authors now unknown or not identified, are generally worthy of their position. Many of the Love Songs possess a poetic beauty that disproves the charge made by Robert Bell against the writers of the Restoration. And the loyalty is of a cheerful energetic spirit, very different from the rancour and personality which so strongly infect the celebrated *Rump* collections of 1660 and 1662, or the still more bitter vituperation which meets us in the *Loyal Songs* of 1684, 1689, 1694, the State Poems of 1704, &c., the *Pills to Purge State Melancholy*, of 1715 and 1718, or *A Tory Pill to Purge Whig Melancholy*, and *Mughouse Diversions*, of 1716. Here, in the *Drolleries* before us, we have, unadulterated and unmutilated, some of the best English Ballads of rural festivity, full of allusions and homely proverbs to delight the antiquary. Chief among them is the *Maypole Song*, "Come Lasses and Lads," a favourite to this day; and the equally brisk and enlivening *Hunting of the Gods*. A few poems of epigrammatic humour, such as those on *A Scrivener*, *A Sexton*, and *A Watch Lost in a Tavern*, are anticipative of the peculiar genius of Tom Hood in puns and quibbles. Others,

Others, to wit, those *On Men Escaped Drowning in a Tempest*, and *On a Great Heat*, shew a delightful power of exaggeration; such as in later days finds a home among our brethren across the Atlantic (who will thank us, we doubt not, for the present Reprint, our early English literature having zealous students in America). Truly, the pages are full of dainties. One of the rarest *Tom of Bedlam* songs is here; so is *Dulcina*, that airiest and sweetest of amatory ditties. *Poor Anthony* tells of his termagant wife, and her final cure; The song in praise of *The Black Jack* leads us to add its companions in the Appendix; *Old Soldiers* gives us sight of an heroic family; the *Drawing of Valentines* ranges along with *Love's Lottery;* the original of the Scotch song called *Gilderoy* is valuable in its rough integrity, afterwards popular even when mutilated; *The Spanish Armada* is of almost national and historic importance, a gay ballad smacking of the sea-breeze; *Hide Park*, *Honest Harry*, *The Kind Husband but Imperious Wife*, *The Legacy* (p. 27), *The Dream* (p. 31), "*On the bank of a Brook as I sate fishing*, are here to please us; and "*Thus all our life long we are frolick and gay.*"

The WESTMINSTER DROLLERIES are reprinted with the utmost fidelity, page for page, and line for line, not a word being altered, or a single letter departing from

from the original spelling. It is, in truth, a fac-simile edition, in everything but the additional beauty of typography. Such Editorial Notes as may be deemed useful in illustration of the text, and variety of readings, are kept distinct in an Appendix. Our Introduction on the Literature of the Drolleries is offered, although such good wine needs no bush, to tell of the entertainment for Man, though not for Beast, to be found within. But in this world of odd assemblages there are Malvolios who, without being virtuous, object to other folks enjoying cakes and ale. They find no pleasure even in the cozier's catches that might have roused the night owl, and drawn three souls out of one weaver. Such persons are not bidden to this wassail, but they will grumble and affect to feel scandalized. Dean Swift declared that a nice man is a man of nasty ideas. None but extremely fastidious people, secretly gloating over what they affect to dislike, and incapable of valuing early literature for its better qualities, will either search for, or decry, the few things to blame in the *Westminster Drolleries*. An expression now and then, even a whole page or two, we could have gladly omitted, if it had been permissible to mutilate this earliest reprint of the book. Enough said as to these. The dissuasives against matrimony are balanced by answers equally weighty and witty, in rebuke of libertinism

tinism in bachelorhood. Correctives of other errors are not far to seek. Experienced travellers, cruising alongside the happy isles of our English Poetry, will find little here to sadden or annoy. They must be well aware of the worthlessness to students of Expurgated Editions of any authors who deserve to be reprinted at all. We leave Bowdlerized versions to the Lady Wardlaws and Family Dramatisers. We are not now writing or publishing *virginibus puerisque*, but to scholars. As confirming this opinion let us call into court an authority that few persons will dispute: Lord Macaulay.

§ II. COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENCE.

No student of the Restoration Literature can afford to remain unacquainted with Lord Macaulay's essay on "The Dramatic Works of Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar." Our only regret is that the two writers last named were not criticized at all. The implied promise regarding them was unfulfilled. "Here, for the present we must stop," says the *Edinburgh Reviewer:* "Vanbrugh and Farquhar are not men to be hastily dismissed, and we have not left ourselves space to do them justice." It is a loss to all of us, that Macaulay quitted the subject; seeing what he has given us in connection with their predecessors. He would have revelled in his favourite antitheses, while

while bringing before us Sir John Vanburgh with his full-bottomed wig, his ponderous architecture, and his light-comedy fancies. Dick Amlet might scarcely feel at home in Blenheim or Castle Howard, though Sir John Brute and Loveless, with Amanda or Berinthia, would find a corner easily. The sportive sallies of Sir Harry Wildair and Archer would have been made to deepen our sympathy for their warm-hearted author, the gay and versatile Farquhar, dying in poverty before he was thirty years of age. But this second essay, which could not have failed to afford delight, howsoever treated, can only be read in that pleasant limbo of Fancy, where are gathered already so many projected books, and parts of books, including the final portions of the Faerie Queene, the fourth part of Hudibras, Dryden's epic of King Arthur, the seventeenth canto of Don Juan, Jean Paul's Selina, with the last chapters of Denis Duval and Edwin Drood. There we may also find Cowley's own burnt narrative of the Civil War, and the second tome of Raleigh's History of the World. The prospect of consulting all these in the original, whenever we are called to emigrate to the Elysian Fields, reconciles us to the thought of departure from a life made sufficiently comfortable by the abundant literature bequeathed from our old Poets and Dramatists.

To

To Macaulay may be fitly referred any defence of reprinting the Dramatists of the Restoration and the best of their "Drolleries." His words are convincing, as a justification, if such be needed. "We cannot wish that any work or class of works which has exercised a great influence on the human mind, and which illustrates the character of an important epoch in letters, politics, and morals, should disappear from the world. If we err in this matter, we err with the gravest men and bodies of men in the empire, and especially with the Church of England, [let the political dissenters make capital out of this admission, as is their use and wont;] and with the great schools of learning which are connected with her. The whole liberal education of our countrymen is conducted on the principle, that no book which is valuable, either by reason of the excellence of its style, or by reason of the light which it throws on the history, polity, and manners of nations, should be withheld from the student on account of its impurity. The Athenian Comedies, in which there are scarcely a hundred lines together without some passage of which Rochester would have been ashamed, have been reprinted at the Pitt Press, and the Clarendon Press, under the direction of syndics and delegates appointed by the Universities; and have been illustrated with notes by reverend, very reverend,

reverend, and right reverend commentators." [This was written and published in January, 1841. We are afraid, whatsoever changes may have taken place since that date were scarcely for the better. If right reverend prelates do not now annotate censurable classics, it is probably because of their inability to compete with their predecessors, rather than from an excess of conscientious scruples. In the old days of a century ago, which it is the fashion to decry, if our Bishops were otherwise faulty, they at least employed their scholarship in more useful studies than the legal quibbles opposing a Reredos, the fomenting of rebellion against a successor in a public school, the interference with an Apologetic Mare and a Holy Friar, or the exciting of prejudices, pitting class against class, among agricultural labourers. The difference lies between learned students who loved retirement, and seekers after mob-popularity by pestilent agitation.]

Lord Macaulay, with his usual common sense and contempt for Cant, goes on to draw practical conclusions, as to the gain resulting from leaving open the doors of our library; or, to use Milton's phrase, "the liberty of unlicensed printing." "We have no doubt that the great Societies which direct the education of the English gentry, have herein judged wisely. It is unquestionable that an extensive acquaintance with ancient

ancient literature enlarges and enriches the mind. It is unquestionable that a man whose mind has been thus enlarged and enriched, is likely to be far more useful to the State and to the Church, than one who is unskilled, or little skilled, in classical learning. On the other hand, we find it difficult to believe that, in a world so full of temptation as this, any gentleman, whose life would have been virtuous if he had not read Aristophanes and Juvenal, will be made vicious by reading them. A man who, exposed to all the influencès of such a state of society as that in which we live, is yet afraid of exposing himself to the influences of a few Greek or Latin verses, acts, we think, much like the felon who begged the sheriffs to let him have an umbrella held over his head from the door of Newgate to the gallows, because it was a drizzling morning, and he was apt to take cold. *The virtue which the world wants is a healthful virtue, not a valetudinarian virtue*—a virtue which can expose itself to the risks inseparable from all spirited exertion—not the virtue which keeps out of the common air for fear of infection, and eschews the common food as too stimulating." And, he adds: "We should be justly chargeable with gross inconsistency, if, while we defend the policy which invites the youth of our country to study such writers as Theocritus and Catullus, we were to set

set up a cry against a new edition of the 'Country Wife,' or the 'Way of the World.' . . . The worst English writings of the seventeenth century are decent, compared with much that has been bequeathed to us by Greece and Rome." He refers to examples even in Plato, well known to readers of the Symposium as well as the Phædrus. He declares that admitting, as he does, the desirability of an English gentleman being well informed regarding the ancient people and their modes of life and thought, "much more must it be desirable that he should be intimately acquainted with the history of the public mind of his own country; and with the causes, the nature, and the extent of those revolutions of opinion and feeling, which, during the last two centuries, have alternately raised and depressed the standard of our national morality. And knowledge of this sort is to be very sparingly gleaned from Parliamentary debates, from State papers, and from the works of grave historians. It must either not be acquired at all, or it must be acquired by the perusal of *the light literature which has at various periods been fashionable.* We are therefore by no means disposed to condemn this publication, though we certainly cannot recommend the handsome volume before us as an appropriate Christmas present for young ladies." (*Edinburgh Review*, vol. lxxii., p. 492.)

My Lud, that is our case ! § III.

§ III. Dramatists under Charles II.

Further, we are not called upon to enter into any justification of the Dramatists of the Restoration from the charges which have been urged, somewhat petulantly, against them. To say the truth, their morality is generally conspicuous by its absence. Far too much preponderance is given by them to subjects that are now rightly relinquished to our female novelists,—such as Bigamy, Seduction, and Conjugal Infidelity. No men could escape, no men would deserve to escape severe condemnation, if writing now-a-days so freely on a loose style of life, such as we find displayed in comedies by Dryden, Wycherley, Crowne, D'Urfey, Ravenscroft, Burnaby, and a score of other play-wrights, whose names are less known to the present generation. Not that our age is by any means so far advanced in virtue and religious principles as we sometimes flatter ourselves by asserting. It may sound well on platforms, and read prettily in the pages of Sectarian literature, to denounce the execrable days that have gone before us, and puff ourselves up with incense of mutual adulation. But thoughtful observers know that there is quite as much vice and unhappiness now, at the close of this third quarter of our belauded Nineteenth Century, as ought to be sufficient to abate our boasting. We have a much purer court and

and hierarchy than what we possessed a century ago, or a century earlier still, when the *Westminster Drolleries* were first published. But ugly revelations are far from infrequent of immorality, folly, scepticism, and cruelty, in the various strata of society, which make us indisposed to accept congratulations as to our national virtue. We are not going to be tempted into discussion of contemporary politics (although we see a parallel), and may admit that, between 1671 and 1871, our Constitutional history shows decided progress. But individually, in proportion to the increased population, we can detect the presence of quite as many rogues, fools, and libertines as disgraced humanity in the time of the Merry Monarch. Nobody wishes to bring back those days, or to whitewash their vices; but if the Irrepressible Gentlemen who are so enthusiastic about the present Age of Gold, would only leave us quietly to enjoy whatever is good in the literature of the Past, undisturbed by their uncomfortable programme for a strictly Utilitarian future, what a much pleasanter world it would be.

§ IV. The Drolls and the Drolleries.

It may not be uninteresting for us to trace, hereafter, the history of the so-called authors and collectors of the various "Drolleries." The earlier of these

were produced during the disturbances of the Commonwealth, and, as it were, by stealth, printed and circulated among the Cavaliers, whose hopes kept fluctuating, but whose love of mirth and revelry no misfortunes could subdue. Unprosperous in plots as on battle-fields, flitting through bye-ways in whatever disguise might offer, received at cellar-doors and back-windows of such Royalists' houses as were fortunate enough to be held for lurking-places, the homeless Wildrakes and Willmores of the day, nay even such as Cutter of Coleman Street, carried with them a goodly store of remembered tunes and the dangerous gift of composing rhymes against the party in power. They fabricated mock petitions and seditious ballads, in which neither Hewson's single eye nor Oliver's copper nose was forgotten. They kept alive among themselves a liking for the prohibited stage-plays of a time when Royalty had not disdained to wear the mask and enact some gracious trifling at Whitehall. Libellous Prynne had in his 1633 "Histrio-mastix" made scandalous attacks on the Queen for such amusements, and had paid the forfeit with his ears. He might have been equally unscrupulous in defaming the Lady Alice Egerton, who in 1634 represented Milton's delicate creation at Ludlow, had "Comus" been two years earlier, or of more public performance. But the bitter schismatics,

schismatics, whose spokesman he was, soon gained sufficient power to close the theatres, as well as to fine, imprison, mutilate, and slaughter the loyal actors; all of whom, with one inglorious exception, were zealous in the King's cause during the Rebellion, and mostly wielded on serious battle-fields the swords they had first learnt to use for mimic fight at the Phœnix and Black-friars.*

* Sir William Davenant was appointed, by the Marquis of Newcastle, Lieutenant general of his ordnance, and at the siege of Gloucester, September, 1643, was knighted by the King "in acknowledgment of his bravery and signal services." A most valuable record of the sufferings undergone by the Cavalier actors in the days when Puritans held power is in [Thomas?] Wright's "Historia Histrionica," printed in 1699. He tells of the players, when the Stage was put down and the Rebellion raised, that "Most of them, except Lowin, Tayler and Pollard (who were superannuated) went into the King's army, and, like good men and true, served their old master, though in a different, yet more honourable capacity. Robinson was killed at the taking of a place (I think Basing-House), by Harrison, he that was after hang'd at Charing Cross, who refused him quarter, and shot him in the head when he had laid down his arms; abusing Scripture at the same time, in saying, *Cursed is he that doth the Work of the Lord negligently.* Mohun was a Captain (and after the wars were ended here, served in Flanders, where he received pay as a Major). Hart was a lieutenant of horse under Sir Thomas Dallison, in Prince Rupert's regiment; Burt was cornet in the same troop, and Shatterel quarter-master; Allen, of the Cockpit, was a Major, and quarter-master general at Oxford. I have not heard of one of these players of any note that sided with the other party, but only Swanston, and he professed himself a Presbyterian,

As the rigour of persecution in time abated, after confiscation, ejection, and other modes of plunder had impoverished the defeated Royalists, a few indulgences were gained, such as the harsh sectaries had first denounced from their usurped pulpits, and suppressed by all the means that bigotry and tyranny gave into their grasp. Although the proclamations and written Acts of the long-winded Parliament remained unrepealed, prohibiting all stage plays, and denouncing penalties against the Thespians,† Oliver's myrmidons were bribed or coaxed into connivance with some trifling breach of the law. Scraps of plays, such as

terian, took up the trade of a jeweller, and lived in Aldermanbury, within the territory of Father Calamy; the rest either lost, or exposed their lives for their king." (H. H. Repr. 1744, Dodsl. O. P., XI., p. ix.)

† See the valuable collection of Documents in the Roxburghe Library volume, The English Drama and Stage under the Tudor and Stuart Princes, 1869: wherein are given the First, Second, and Third Ordinances of the Long Parliament against Stage-Playes, and for the suppression of Theatrical performances in England, respectively of September 2, 1642; October 22, 1647; and February 2, 1647-8, each time increasing in malignity and cruel rapacity. Given, also, in J. Payne Collier's most interesting work on the "Annals of the Stage," 1831, vol. ii, pp. 105, 110, 114. Unfortunately, his work stops virtually at the suppression of the Theatres. See, likewise, the memoir of Davenant in Wm. Paterson's "Dramatists of the Restoration," vol. i. 1872, a reprint worthy of all encouragement, ably edited by James Maidment and W. H. Logan.

had

had pleased lonely households in country mansions; soliloquies, dialogues, and scenes from well remembered master-pieces by Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, or Beaumont and Fletcher, came to be the tolerated amusements of small crowds at the Red Bull in London, under the pretence of rope-dancing and tumbling; subject still to surveillance, and to occasional interruption and dispersal, with the plunder of their garments and admittance-money, but no longer followed invariably as of old by stocks and whippings, contumely and close imprisonment with spare diet:

> "*Brave Bracelets strong,*
> *Sweet whips ding dong,*
> *And wholesome hunger plenty.*"

The Protector himself—in time disgusted with many of his intractable companions, and scarcely hiding a contempt for his own tools and satellites when not sufficiently obsequious—became desirous of conciliating the moderate party whose favour alone could gain for him the Crown his own sterner confederates denied to himself and family. That there was some relaxation of authority, when once the spirit of opposition seemed crushed, cannot be denied. By May 21st, 1656, Davenant had opened a theatre at Rutland House, Charter-house Yard, for dramatic interludes or "Entertainments of declamation and music, after the manner of

of the Ancients," under favour of Lord Keeper Whitelocke, Sergeant Sir John Maynard, and others. Speedily his "Cruelty of the Spaniards," "Sir Francis Drake," and the "Siege of Rhodes" attained a success. Instead of the brief dialogues and poetic fragments, which at most had been tolerated grudgingly among the Cavaliers, there came to be represented certain abbreviated re-castings of the chief incidents taken from the plays they loved. These under the general designation of "DROLLS," or Humours, gave a complete dramatic rendering of actions or adventures; such as the Shylock scenes in the "Merchant of Venice," or the Choice of the Three Caskets, from the same play; the Sheep-shearing episode of Perdita, with the merriment of Autolycus, most delightful of vagabonds, from "The Winter's Tale;" the prison revelry of the Three Merry Boys, from John Fletcher's "Rollo, Duke of Normandy;" the Buck-Basket mishap of Falstaff from the "Merry Wives of Windsor;" the pretended wantonness of the virtuous Florimel, as "The Surprise," from Fletcher's "Maid in the Mill:" and others.

Some of these fragments were esteemed so highly that they did not altogether lose admirers even afterwards, when the "glorious Restoration" removed the padlock from the playhouse door. Francis Kirkman

continued

continued to print his "Curious Collection of several Drolls and Farces," in 1670 and 1673, under the title of "The Wits; or, Sport upon Sport." *Robert Cox, who had been known as a Comedian in the time of Charles I., has the credit of preparing some eleven others of these Drolls, published in 1672 (the year of "Westminster Drollery," part 2); among which we find his own Humours of Simpleton; of Bumpkin; of Simpkin; of Hobbinol; and of John Swabber; also

* In the preface by Francis Kirkman to his own Part of "The Wits," (1672 ed.) we read:

'When the publique Theatres were shut up, and the Actors forbidden to present us with any of their Tragedies, because we had enough of that in earnest; and Comedies, because the Vices of the Age were too lively and smartly represented; then all that we could divert ourselves with were these humours and pieces of Plays, which passing under the Name of a merry conceited Fellow, called *Bottom the Weaver*, *Simpleton the Smith*, *John Swabber*, or some such title, were only allowed us, and that but by stealth too, and under pretence of Rope-dancing, or the like; and these being all that was permitted us, great was the confluence of the Auditors; and these small things were as profitable, and as great get-pennies to the Actors as any of our late famed Plays. I have seen the Red Bull Play-House, which was a large one, so full, that as many went back for want of room as had entred [always, we find, a delightful thought to your true professionals]; and as meanly as you may think of these Drols, they were then Acted by the best Comedians then and now in being; and I may say, by some that then exceeded all now living, by Name, the incomparable *Robert Cox*, who was not only the principal Actor, but also the Contriver and Author of most of these Farces.'

one

one of "Bottom the Weaver," extracted from the "Midsummer Night's Dream." Still earlier, Thomas Jordan had returned into ballad measure and versical Tales several of Shakespeare's plays, which had been borrowed from prose novels: "The Royal Arbor of Loyal Poesie," of this Cavalier Poet appeared in 1664, but had been written during the usurpation. Kirkman's work, like those of Cox and of Jordan, is very rare, and, we may truly add, amusing.* From "Hamlet" the portion taken by Cox for a Droll was

* Francis Kirkman writes of Robert Cox: "How have I heard him cried up for his *John Swabber*, and *Simpleton* the Smith, in which he being to appear with a large piece of Bread and Butter, I have frequently known several of the female Spectators and Auditors to long for some of it: And once that well-known Natural *Jack Adams* of Clarkenwel, seeing him with Bread and Butter on the Stage, and knowing him, cryed out, Cuz, Cuz, give me some, give me some; to the great pleasure of the Audience: And so naturally did he act the Smith's part, that being at a Fair in a Countrey Town, and that Farce being presented, the only Master Smith of the town came to him, saying Well, although your father speaks ill of you, yet when the Fair is done, if you will come and work with me, I will give you twelve pence a week more then I give any other Journey-man. Thus was he taken for a Smith bred, that was indeed as much of any trade. And as he pleased the City and Countrey, so the Universities had a sight of him, and very well esteemed he was by the learned," &c.—[*The Wits.*]

Francis Kirkman's portrait is given as one of the frontispieces to "The English Rogue," 1671-73: lately reprinted.

"The

"The Gravedigger's Colloquy;" from "Henry IV. Part I." the mirthful exaggeration of lean Jack's battle with the men in buckram, and the misbegotten knaves in Kendal green, was exhibited as "The Bouncing Knight."

These DROLLS were seldom unadorned with Songs. A large proportion were drawn from the works of the twinned dramatists, Beaumont and Fletcher, whose sparkling vivacity and uncontrollable roystering fun commended them to the men of their time quite as much as the true beauty of their poetry, which atones for their occasional licentiousness. The heavier and more cumbrous verse of Ben Jonson was less suited for the purpose required, so that we find little of his dramas reproduced, except a few scenes from his "Alchemist," under the title of "The Empiric." But many of his songs were, from first publication, adopted as universal favourites, among that political party which almost monopolized a taste for the accomplishment of verse and the charms of music. "Drink to me only with thine eyes;" "Queen and huntress, chaste and fair;" "Still to be neat;" "Buz, quoth the Blue Fly," and others of his bursts of melody, reached hearts that scarcely opened to receive his crowded comedies and obtrusive learning. With such airy fancies as deck his "Underwoods" and "Masques," every lover

lover of true poesie must exclaim, "O rare Ben Jonson!" Of Herrick, Carew, and Suckling the songs never lost admirers, and there was not any time when Shakespeare's were unvalued.

Thus, even while pains and penalties had threatened the poor Player, forbidding him to "strut and fret his hour upon the stage," during the days when the Protectorate made a desolation and called it peace, there was an unceasing demand for songs, satires, and short poems. Cotgrave's bulky, "English Treasury of Wit and Language" found a welcome in 1655. More acceptable still would be such small volumes as could be easily hidden from the observation of Puritan spies, greedy for fines and confiscation; secretly as ready to relish improprieties as the pious contraband trader and Nanty Ewart on the Solway Frith, in later days. In answer to this demand arose the DROLLERIES; of which we have not yet found a specimen earlier than 1654. They were privately passed from hand to hand, amid such perils and difficulties that copies of them are of the utmost rarity; and predecessors may have appeared under still greater disadvantages and wholly perished.

Oxford had much to do in the matter of these Drolleries. Here, in the venerable city to which we all look with love, had a loyal stand been made alike for

for church and state. Here had the King himself withdrawn in 1644; and here had fallen with especial malignity the punishment on Colleges for orthodoxy and political partizanship. The ejected scholars were not likely to submit silently to spoliation and imprisonment. Many an Oxford student thereafter dipped his pen with keen avidity into the ink that should help to bring ridicule on the gang of sanctimonious plunderers whom his soul abhorred. Many a grave divine, thrust out of reading desk and pulpit by self-ordained Cobblers and Infallibly Predestinated Agag-hewers, indulged himself in requital with the *odium theologicum*, and gibbeted Independents, Anabaptists, and all the unclassifiable camp-followers of Heresy and Schism, in one of those piquant epigrams or pasquinades over which to this day we chuckle merrily. On the other side, it is true, was Milton, a warlike catapult, flinging weighty annoyances, unscrupulous in his invectives against Salmasius, and Smectymnuus, and rejoicing in the interchange of destructive slander. What the Puritan divines could fulminate against opponents (or each other, when occasion served) is tolerably patent to the world by this time. Our book-shelves groan under their polemical theology, and we are only too glad to have escaped sitting under their pulpits while they "took another glass before parting." Gallant Cavaliers

Cavaliers who fought unavailingly and suffered faithfully during the civil war, like Lovelace, Cowley, L'Estrange, Cleveland, and Davenant, took up their pen as readily as their sword, when misfortune fell upon them. If they were sometimes frivolous and indecorous, they at least were not dull and tedious.

We should read the earlier "Drolleries," therefore, with a remembrance of their writers and first receivers having drawn more enjoyment out of these small volumes, in times of disquiet, than perhaps many of us care to do in later times of luxury, when whole libraries are at our command. Such faults as they bear are not unnatural results of the strife amid which they had been generated. People were in earnest for awhile, and neither sought nor bestowed quarter. While the political Saints preached against the plundered sinners, the latter retorted with song and satire, for lack of other weapons.

We regret the occasional coarseness. But let it be remembered that it was a vice of the times, and we find in the Expositions and Biblical Commentaries of the Puritan divines, (learned, pious, aud instructive as many of them are) language quite as foul, and more fondness for meddling with unsavoury topics than we shall ever do in the "Drolleries." Throughout the time of anarchy there had been, among the Cavaliers, an

an odd commingling of amatory flames and political smoke. The devotion that was offered to exiled Monarch and separated Lady-love was never long unallied with banter, directed against either Parliamentary enemies or the tyranny of Beauty. Living, as they kissed, from hand to mouth, taking with equal readiness the smiles of Fortune and the mischances of Adversity, the versifiers were not quite heroic enough to escape the taint of their necessitous circumstances. They snatched hastily, recklessly, at such pleasures as came within their reach, heedless of price or consequences. What they could not gain in reality, they amused themselves by imagining. To a wanton Ixion a cloud is as good as a Juno. For our own part, we are far from feeling righteously indignant and pharisaically superior, when beholding the traces of their improvidence. There is a manhood visible in their failures, a generosity in their profusion and unrest. They become outcasts without degradation, for, at least, their scorn and hatred are lavished on those who are dastardly and hypocritical, the time-servers of the Commonwealth, while themselves yielding to indulgences of another sort. They are not stainless, but they affect no concealment of faults. Our heart goes to the losing side, even when the loss has been in great part deserved.

§ v. The Restoration.

At length, in 1660, comes the desired change, and as Martin Parker had hopefully sung, thirteen years before, "The King enjoys his own again!" Unfortunately, both Charles and his subjects had failed to discover any sweetness in the uses of adversity. The earliest congratulatory Odes shew little poetic merit. Several have been preserved on broadsheets, but their loyalty outran discretion. Theatres were speedily reopened. Sir William Davenant received the patent for the Duke's house, and Tom Killigrew that of the rival, or King's House.* Davenant, the poet of the now

* "Presently after the Restoration, the King's Players acted publickly at the Red Bull for some time, and then removed to a new built play-house in Vere Street, by Clare Market. There they continued for a year or two, and then removed to the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, where they first made use of scenes, which had been a little before introduced upon the publick stage by Sir William Davenant, at the Duke's Old Theatre in Lincolns-inn-fields, but afterwards very much improved, with the addition of curious machines by Mr. Betterton at the New Theatre in Dorset Garden, to the great expense and continual charge of the players. This much impaired their profit o'er what it was before; for I have been informed by one of them, that for several years next after the Restoration, every whole sharer in Mr. Hart's company got £1000 *per ann.* About the same time that scenes first entered upon the stage at London, women were taught to act their own parts; since when, we have seen at both houses several actresses, justly famed as well for beauty, as perfect good action. And some plays, in particular 'The Parson's Wedding' [by Thomas Killigrew, 1664],

neglected "Gondibert," (in great part written, previously, in prison) well deserved the favour shewn to him. He had been a stanch Royalist, in the dark days when loyalty meant suffering, but had contrived by his tact and perseverance to keep alive theatrical enthusiasm, and win, inch by inch, a toleration for dramatic shows. We see a specimen of the work he wrought during the Suppression in his "Play-House to be Let: Every Act a Play," a disjointed mixture of tragedy, comedy, opera, and farce. * As the Prologue says:—

> "*We found it neither had a tail or head*
> *The limbs are such as no proportion bear,*
> *No correspondence have, and yet cohere.*"

It was a stepping stone to the solid footing of the restored drama. He who had carried his point against powerful opposition, soon shewed what was his theatrical ambition, when in 1660 he held the management of a large Playhouse. With scenic decoration, with all

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1664], have been presented all by women, as formerly all by men. . . . All this while the playhouse musick improved yearly, and is now arrived to greater perfection than ever I knew it."

Historia Histrionica, 1691, *Repr. p. xii.*

* Motteux imitated this attempt in his "Novelty: Every Act a Play," at Little Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, in 1697. See, also, "The Stroller's Pacquet Broke Open," 1742, for Farces and Drolls performed at Bartholomew-Fair, &c., and borrowed from older plays.

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the adornment of rich costumes and operatic music, with mechanical contrivances hitherto unemployed, unknown, he reproduced in 1662 his "Siege of Rhodes,"

Revivals of the elder drama, including "Macbeth" with Matthew Lock's music, were attempted in such splendour as partly anticipated the spectacular successes of our own days. The first edition of Elkanah Settle's "Empress of Morocco," 1673, gives copper-plate engravings of the scenes in that play, and shows their importance. Theatre-goers did not so quietly enjoy the works of bygone demi-gods as to encourage managers to bring them out unadulterated. The bitter years that had gone by seem to have perverted the national taste. The courtiers who had accompanied Charles in his French exile, brought back with them more looseness of morals and artificiality of manners than they had taken over. Loyalty itself lost its charm when it wore the swagger of self-conceit and the vices of libertinism. We need seek no more startling proof of the depravity of this exotic taste than the alteration of Shakespeare's "Tempest" into "The Inchanted Island," made conjointly by Dryden and Davenant in 1667 The most exquisite fancies at once lose their purity and grace, poetry is travestied into bombast, the chaste innocence of Miranda is contaminated

taminated by the hoydenish silliness and impurity of a sister, Dorinda, who had "never seen a man," and the noble youth Ferdinand becomes a braggadocio ruffler, the cowardly assailant and almost the slayer of his rival, Hippolito, who until that hour had never seen a woman or drawn a sword. The tragedies in fashion were such as less resembled the English masterpieces of James's reign, than those which had found favour at the court of the French King. The comedies were diverting, but mere entanglements of intrigue and cross-purposes; wherein the wanton language was sufficiently outspoken to ensure each lady-visitor wearing a mask, not so much to hide her blushes, however, as to conceal their absence. Beaumont and Fletcher had gone pretty far in their dialogues, which by no means err on the side of straight-laced morals and punctilious decorum. But when their comedies reappeared, fifty years after the friends had gone to their rest, the alterations made were almost always for the worse. The Duke of Buckingham touched up "The Chances." Others tampered with whatever text was revived, without compunction. Later, Betterton turned "The Prophetess" into an opera; Purcell added music to "Bonduca." Shadwell had introduced a masque with songs into "Timon of Athens." The Restoration men held no fear of consequences when their ghosts should

should encounter the wronged Elizabethans in the Happy Hunting Grounds. There had always been a readiness in play-wrights to borrow largely from predecessors and contemporaries, mostly improving on what they stole,——"convey, the wise it call!" Thus, of our Shakespeare's plays there is scarcely more than one plot that we cannot trace home to some novelist or fellow-dramatist. The Restoration men as boldly plagiarized, but spoilt what they carried off in their maraudings. It is amusing to watch the bare-faced impudence (worthy of some play-wrights in our own days) of clever Edward Ravenscroft, for example, in his numerous transformations.

The immorality of these comedies has been denounced with such acrimony, that one might imagine the censors thought all other literature was immaculate, all other ages moral. We confess the cape; that their imaginary world behind the footlights is not quite commendable. But why make war on shadows? Why be so Quixotic as to slay mere scenic-puppets? We agree with Charles Lamb, that the province of the Dramatist is a conventional world, and that we need not press the enactments of our penal and moral code against creatures of Fancy, Why denounce the petty larcenies of Sganarelle, or the highway-robberies of Falstaff, as if to be judged at the Old Bailey, or by the

the Correctional Police of Paris? Are we never to be without Rhadamanthus and the Court of Arches in sight?

Let us admit, it was frequently on matrimonial infidelity the jokes turned. For a score of years people seem never to have grown weary of laughing at the exhibition of befooled London citizens, whose wealth and wives were made free with, in the plays whereby the Stage attempted to hold the mirror up to nature. The Merry Monarch himself was a constant patron of the Drama, happiest when shaking off the cares of state, and paying gallant compliments to some one of the saucy actresses who spoke those Prologues and Epilogues that are more charged with objectionable double-meanings and downright scandal than the plays they accompanied. Actresses had been another of the innovations brought from France, either by Killigrew or Davenant, after the Restoration; and for half a century they could scarcely be considered a moral gain, although attractive to the audience. (See Footnote on previous page, xxvi.) Two or more of these ladies were transferred by the enamoured King from the boards to the Palace. One was the charming Nell Gwynne, whom we see painted as a shepherdess by Sir Peter Lely at Hampton Court, and of whom our benefactor Pepys records in cypher, on May-day, 1667,

1667, the bewitching fascinations, as patent to him as those of Mrs Knipp. "Pretty Nelly," he calls her, "in her smock sleeves and bodice, a mighty pretty creature" She had passed, it is said, from the singing of ballads in taverns, the selling of oranges in front of the Playhouse, and the objectionable companionship of Buckhurst, to the higher dignity of enrapturing the lieges upon the stage. She delivered, in Dryden's emphatic language, the Epilogue to his tragedy, "Tyrannic Love," 1669. She spoke the Prologue to the same poet's "Conquest of Grenada," 1670, in a hat large as a cart-wheel, to the uproarious delight of King Charles. Then she passed to, what may have been deemed in those days, the height of feminine ambition. Mary Davis, profanely called Moll, it is no less trustworthily recorded, won a lease of the expansive heart of "Old Rowley," by her singing the ballad "My lodging is on the cold ground," in "The Rivals." * § VI.

* "The Rivals," Licensed September 19th, 1668, by Roger L'Estrange. This date of license is important, although it had been acted earlier. The "Rivals, a Comedy" (by Davenant, according to Langbaine's Account, Eng. Dram. Poets, p. 547, 1691) is founded on "the Two Noble Kinsmen," and Pepys saw it performed in 1664, on the 10th of September. "The Rivals" was acted by His Highness the Duke of York's Servants, Mrs. Gosnell singing and dancing.

Mrs. Davis's name is printed, in our copy of the first quarto, 1668, as

§ VI. Songs in the Drolleries, Whence Taken.

Out of these plays, serious and comic, in great part come the songs which meet us in the various "Drolleries." Many of the lyrics only survive as relics of unprinted comedies and tragedies, without even the name or author being known: comedies which have otherwise passed into oblivion. Shall we not thankfully accept these songs, since they alone remain?

We hold the songs of the Elizabethan Drama in much higher esteem than those after the Restoration, but we deprecate the severity of censure which has been passed on the latter, since they are, at least, superior to what we get in subsequent days. Robert Bell, whose name deserves respect and gratitude, has

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as acting *Celania*, who sings the song in Act V. Compare *Mirida's* burlesque song in The Honble. James Howard's "All Mistaken; or, the Mad Couple," 1672, Act V. Sc. 1,—which is said to have ridiculed the short and plump Moll Davis, and begins (corrected) thus:—

"My lodging upon the cold floor is,
And wonderful hard is my fare,
But that which troubles me more is
The fatness of my dear.
Yet still I do cry, oh melt love,
And I pry'thee now melt apace;
For thou art the man I should long for,
If 'twere not for thy grease," &c.

It is *Pinguister* who is so fat. Nelly sang it. This burlesquing of popular songs besets us continually in the Drolleries.

not

not hesitated to express this condemnation ruthlessly. He says :—

"The superiority in all qualities of sweetness, thoughtfulness, and purity of the writers of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth century over their successors is strikingly exhibited in these productions. The dramatic songs of the age of Elizabeth and James I. are distinguished as much by their delicacy and chastity of feeling, as by their vigour and beauty. The change that took place under Charles II. was sudden and complete. With the Restoration, love disappears, and sensuousness takes its place. Voluptuous without taste or sentiment, the songs of that period may be said to dissect in broad daylight the life of the town, laying bare with revolting shamelessness the tissues of its most secret vices." *(Songs of the Dramatists*, 1854.*)*

As the imperturbable Mr. Chester sensibly remarked, on a similar occasion, "These anatomical allusions should be left to gentlemen of the medical profession. They are really not agreeable in society."

Although confessedly inferior to the writers of the three preceeding reigns, the dramatists and songsters of the Restoration have a charm of their own, and we do not think it good policy to despise the fruit of Autumn in compliment to the bygone flowers of the Spring and Summer. If we watch and see how much we lose, when once we pass from the Stuarts to the cold William of Orange and the alien Hanoverian race—the early Georges who grunted at "Boets and Bainters," who "hated arts and despised literature, but liked train oil in their salads,"—we become more ready to

to do justice to the delightful lyrists who left behind them no true successors. Scarcely one song written by our favourite Sir Charles Sedley, or the Earl of Rochester, (or Dryden and Wycherley, for that matter, though these latter are frequently somewhat warm in expression), fails to surpass in tenderness and melody, in sportive fancy and intellectual sparkle, a cartload of the concert or drawing-room ballads of the present day, let alone the Music Hall imbecilities. We need not draw comparison with the dreary didactic trifling that won favour at Ranelagh or Spring Gardens a century ago. To our mind the most indefensible Love-songs were those in which the far-fetched conceits, the pedantry, and lackadaisical attitudinizing of the Donne school, substituted a shock of surprises for the language of emotion; as if poetry were a riddle or conundrum. This was in the reign of Charles I., but it has never quite died out since. We much prefer the genuine passion, when even transgressing so far in warmth as to incline towards sensuality, to that frigid affectation of Heroic or Platonic Love which is so busy in contemplating its own ingenuity. The Restoration men were in earnest when they praised either women or wine, and both the ladies and the bottle were taken in hand with enthusiasm.

Then as to the rural sports, the dance around the Maypole,

Maypole, resumed after the Puritans had sawn down the tree, trampled on the flowers, and yelled against the profanity of all merry-making in a world which was nearing its final doom, (according to the latest Tub-interpretation of prophecy): what need we say? except this: Turn to page 80 of the second part of *Westminster Drollery*, and see there (precisely as it was first published) what a hearty, rollicking Invitation was sung to bring the "lasses and lads" to a summer evening festival. Was it not still "Merrie England," even then; although the rampant Hobby of Puritanism had so lately ridden across every village green, and burnt its hoof-marks on the turf?

Or, read the gay lyrics which sing their own music and set our blood in pleasant activity, the two companion ditties, "*Pan, leave piping, the Gods have done feasting*" (given near the end of our Appendix, from the "Antidote against Melancholy," 1661), with "*Songs of Shepherds and rustical roundelays*" (in the "Westminster Drollery," Part ii. p. 64), telling of all the heathen deities made happy in Hunting the Hare. We catch sight of sly tricks and courtship even in such a trifle as "*The Drawing of Valentines*" (i.p. 35), a silly thing in sooth, but one that "dallies with the innocence of Love, like the Old Age."

And if these men of the Restoration could not sing

so

so sweetly as their poetic forefathers, what then? All honour still be to them, for the fact that they had the good taste to value such melody as had been given already. The lyrics of Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Henry Wotton, Thomas Carew, Robert Herrick, Sir John Suckling, with those of Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and others of that wondrous band surrounding "Gentle Shakespeare," never went quite out of fashion, but re-appeared in almost every volume of festive songs; as, we doubt not, they resounded still at every wassail, and enlivened every old manor-house whereunto descendants of the lawful owners came back to take possession. Had it been in prophetic foresight, that this Restoration Ode of a Pastor returning to his flock was given by the dramatist? In Welcoming home their Vicar,—the parishioners declare:—

"We have brought music to appease his spirit,
And the best song we'll give him:"

A Glee to the Vicar.

"Let the bells ring, and the boys sing,
The young lasses trip and play:
Let the cups go round, till round goes the ground,
Our learned Vicar we'le stay.

"Let the pigg turne merrely, hey!
And let the fat goose swim,
For verily, verily, hey!
Our Vicar this day shall be trim.

"The stew'd cock shall crow, cock a doodle doe!
A lowd cock a doodle shall crow;
The duck and the drake shall swim in a lake
Of oynions and clarret below.

"Our wives shall be neat to bring in our meat
To thee, our noble adviser;
Our paynes shall be great, and our pottles shall
And we ourselves will be wiser. [sweat,

"We'l labour and swink, we'le kisse and we'le
And tythes shall come thicker and thicker; [drink,
We'l fall to the plow, and get children enow',
And thou shalt be learned, O Vicar!"*

No doubt many a veteran Cavalier made complaint, unselfishly enough, when on a single visit to Court he won a momentary glimpse of His Majesty Charles II., surrounded too closely by sycophants and titled wantons to allow of any further greeting than "Ods fish! man, I'm glad to see you." It was not the king who was unkind, but his flatterers who were jealous; and old Cavaliers retired, or 'did not once appear, for want of Coin and Cuffs.' As one of them sang:

* The authorship and early date are douhtful, It is not printed in the first edition of "The Spanish Curate," in Beaumont and Fletcher's works, folio, 1647, although the place for it is marked with the word "Song," in Act iii. Sc. 2. The entry of the play is dated October 24, 1622. It was acted at Blackfriars. The earliest printed version of the song known to us is that in *Musarum Deliciæ* (p. 75 of reprint), 1656. We follow that given in the "Antidote against Melancholy," 1661, which forms one of the Blue Series privately reprinted by that indefatigable Shakespearian Scholar, John Payne Collier, Esq., to whose courtesy we are indebted for our copy from the rare original.

"But this doth most afflict my mind,
I went to Court, in hope to find,
Some of my friends in Place;
And walking there, I had a sight
Of all the Crew: But, by this light,
I hardly knew one face!

S'life! of so many noble sparkes,
Who on their bodies bear the markes
Of their integrity,
And suffer'd Ruin of estate;
It was my d . . . unhappy fate,
That I not one could see!

Not one, upon my life, among
My old acquaintance, all along
At *Truro*, and before;
And, I suppose, the place can shew
As few of those whom thou didst know
At *York* or *Marston-moore*."

His soldier-friend, warned by such an experience, would make remonstrance that this was an old tale; that Courts are not the place for modest merit to appear; that those alone who shew gold in hand and brass in their faces are the welcome guests. He remembers that,

"All Princes (be they never so wise,
Are fain to see with other Eyes,
But seldom hear at all:
And Courtiers find't their interest,
In time to feather well their nest,
Providing for their Fall.

Our comfort doth on Time depend;
Things, when they are at worst, will mend:
And let us but reflect On

On our condition th'other day,
When none but Tyrants bore the sway,
What did we then expect?

Mean while a calm retreat is best:
But discontent (if not suppress)
Will breed Disloyalty.
This is the constant note I sing,
I have been faithful to the King,
And so shall ever be." (1661.)

What though the anticipations of the Cavaliers were in great part followed by disappointment, and Charles II. failed to justify their hopes, by neglecting many of those who had cheerfully suffered for his cause; there will always be to us a fascination in the records of those days of Civil War and Restoration. Nor must we accept as wholly trustworthy the dark portraiture given by Burnet, Rochester, or any anonymous authors of satires upon the Royal Sardanapalus. His faults were sufficient, as a man and as a monarch, without there being need of such malignant exaggeration as he found employed against him, yet never troubled himself to resent. We may not be willing to accept all the laudation of the glib courtiers who wrote funeral elegies at his decease, yet such men as Halifax, Denham, Clarendon, and Dryden saw in him qualities to praise. Thus the former says:—

"Farewell, great Charles, monarch of blest renown,
The best good man that ever fill'd a throne;

When

When Nature as her highest pattern wrought,
And mix'd both sexes' virtues in one draught;
Wisdom for councils, bravery in war,
With all the mild good-nature of the fair.
The woman's sweetness, temper'd manly wit,
And loving pow'r, did crown'd with meekness sit.
. . . . . .
In conquests mild, he came from exile kind;
No climes, no provocations, chang'd his mind;
No malice shew'd, no hate, revenge, or pride,
But ruled as meekly as his father died." &c.

Compare with this, Andrew Marvell's caricature:—

"Of a tall stature, and of sable hue,
Much like the son of Kish, that lofty Jew,
Twelve years complete he suffered in exile,
And kept his father's asses all the while;
At length, by wonderful impulse of Fate,
The people call him home to help the State," &c.

Or Rochester's Satire on him:—

"In the isle of Great Britain, long since famous known, . .
There reigns, and long may he reign and thrive,
The easiest Prince and best bred Man alive;
Him no ambition moves to seek renown,
Like the French Fool [Lewis] to wander up and down,
Starving his subjects, hazarding his Crown: . . . .
A Merry Monarch, scandalous and poor."

The satire attributed conjecturally to Samuel Butler, "'Tis a strange age we live in, and a lewd," the incidental references to the wasteful disorder and neglect of business, found in Pepys' Diary, and in that of the more staid Evelyn, as well as in the lively pages of the

the Count de Grammont, and in small memoirs less easy of access, help to give a tolerable exposure of court favourites and their ways. Beside these records, our cheerful *Westminster Drollery* is comparatively innocent. Most of the Songs had been set to music by the best composers of the day, and they can seldom have given offence, even in circles that were far purer than those which held Lely's Beauties as their centre. It would have been a joy for us to know that these were wholly unobjectionable; but he who waits to eat of fruit without a speck must go hungry through many an orchard, even past the apples of the Hesperides.

§ VII. Conclusion.

We reserve for the Introduction to our next reprint of the scarce "Drolleries" a more detailed list of them, and such history of their authors as is attainable. Three of the books, at least were published before the return of Charles II. (viz., "Love and Drollery," 1654, "Choice Drollery," and "Wit and Drollery," 1656, also "Wit Restored," 1658). "Wit's Recreation," a large collection of Epigrams and Epitaphs, with only a few Songs, had appeared so early as 1640, and was of a different character. "Merry Drollery," and another edition of "Wit and Drollery," were published in 1661. The former was repeated, "with additions," in 1670, and 1691. In 1671, the same year as the "Westminster

ster Drollery," Part I., appeared the "Oxford Drollery." When the second part of "Westminster Drollery" was produced in 1672, the "Windsor Drollery" also was published, and they held a few songs in common. "Holborn Drollery," and "Norfolk Drollery" (for the most part heavy, and only locally interesting) came to light next year, 1673. The "Bristol Drollery," in 1674, "Covent Garden Drollery," in 1675, and "Grammatical Drollery," 1682, must also be mentioned: all have been carefully examined. Thereafter the tone of the song collections is changed, and always for the worse. Excitement had begun about the supposed Plots of the Papists; Titus Oates, Bedloe, Dangerfeld, and the rest of that perjured crew held public attention, and the song or ballad collectors of the day were almost entirely political, on the one side or the other. Soon we come to the exultant Protestantism of the "Loyal Songs against Popery," 1689, and the unscrupulous rancour of the "State Poems," during the power of William III. A more petty malignity shrieks and gibbers in the Anti-Jacobite ditties of 1715, 1716, and 1718.

It is, then, to the Drolleries published between 1660 and 1675 that we turn for the Songs of the jubilant Royalists of the Restoration; to Alexander Brome's, &c. In the belief that historically and poetically they are worthy of preservation we issue our unmutilated

ted Reprint. By preserving the divisions of pages, peculiarities of spelling and punctuation (accidental or designed), and other features of the original, the student here possesses *a thoroughly trustworthy reproduction.* To this we pledge ourselves. We have nowise departed from our exemplar except in two particulars: 1. the now obsolete long "f," with its provoking likeness to an "f," is here uniformly changed into the ordinary "s." 2. the type of each commencing word, which in the original is mostly of a mongrel character, is made uniform in capitals throughout Part 1. The sheet marks are given exactly in large paper copies. Even palpable blunders in the text are left unaltered; but many corrections (not conjectural, but obtained by collation) are afforded in the Appendix Notes. These are kept apart intentionally. No tables of Contents or of First Lines appear in the original, but have been included, alphabetically arranged, for convenience of the Reader, Is he wearied of this Preludium or Overture? We hope not. May he enjoy the Concert here about to be reproduced for his delight, not irritated by a few discordant notes. The curtain rises, and the first performer is none other than the King himself, "Old Rowley," for whom we have a liking, despite his peccadilloes. Hats off, gentlemen, if you please, in presence of his Majesty, and listen to the Drolleries.

J. W. E.

Westminster Drollery.

Part I.

Westminster Drollery.

Or, A Choice

COLLECTION

of the Newest

SONGS & POEMS

BOTH AT

Court and Theaters.

BY

A Person of Quality.

With Additions.

LONDON:
Printed for *H. Brome* at the *Gun* in *St. Paul's Church Yard*, near the *West End.*
MDCLXXI.

WESTMINSTER-DROLLERY.

The first Song in the Ball at Court.

1.

I Pass all my Hours in a shady old Grove,
And I live not the day that I see not my Love:
I survey every Walk now my *Phillis* is gone,
And sigh when I think we were there all alone.
O then 'tis, O then I think there's no such Hell,
Like loving, like loving to well.

2.

But each shade and each conscious Bow'r that I find,
Where I once have been happy, and she has been kind,
And I see the print left of her shape in the Green,
And imagine the pleasure may yet come agen,
O then 'tis, O then, I think no joy's above
The pleasures, the pleasures of love.

3.

While alone to myself I repeat all her charms,
She I love may be lock'd in another mans arms:
She may laugh at my cares, and so false she may be,
To say all the kind things she before said to me.
O then 'tis, O then I think there's no such Hell,
Like loving, like loving too well.

4.

But when I consider the truth of her heart,
Such an innocent passion, so kind, without art,
I fear I have wrong'd her, and hope she may be
So full of true love, to be jealous of me.
O then 'tis, O then I think no joys above
The pleasures, the pleasures of Love.

The second Song in the Masque at Court.

1. A Lover I am, and a Lover I'le be,
And hope from my Love I shall never be free,
Let wisdom be blam'd in the grave woman-hater,
Yet never to love, is a sin of ill nature:
But he who loves well, and whose passion is strong,
Shall never be wretched, but ever be young.

2. With hopes and with fears, like a Ship in the Ocean,
Our hearts are kept dancing, and ever in motion.
When our passion is pallid, and our fancy wou'd fail,
A little kind quarrel supplies a fresh gale:
But when the doubt's clear'd, and the jealousi's gone,
How we kiss, and embrace, and can never have done.

A Song at the King's House.

1. HOW hard is a heart to be cur'd
That is once overwhelm'd with despair,
'Tis a pain by force is endur'd,
Despises our pity, and scoffs at our fear:
But if nothing but Death shall untie
Those fetters wherewith you enslave me,
For your sake I am ready to try
If you are unwilling to leave me,
Then I am not unwilling to die.

2. How much were it better complying
With the tears, the sighs, and the groans
Of a poor distrest Lover dying,
And list to the cries of his pitiful moans:
When your Slave shall in triumph be led
To see the effects of good nature,
It shall for your honour be sed,
'Tis true you have kill'd a poor Creature,
Yet have rais'd him again from the dead.

3. Though your heart be as cold as the ice is,
At one time or other you'l find,
That love has a thousand devices
To banish could thoughts from your scrupulous mind.

Thy aid mighty *Jove* I implore,
That thou to the fair one discover,
The joys I have for her in store,
Which she to her passionate Lover
Will say, she'll be cruel no more.

A Song at the Kings House.

1. CLORIS, let my passion ever,
Be to you as I design:
Flames so noble, that you never
Saw the like till you knew mine.

2. Not a breath of feigned passion
From my lips shall reach your ears;
Nor this love that's now in fashion,
Made of modest sighs and tears.

3. In my breast a room so fitting
For your heart I will prepare,
That you'l never think of quitting,
Were you once but harbour'd there.

4. The Rent's not great that I require
From your heart, mine to repay:
Fortitude's all I desire
To keep your lodging from decay.

5. Fairest

5. Fairest Saint, then be not cruel,
Nor to love me count it sin;
Since a smile from you is fewel,
For to keep this fire in.

6. When I am forc'd by death or age,
From your flames for to retire,
All true Lovers I'll engage
Still my passion to admire.

The last Song at the Kings House.

1. A Wife I do hate,
For either she's false or she's jealous;
But give me a Mate
That nothing will ask or tell us:
She stands on no terms,
Nor chaffers by way of Indenture;
Her love's for your Farms,
But takes the kind man at a venture.

2. If all prove not right,
Without Act, Process, or Warning,
From a Wife for a night
You may be divorc'd in the morning.
Where Parents are slaves
Their Brats cannot be any other;

Great

Great Wits and great Braves
Have always a Punk to their Mother.

A Song.

1. WER'T thou but half so wise as thou art fair,
Thou would'st not need such courting,
'Twill prove a loss you'll ne'er repair,
Should you still defer your sporting.
This peevish *shall I, shall I,* you'll repent,
When your spring is over,
Beauties after-math—no kind friends hath
To gratifie a Lover.

2. Perhaps you may think 'tis a sin to deal,
Till *Hymen* doth authorize you:
Though the Gods themselves sweet pleasure steal,
That to coyness thus advise you.
Pox upon the Link-boy and his Taper,
I'll kiss, although not have you,
'Twas an Eunuch wrote all the Text that you quote,
And the Ethicks that inslave you.

3. I am sure you have heard of that sprightly Dame
That with *Mars* so often traded,
Had the God but thought she had been to blame,
She had surely been degraded.

Nor

Nor is blind *Cupid* less esteemed
For the sly tricks of his Mother,
For men do adore that Son of a Whore,
As much as any other.

4. 'Tis plain antiquity doth lie
Which made *Lucretia* squeamish;
For that which you call Chastity,
Upon her left a blemish:
For when her Paramour grew weak,
Her passion waxed stronger,
For the Lecherous Drab her self did stab
'Cause *Tarquin* staid no longer.

5. Then away with this Bugbear Vice,
You are lost if that you fly me,
In *Elizium* (if you here are nice)
You never shall come nigh me:
Hell for Vestals is a Cloyster
I don't run doting thither,
For the pleasant shades are for her that trades:
Let's truck and go together.

A late Song by a Person of Quality.

1. ALas, what shall I do? I have taken on me now
To make a Song, I vow; O wo is me:
I am commanded to't, I dare not stand it out,
Though

Though I am put to th' rout, it must be: [foot
Thou shalt do't, then stand to't I'll set my Muse on
With a good chirping Cup, [of wine,
There may some hidden Mine, spring from the juice
Then take 't and drink it up.

2. Pox on't, it will not do, I must have t'other too,
I claim it as my due, and must love't; [hie
For where the Land is dry, the good Husband he doth
To bring the water nigh to improve 't.
Here's the use of the Juice, open me then the sluce,
And deny my wit in grain;
That Skull's ne'er empty that takes it in plenty,
It's the only spring of the brain.

3. Madam now you may see what obedience is in me,
I have done what may be to obey, [to boot,
I have set my Muse on foot, with the sprightly grape
Your Commands made me do't, they must sway:
If my pate soon or late, shall bring forth some conceit,
To you my wit I owe.
If I do fall flat, it's because, mark you that,
I am a Cup to low.
If I spake sense enough, or did speak but stuff,
All is alike to me;
I'll never pause upon't, you were the cause on't,
And that's my Apologie.

Silvia

Silvia. *Made by a Person of Honour.*

But the Answer and Reply lately added.

SILVIA, tell me how long it will be
Before you will grant my desire:
Is there no end of your crueltie,
But must I consume in this fire?
You'll not tell me you love me, nor yet that you hate,
But take pleasure in seeing me languish
Ah *Silvia* pity my desperate state,
For you are the cause of my anguish:

Her ANSWER.

DAMON, I tell thee I never shall be
In a humour to grant thy desire;
Nor can I be tax'd with crueltie,
Having one that I more do admire.
For 'tis him that I love, and thee that I hate,
Yet I find you fain would be doing;
No, *Damon*, you never shall be my Mate,
Then prethee, Friend, leave off thy wooing.

His

His REPLY.

SILVIA know, I never shall more
Be a Suitor to pride and disdaining,
Nor can my respects be as heretofore,
Being now in the time of their waining:
For I prize not thy love, nor I fear not thy hate,
Then prethee take it for a warning,
Whenever you meet with another mate,
Faith *Silvia* leave off your scorning.

A Song at the Kings House.

1. WHERE-ever I am, and whatever I do,
My *Phillis* is still in my mind:
When angry, I mean not to *Phillis* to go,
My feet of themselves the way find.
Unknown to my self, I am just at her door,
And when I would rail, I can bring out no more,
Than, *Phillis too fair and unkind,*
Than, *Phillis too fair and unkind.*

2. When *Phillis* I see, my heart burns in my brest,
And the love I would stifle is shown,
But asleep or wake, I am never at rest,
When from mine eyes *Phillis* is gone.

Some

Sometimes a sweet dream does delude my sad mind,
But alas when I wake, and no *Phillis* I find,
Then I sigh to my self all alone,
Then I sigh to my self all alone.

3. Should a King be my Rival in her I adore,
He should offer his treasure in vain,
O let me alone to be happy and poor,
And give me my *Phillis* again:
Let *Phillis* be mine, and ever be kind,
I could to a Desart with her be confin'd,
And envy no Monarch his Reign,
And envy no Monarch his Reign.

4. Alas! I discover too much of my love,
And she too well knows her own power;
She makes me each day a new Martyrdom prove,
And makes me grow jealous each hour.
But let her each minute torment my poor mind,
I had rather love *Phillis* both false and unkind,
Then ever be freed from her power,
Then ever be freed from her power.

The Coy Lady slighted at last.

1. POOR *Celia* once was very fair,
A quick bewitching eye she had,
Most

Most neatly look'd her braided hair,
Her lovely cheeks would make you mad:
Upon her Lips did all the Graces play,
And on her Breasts ten thousand Cupids lay.

2. Then many a doting Lover came,
From seventeen unto twenty one:
Each told her of his mighty flame,
But she forsooth affected none;
This was not handsome, t'other was not fine;
This of Tobacco *smelt, and that of Wine.*

3. But t'other day, it was my fate
To pass along that way alone:
I saw no Coach before her Gate,
But at her door I heard her moan,
And dropt a tear, and sighing seem'd to say,
Young Ladies marry, marry while you may.

A Song at the Kings House.

1. WORLD thou art so wicked grown,
That thy deceits I must disown,
Since Knaves from honest men cannot be known,
So general is Distraction:

2. Men

2. Men that are grave and should be wise,
In their opinions are so precise,
That always they turn up the whites of their eyes,
When plotting some other faction.

Conventicles are grown so rife,
Whose followers are so many,
There's so much gathered for their relief,
Poor Cavaliers cannot get any.

Wit without money is such a curse,
No Mortal would be in its Clutches:
And he that hath one without t'other is worse
Than a Cripple without his Crutches.

A Song by a Person of Quality.

HOLD, hold, and no further advance,
For I'm cast in a Trance,
If an inch more you give,
I'm not able to live
Then draw back your Lance.

So now 'tis pretty well my Love,
Yet if you will,
You may somewhat further shove,
But do not kill.

I die, I die, my breath's almost gone :
Pray let me sleep, and I'll wake anon.

A Rhodomantade on his cruel Mistress.

SEEK not to know a woman ; for she's worse
Than all Ingredients cram'd into a Curse.
Were she but ugly, peevish, proud, a Whore,
Perjur'd or painted, so she were no more,
I could forgive her, and connive at this,
Alledging still she but a Woman is :
But she is worse, and may in time forestal,
The Devil, and be the damning of us all.

A SONG. A Dialogue between two Friends.

Tune. *How severe is forgetful Old Age.*

R.

HOW unhappy a Lover am I,
Whilst I sigh for my *Phyllis* in vain,
All my hopes of delight are another mans right,
Who is happy whilst I am in pain.

W.

2. Since her honour affords no relief,
As to pity the pains which you bear,

It's

It's the best of your Fate in a helpless estate,
To give over betimes to despair.

R.

3. I have tried the false Medicine in vain,
Yet I wisht what I hope not to win,
From without my desires has no food to its fires,
But it burns and consumes me within.

W.

4. Yet at best it's a comfort to know
That you are not unhappy alone;
For the Nymph you adore is as wretched or more,
And accounts all your sufferings her own.

R.

5. O you Powers let me suffer for both,
At the feet of my *Phyllis* I'll lie,
I'll resign up my breath, and take pleasure in death,
To be pitied by her when I die.

W.

6. What her honour deny'd you in life,
In her death she will give to her love:
Such a flame as is true after fate will renew,
For the souls do meet freely above.

A SONG call'd The Injur'd Lady.

O You powerful Gods, if I must be
An injur'd Offering to Loves Deity,

Grant

Grant my Revenge, this Plague on men,
That Women ne'r may love agen.
Then I'll with joy submit unto my Fate,
Which by your Justice gives your Empire date.

2. Depose that great insulting Tyrant Boy,
Who most is pleas'd when he does most destroy:
O let the world no longer govern'd be
By such a blind and childish Deity.
For if you Gods are in your Power severe,
We shall adore you not for Love but Fear.

3. But if you'l his Divinity maintain,
('Tis men, false men, confirm his tott'ring reign)
And when their hearts Loves greatest torment prove
Let that no pity, but our laughter move.
Thus scorn'd and lost to all their wisht for aim,
Let rage, despair, and death consume their flame.

The Wooing Rogue.

The Tune is, *My Freedom is all my Joy.*

1. COme live with me, and be my Whore,
And we will beg from door to door,
Then under a hedge we'l sit and louse us,
Until the Beadle comes to rouse us.

And

And if they'l give us no relief,
Thou shalt turn Whore and I'l turn Thief,
Thou shalt turn Whore and I'l turn Thief.

2. If thou canst rob, then I can steal,
And we'l eat Roast-meat every meal:
Nay we'l eat White-bread every day,
And throw our mouldy Crusts away,
And twice a day we will be drunk,
And then at night I'l kiss my Punk,
And then at night I'l kiss my Punk.

3. And when we both shall have the Pox,
We then shall want both Shirts and Smocks,
To shift each others mangy hide,
That is with Itch so pockifi'd;
We'l take some clean ones from a hedge,
And leave our old ones for a pledge,
And leave our old ones for a pledge.

A Song at the Kings House.

1. HOW severe is forgetful old age,
To confine a poor Lover so,
That I almost despair to see even the air,
Much more my dear Damon, *hey ho.*

2. Though

2. Though I whisper my sighs out alone,
Yet I am trac'd where-ever I go,
That some treacherous Tree keeps this old man from me
And there he counts every *hey ho.*

3. How shall I this *Argus* blind,
And so put an end to my wo?
But whilst I beguile all his frowns with a smile,
I betray myself with a *hey ho.*

4. My restraint then, alas, must endure;
So that since my sad doom I know,
I will pine for my Love like the Turtle Dove,
And breathe out my life in *hey ho.*

A Song at the Kings House.

1. NEVER perswade me to't, I vow
I live not: How can'st thou
Expect a life in me,
Since my Soul is fled to thee?
You suppose because I walk,
And you think talk,
I therefore breath, alas, you know
Shades as well as men do so.

2. You

2. You may argue I have heat,
My pulses beat,
My sighs have in them living fire.
Grant your Argument be truth,
Such heats my youth
Inflame, as poysons do only prepare
To make death their follower.

A Song.

FAREWEL, farewel fond love, under whose childish whip
I have serv'd out a weary Prenticeship.
Farewel, thou that hast made me thy scorn'd propertY,
To dote on those that lov'd not,
And to fly those that woo'd me:
Go bane of my content, and practice on some other Patient.

2. My woful Monument shall be a Cell,
The murmur of the purling Brook my knell;
And for my Epitaph the Rocks shall groan
Eternally: if any ask this Stone,
What wretched thing doth in this compass lie,
The hollow Echo shall reply, 'Tis I, 'Tis I,
The hollow Echo shall reply, Tis I.
Farewel, farewel.

A Song at the Kings House.

1. HAVE I not told thee, dearest mine,
That I destroy'd should be?
Unhappy, though the crime was thine,
And mine the misery:
Thou art not kind, ther's none so blind
As those that will not see.

2. Have I not sigh'd away my breath
In homage to thy beauty:
What have I got but certain death,
A poor reward for duty.
Well, when I'm gone you'l ne'r have one
That will prove half so true t' ye.

3. Have I not steep'd my soul in tears,
When thou didst hardly mind it?
But rather added to my fears,
When love should have declin'd it;
Which in this breast, I hope for rest,
But now despair to find it.

4. O that I could but sound thy heart,
And fathom but thy mind:
Then would I search thy better part,
And force thee to be kind:

But

But now I'm lost, and here am crost,
'Tis they that hide must find.

4. If pity then within thy heart
Doth own a residence,
Vouchsafe to read my tragick part,
And plead my innocence:
Then when I'm dead, it may be said,
'Twas love was my offence.

5. But since thy will is to destroy,
I dare not mercy crave,
But kindly thank my fate, and joy
I liv'd to die thy Slave:
Then exercise those killing eyes,
And frown me to my grave.

A Song.

LOVE, fare thee well,
Since no love can dwell
In thee, that in hatred dost all excel.

2. All Love is blind,
Yet none more unkind,
Than those that repay Love with a proud mind.

3. Love

3. Love that's Divine,
Is not Love like to mine,
Since she doth laugh, when I do repine.

Then gentle Love for Loves own sake,
Sigh loving Soul, and break heart, break.

A Song.

1. MANY declare what torments there are
Yet none ever felt so much of despair:
No love can tell how high my griefs swell,
O curs'd be the pride that reduced me to Hell.

2. My heart is on fire, whilst I do admire
That you with disdain requite my desire:
All must cease, that my flames may increase,
And curs'd be the pride that murther'd my peace.

A Song at the Kings House.

BRIGHT *Celia*, know 'twas not thine eyes
Alone that first did me surprise;
The Gods use seldom to dispense
To your Sex Beauty and Conscience:

If then they have made me untrue,
The fault lies not in me, but you:
Sure 'tis no crime to break a Vow,
When we are first I know not how.

2. You press me an unusual way,
To make my Song my Love betray:
Yet fear you'l turn it to a jest,
And use me as y'ave done the rest
Of those sad Captives which complain,
Yet are enamour'd of their flame:
And though they die for love of you,
Dare neither love nor you pursue.

3. If love be sin, why live you then
To make so many guilty men?
Since 'tis not in the power of Art
To make a Brest-plate for the heart:
Since 'tis your eyes Love's Shafts convey
Into our souls a secret way;
Where if once fixt, no Herb nor charm
Can cure us of our inward harm.

A Song.

1. ALL the flatteries of Fate,
And the glories of State,
Are nothing so sweet as what Love doth create:
If Love you deny
'Tis time I should die;
Kind Death's a reprieve when you threaten to hate.

2. In some shady Grove
Will I wander and rove,
With *Philomel* and the Disconsolate Dove:
With a down-hanging wing
Will I mournfully sing
The Tragick events of Unfortunate Love.

3. With our plaints we'l conspire
For to heighten Loves fire,
Still vanquishing life, till at last we expire:
But when we are dead,
In a cold leafy bed
Be interr'd with the Dirge of this desolate Quire.

A Song at the Kings House.

1. LOVE that is skrew'd a pitch too high,
May speak, but with a squeeze will die:
The solid Lover knows not how
To play the Changeling with his Vow:
Small sorrows may find vent, and break,
Great ones will rather burst than speak.
Such is my fortune when my *Flora* frowns,
Not only me, but she the world will drown.

2. Thus am I drench'd in misery,
Yet hope she may be kind to me:
I, but 'tis long first, could she but restrain
Those kindnesses which I'd be glad to gain,
She'l surely do't: if so, it shall be known
I lov'd her for her own sake, not my own.
Thus will I live and die, and so will be
Exemplary to all Posterity.

A Song.

1. WHAT care I though the world reprove
My bold, my over-daring love:
Ignoble minds themselves exempt
From int'rest in a brave attempt.

2. The Eagle soaring to behold
The Sun aray'd in flames of gold,
Regards not though she burns her wings,
Since that rich sight such pleasure brings.

3. So feel I now my smiling thought
To such a resolution brought,
That it contemns all grief and smart,
Since I so high have plac'd my heart.

4. And if I die, some worthy Spirits
To future times shall sing my merits,
That easily did my life despise,
Yet ne'r forsook my enterprise.

5. Then shine bright Sun, and let me see,
The glory of thy Majesty:
I wish to die, so I may have
Thy look, my death; thine eye, my grave.

A Song.

1. BURN and consume, burn wretched heart,
Unhappy in extremes thou art:
If dying looks serve not thy turn,
To say thy Beauty makes me burn,

2. From

2. From thoughts inflam'd pale colours fume
Into my face, and it consume:
O my poor heart, what charms thee so,
That thy afflicted face lets know,

3. Yet will not tell who murthers thee,
But yet will still a Lover be:
Who hides my Phenix eyes, that she
Whom I adore thus cannot see,

4. How I for her am made a prey
To sorrow: and do pine away:
O foolish custom and vile use,
My silence now deserves no truce.

A Song at the Dukes House.

OFAIN would I before I die
Bequeath to thee a Legacy;
That thou maist say, when I am gone,
None had my heart but thee alone:
Had I as many hearts as hairs,
As many lives as Lovers fears,
As many lives as years have hours,
They all and only should be yours.
Dearest, before you condesend
To entertain a bosom Friend.

Be

Be sure you know your servant well,
Before your liberty you sell:
For love's a fire in young and old,
'Tis sometimes hot, and sometimes cold;
And men you know that when they please,
They can be sick of Loves disease.
Then wisely chuse a Friend that may
Last for an age, and not a day;
Who loves thee not for lip or eye,
But for thy mutual sympathy.
Let such a Friend thy heart engage,
For he will comfort thee in age,
And kiss thy furrow'd wrinkled brow
With as much joy as I do now.

A Song called, And to each pretty Lass we will give a green Gown.

1. THUS all our life long we are frolick and gay,
And instead of Court revels, we merrily play
At Trap, at Rules, and at Barly-break run:
At Goff, and at Foot-ball, and when we have done
These innocent sports, we'l laugh and lie down,
And to each pretty Lass
We will give a green Gown.

2. We

2. We teach our little Dogs to fetch and to carry:
The Partridge, the Hare, the Pheasant's our Quarry:
The nimble Squirrils with cudgels we'l chase,
And the little pretty Lark we betray with a Glass.
And when we have done, &c.

3. About the *May*-pole we dance all in a round,
And with Garlands of Pinks and Roses are crown'd:
Our little kind tribute we chearfully pay
To the gay Lord and the bright Lady o' th' *May*.
And when we have done, &c.

A Song.

1. ON the bank of a Brook as I sate fishing,
Hid in the Oziers that grew on the side:
I over-heard a Nymph and Shepherd wishing,
No time nor fortune their Love might divide.
To Cupid *and* Venus *each offer'd a Vow,*
To love ever as they lov'd now.

2. O, said the Shepherd, and sigh'd, What a pleasure
Is Love conceal'd betwixt Lovers alone?
Love must be secret, for like fairy treasure,
When 'tis discover'd, 'twill quickly be gone.
For Envy and Jealousie, if it will stay,
Would, alas soon make it decay.

3. Then

3. Then let us leave this world and care behind us,
Said the Nymph, smiling, and gave him her hand:
All alone, all alone, where none shall find us,
In some fair Desart we'l seek a new Land.
And there live from Envy and Jealousie free,
And a World to each other we'll be.

A Song.

1. *Cellamina*, of my heart
None shall e're bereave you:
If by your good leave I may
Quarrel with you once a day
I will never leave you.

2. Passion's but an empty name,
Where respect is wanting;
Damon, you mistake your aim,
Hang your heart, and dam your flame,
If you must be ranting.

3. Love as pale and muddy is,
As decaying Liquor:
Anger sets it on the Lees,
And refines it by degrees,
Till it works it quicker.

3. Love

4. Love by anger to beget,
Wisely you endeavour,
With a grave Physician wit,
Who to cure an ague fit,
Puts me in a Feavour.

5. Anger rowseth Love to fight,
And its only bait is,
'Tis the guide to dull delight,
And is but an eager bite
When desire at height is.

6. If such drops of heat do fall,
In our wooing weather,
If such drops of heat do fall,
We shall have the Devil and all,
When we come together.

A Song at the Kings House.

BENEATH a Mirtle shade,
Which none but Love for happy Lovers made,
I slept, and streight my Love before me brought
Phillis, the object of my waking thought.
Undrest she came, my flames to meet,
Whilst Love strew'd flowers beneath her feet:
Flowers, that so prest by her, became more sweet.

2. From

2. From the bright Virgin's head,
A careless Veil of Lawn was loosely spread:
From her white Temple fell her shady hair,
Like cloudy Sun-shine, not too brown nor fair,
Her hands, her lips did love inspire,
Her every Grace my heart did fire,
But most her eyes, that languish with desire.

3. Ah charming Fair, said I,
How long can you my bliss deny?
By nature and by Love this lovely shade
Was for revenge of suffering Lovers made
Silence and shades with Love agree.
Both shelter you and favour me:
You cannot blush, because I cannot see.

4. No, let me die, she said,
Rather than lose the spotless name of Maid.
Faintly methought she spoke; for all the while
She bid me not believe her, with a smile.
Then die, said I: She still denied,
And yet, *Thus, thus* she cry'd,
You use a harmless Maid, and so she died.

5. I wak'd, and straight I knew
I lov'd so well, it made my dream prove true.
Fancy the kinder Mistris of the two,
I fancy I had done what *Phillis* would not do.

Ah

Ah cruel Nymph, cease your disdain,
Whilst I can dream you scorn in vain,
Asleep or waking, I must ease my pain.

The disconsolate Lover.

1. AS I lay all alone on my bed slumbring,
Thinking my restless soul to repose,
All my thoughts they began then to be numbring
Up her disdainings, the cause of my woes;
That so encreast my dolour and pain,
I fear I never shall see her again:
Which makes me sigh, and sobbing cry,
O my Love, O my Love, for thee I die.

2. When this fair cruel She I first saw praying
Within the Temple unto her Saint,
Then mine eyes every look my heart betraying,
Which is the cause of my doleful complaint,
That all my joys are quite fled and gone:
And I in sorrow am now left alone:
Which makes me sigh, and sobbing cry,
O my Love, O my Love, for thee I die.

3. Then farewel ev'ry thing that sounds like pleasure,
And welcome Death the cure of my smart.

I deem'd first sight of her, I grasp'd a treasure;
But wo is me, it has broken my heart:
For now my Passing-bell calls away,
And I with her no longer must stay:
Which makes me sigh, and sobbing cry,
O my Love, O my Love, for thee I die.

The subtil and coy Girl.

The Tune, Silvia *tell me how long it will be.*

1. WHY should my *Celia* now be coy,
In denying to yield me those Graces
Which we did formerly both enjoy
In our amorous mutual embraces?
She'l not give me a reason,
But shews me a frown
Is enough to destroy a poor Lover.
Ah *Celia*, once I did think thee mine own,
But now I my folly discover.

2. Is it because I have been so kind
At all times to feed thy desire
In Presents and Treats, thou hast chang'd thy mind,
And left me like Dun in the Mire?
Or else is't because thou dost
Think my Estate
Is too mean to uphold thee in Brav'ry?

Know

Know *Celia*, 'tis not so much out of date,
To force me endure so much slav'ry.

3. Or is't because thou wilt follow the mode,
Since most are addicted to changing,
Thou'dst only get thee a name abroad,
I being more famous for ranging.
Nay *Celia*, more this truth thou woo't find,
I therefore advise thee be wary,
When ever thou getst thee a Mate to thy mind,
He'l play thee the same fagary.

The Drawing of Valentines.

The tune, *Madams Jig.*

1. THERE was, and there was,
And I marry was there,
A Crew on *S. Valentines Eve* did meet together,
And every Lad had his particular Lass there,
And drawing of *Valentines* caused their
Coming thither.
Then Mr. *John* drew Mrs *Jone* first, Sir.
And Mrs. *Jone* would fain a drawn *John* an' she
Durst, Sir.
So Mr. *William* drew Mrs. *Gillian* the next, Sir;
And Mrs. *Gillian* not drawing of *William*,
Was vex't, Sir.

2. They

2. They then did jumble all in the hat together,
And each did promise them to draw 'em fair Sir:
But Mrs. *Hester* vow'd that she had rather
Draw Mr. *Kester* then any that was there Sir:
So Mr. *Kester* drew with Mrs. *Hester* then Sir:
And Mrs. *Hester* drew Mr. *Kester* agen Sir:
And Mr. *Harry* drew Mrs. *Mary* featly,
And Mrs. *Mary* did draw Mr. *Harry* as neatly.

3. They all together then resolved to draw Sir,
And every one desir'd to draw their Friend Sir;
But Mr. *Richard* did keep 'em so in aw Sir;
And told 'em then they ne're should make an end Sir,
So Mr. *Richard* drew Mrs. *Bridget* squarely,
And Mrs. *Bridget* drew Mr. *Richard* as fairly:
But Mr. *Hugh* drew Mrs. *Su* but slily,
And Mrs. *Su* did draw Mr. *Hugh* as wily.

4. Thus have you heard o' th' twelve that lately drew Sir, [Sir:
How every one would fain their Friend have drawn
And now there's left to draw but four o' th crew Sir,
And each did promise his Lass an ell of Lawn Sir.
So Mr. *Watty* drew Mrs. *Katy* but slightly,
And Mrs. *Katy* did draw Mr. *Watty* as lightly:
But Mr. *Thomas* in drawing of *Annis* too fast Sir.
Made Mrs. *Annis* to draw Mr. *Thomas* at last Sir.

4. And

5. And there is an end, and an end, and an end of my Song, Sir,
Of *Jonne* and *Jony*, and *William* and *Gillian* too Sir,
To *Kester* and *Hester*, and *Harry* and *Mary* belong Sir,
Both *Richard* and *Bridget*, and *Hugh*, and honest *Sue*, Sir,
But *Watty* and *Katy*, and *Thomas* and *Annis* here, Sir,
Are the only four that now do bring up the Rear Sir:
Then ev'ry one i' th' Tavern cry amain Sir,
And staid till drawing there had filled their brain, Sir.

A late and true story of a furious Scold, served in her kind.

The tune, *Step stately.*

1. WAS ever man so vex'd with a Trull,
As I poor *Anthony* since I was wed,
For I never can get my belly full,
But before I have supp'd I must hasten to bed:
Or else she'l begin to scold and to brawl,
And to call me Puppy and Cuckold and all
Yet she with her Cronies must trole it about,
Whilest I in my Kennel must snore it out.

2. I once did go to drink with a Friend,
  But she in a trice did fetch me away:
We both but two pence a piece did spend,
  Yet it prov'd to me Execution day;
For she flew in my face, and call'd me fool,
  And comb'd my head with a three-legg'd stool:
Nay, she furnisht my face with so many scratches,
  That for a whole month 'twas cover'd with patches.

3. Whatever money I get in the day,
  To keep her in quiet I give her at night,
Or else shall license her tongue to play
  For two or three hours just like a spright.
Then to the Cupboard Pilgarlick must hie,
  To seek for some Crusts that have long lain dry:
So I steep 'um in skim-milk until they are wet,
  And commonly this is the Supper I get.

4. And once a month, for fashion sake,
  She gives me leave to come to her bed;
But most that time I must lie awake,
  Lest she in her fits should knock me o' th' head.
But for the Bed I do lie on my self,
  You'd think 'twere as soft as an Oaken shelf;
For the Tick is made of Hempen-hurds:
  And yet for all this I must give her good words.

5. We

5. We commonly both do piss in a Pan,
  But the Cullender once was set in the place:
She then did take it up in her hand,
  And flounc't it out on my stomach and face.
I told her then she urin'd beside,
  But she cay'd me Rogue, and told me I lied,
And swore it was not up to her thumb,
  Then threw she the pan in the middle of the room.

6. Then a Maid that was my Sweet heart before
  Did come to the house to borrow a Pail:
I kist her but once, and I thought on't no more,
  But she flew in her face with tooth and nail:
But the Wench she stood to her, and claw'd her about,
  That for a whole fortnight she never stirr'd out;
For her eyes were so swell'd, and her face was so tore
  That I never saw Jade so mangled before.

7. She then did bid me drop in her eyes
  A Sovereign Water sent her that day,
But I had a Liquor I more did prize,
  Made of Henbane and Mercury steep'd in Whey:
I dropt it in and nointed her face,
  Which brought her into a most Devilish case:
For she tore and she ranted, and well she might;
  For after that time she ne're had sight.

8. I then did get her a Dog and a Bell,
To lead her about from place to place:
And now 'tis, *Husband, I hope you are well;*
But before it was *Cuckold* and *Rogue* to my face;
Then blest be that Henbane and *Mercury* strong,
That made such a change in my wives tongue.
You see 'tis a Medicine certain and sure,
For the cure of a Scold, but I'le say no more.

A Song on the Declensions.

The tune is, *Shackle de hay.*

MY Mistris she is fully known
To all the five declensions,
She'l seize 'em singly one by one,
To take their true Dimensions.
She ne'er declin'd yet any man,
Yet they'l decline her now and then,
In spight of her Inventions.

2. First *Musa* is her Mothers name,
And *hæc* does still attend her:
She is a *hujus* burley Dame,
Though *huic* be but slender:
Yet she'l have a *hanc* on every man,
And *hac* him to do what he can,
Unless they do befriend her.

3. *Magi-*

3. *Magister* was her Father too,
And *hic* is still his man Sir,
Nay *filius* is her Son also,
And *Dominus* her Grandsire:
Nay *Lucus*, *Agnus*, and that Lamb-like crew,
She'l call 'em *hunc's*, I and *hoc's* 'em too,
Do all that e'er they can Sir.

4. Next she's to *lapis* very kind,
As honest *hic* has sed Sir;
For she's to precious stones inclin'd
Full long before she was wed Sir.
Which made her Parents often say,
That *hic* and *hæc* both night and day,
Was forc'd to watch her bed Sir.

5. She beat poor *manus* with a Cane,
Though he did often hand her
From *Whetstones-Park* to *Parkers-Lane*,
And was her constant Pandor.
Yet give him *mani* busses when
That she could get no other men,
That he could not withstand her.

6. 'Bout noon she'd with *Meridies* dine,
And sup, and bed him too Sir:
She'd make poor *facies* to her incline,
In spight of all he could do Sir.

She day by day would *dies* pledge,
Which set poor *acies* teeth an edge,
And often made him spew Sir.

7. Thus have I shew'd her Kindred here,
And all her dear Relations,
As *Musa*, *Lapis*, *Magister*,
And all their antick fashions.
Meridies, *Manus*, and *Felix* too
Are happy that they never knew
Any of all her stations.

A Song of the three degrees of comparison.

The tune, *And 'tis the Knave of Clubs bears all the sway.*

MY Mistris she loves Dignities,
For she has taken three degrees:
There's no comparison can be made
With her in all her subtile Trade.
She's positively known a Whore,
And superlatively runs on score.

2. And first I *Positive* her call,
'Cause she'l be absolute in all:
For She's to *durus* very hard,
And with sad *tristis* often jarr'd:

Which

Which happily made *Felix* say,
Sweet *dulcis* carried all away.

3. Next she's called *Comparative,*
For she'l compare to any alive,
For scolding, whoring, and the rest:
Of the Illiberal Sciences in her breast:
She'l drink more hard than *durior,*
Though he would harder drink before.

4. Then she's called *Superlative;*
'Cause she'l her Pedigree derive,
Not from *Potens* or *Potentior,*
The Mighty, or the Mightier:
But from *Potentissimus,*
Not *bonus, melior,* but *Optimus.*

5. Thus have I shew'd my Mistress t'ye,
And gradually in each degree:
How shew is *Positive* to some,
Comparative when others come,
Superlative even over all,
Yet underneath her self will fall.

The kind Husband, but imperious Wife.

The first part of the Tune his, and the latter part her's.

M.

1. WIFE, prethee come give me thy hand now,
And sit thee down by me:
There's never a man in the Land now
Shall be more loving to thee.

W.

2. I hate to sit by such a Drone,
Thou liest like a Hog in my Bed:
I had better a lain alone,
For I still have my Maiden-head.

M.

3. Wife, what wouldst thou have me to do now,
I think I have plaid the man,
But if I were ruled by you now,
You'd have me do more than I can.

W.

4. I make you do more than you can?
You lie like a Fool God wot:
When I thought to have found thee a man,
I found thee a fumbling Sot.

M.

M.

5. Wife, prethee now leave off thy ranting,
And let us both agree;
There's nothing else shall be wanting,
If thou wilt be ruled by me.

W.

6. I will have a Coach and a man:
And a Saddle-Horse to ride;
I also will have a Sedan,
And a Footman to run by my side.

M.

7. Thou shalt have all this, my dear wife,
And thou shalt bear the sway,
And I'l provide thee good chear, wife,
'Gainst thou com'st from the Park or a Play:

W.

8. I'll have every month a new Gown,
And a Peticoat dy'd in grain,
Of the modishest Silk in the Town,
And a Page to hold up my Train.

M.

9. Thou shalt have this too, my sweet wife,
If thou'dst contented be,
Or any thing else that is meet wife,
So that we may but agree.

W.

10. I will have a *Gallant* or two,
And they shall be handsom men:

And

And I'll make you to know your Cue,
When they come in and go out agen.

M.

11. Methinks a couple's to few, wife,
Thou shalt have three or four,
And yet I know thou'dst be true, wife,
Although thou hadst half a score.

W.

12. I will have as many as I please,
In spite of your teeth, you fool,
And when I've the *Pocky Disease*,
'Tis thou shall empty my stool.

M.

13. Why how now you brazen-fac'd Harlot,
I'l make you to change your note,
And if ever I find you snarl at
My actions, I'l bang your Coat.

14. Nay, I'l make you to wait, you Flaps,
At table till I have dined,
And I'll leave you nothing but scraps,
Until I do find you more kind.

W.

15. Sweet Husband, I now cry *Peccavi*,
You know we women are frail;
And for the ill words that I gave ye,
Ask pardon, and hope to prevail.

For

For now I will lie at your foot,
Desiring to kiss your hand:
Nay cast off my Gallants to boot,
And still be at your commnad.

A Song at the Dukes House.

1. MAKE ready, fair Lady, to night,
And stand at the door below:
For I will be there to receive you with care,
And to your true love you shall go.

2. And when the Stars twinkle so bright,
Then down to the door will I creep,
To my Love will I fly, ere the Jealous can spy,
And leave my old Daddy asleep.

A Song at the Kings House.

1. TO little or no purpose have I spent all my days
In ranging the *Park*, th' *Exchange*, & the *Plays*,
Yet ne'r in my Ramble till now did I prove
So happy, to meet with the man I could love.
But O how I'm pleas'd when I think of the man
That I find I must love, let me do what I can!

2. How

2. How long I shall love him, I can no more tell,
Than had I a Feaver, when I should be well:
My Passion shall kill me before I will show it,
And yet I would give all the world he did know it.
But, O how I sigh, when I think, should he woo me,
That I cannot deny what I know will undo me!

A Song, The Tune, *Robin Rowser.*

MY Name is honest *Harry*,
And I love little *Mary*:
In spight of *Cis*, or jealous *Bess*,
I'll have my own vagary.

2. My Love is blithe and bucksome,
And sweet and fine as can be:
Fresh and gay as the flowers in *May*,
And looks like *Jackadandy*.

3. And if she will not have me,
That am so true a Lover,
I'l drink my Wine, and ne'r repine,
And down the stairs I'l shove her.

4. But if that she will love,
I'l be as kind as may be;

I'l

I'l give her Rings and pretty things,
And deck her like a Lady.

5. Her Peticoat of Satin,
Her Gown of Crimson Taby,
Lac'd up before and spangled o're,
Just like a *Bartlemew Baby.*

6. Her Wastcoat is of Scarlet,
With Ribbons tied together,
Her Stockins of a bow-dy'd hue,
And her Shoes of Spanish Leather.

7. Her Smock o' th' finest Holland,
And lac'd in every quarter:
Side and wide, and long enough,
And hangs below her garter.

8. Then to the Church I'l have her,
Where we will wed together:
So come home when we have done,
In spight of wind and weather:

9. The Fidlers shall attend us,
And first play, *John come kiss me;*
And when that we have danc'd a round,
They shall play, *Hit or miss me.*

10. Then hey for little *Mary*,
'Tis she I love alone Sir:
Let any man do what he can,
I will have her or none Sir.

These following are to be understood two ways.

I Saw a Peacock, with a fiery tail
I saw a blazing Comet, drop down hail
I saw a Cloud, with Ivy circled round
I saw a sturdy Oak, creep on the ground
I saw a Pismire, swallow up a Whale
I saw a raging Sea, brim full of Ale
I saw a Venice Glass, sixteen foot deep
I saw a Well, full of mens tears that weep,
I saw their Eyes, all in a flame of fire
I saw a House, as big as the Moon and higher
I saw the Sun, even in the midst of night
I saw the Man that saw this wondrous sight.

On the Sea-fight with the Hollanders in the Rumps time.

MY wishes greet the Navy of the Dutch,
The English Fleet I all good fortune grutch,
May

May no storm toss *Van Trump* and his Sea-Forces,
The Harp and Cross shall have my daily curses,
Smile gentle Fates on the Dutch Admiral,
Upon our States the Plagues of *Egypt* fall;
Attend all health the Cavaliering part,
This Commonwealth I value not a fart.

Thus I my wishes and my prayers divide
Between the Rebels and the Regicide:
Backwards and forwards thus I break my mind,
And hope the Fates at last will be so kind,
That the old Proverb may but wheel about,
True men might have their own, now Knaves fall out.

The Answer to Ask me no more whither doth stray.

1. I'LL tell you true whither doth stray
The darkness which succeeds the day;
For Heavens vengeance did allow
It still should frown upon your Brow.

2. I'l tell you true where may be found
A voice that's like the Screech-Owls sound:
For in your false deriding throat
It lies, and death is in its note.

3. I'll

3. I'l tell you true whither doth pass
The smiling look seen in the glass
For in your face't reflects and there
False as your shadow doth appear.
4. I'l tell you true whither are blown
The angry wheels of Thistle-down:
It flies into your mind, whose care
Is to be light as Thistles are.
5. I'l tell you true within what Nest
The Cuckow lays her eggs to rest;
It is your Bosom, which can keep
Nor him nor them: Farewel, I'l sleep.

A Dialogue between William *and* Harry *Riding on the Way.*

H.

1. NOBLE, lovely, virtuous Creature,
Purposely so framed by nature,
To inthral your servants wits.

W.

2. Time must now unite our hearts,
Not for any my deserts,
But because methinks it fits.

H. 3.

H.

3. Dearest treasure of my thought,
And yet wert thou to be bought,
With my life, thou wert not dear.

W.

4. Secret comfort of my mind,
Doubt no longer to be kind.
But be so, and so appear.

H.

5. Give me love for love again,
Let our loves be clear and plain,
Heaven is fairest, when it is clearest.

W.

6. Lest in clouds and in deferring,
We resemble Seamen erring,
Farthest off when we are nearest.

H.

7. Thus with numbers interchanged,
William's Muse and mine have ranged,
Verse and Journy both are spent.

W.

8. And if Harry chance to say,
That we well have spent the day,
I for my part am content.

A Gentleman on his beautiful Mistress.

1. YOU meaner Beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfie our eyes
More by your number than your light,
You common people of the skies,
What are you when the Sun shall rise?

2. You curious Chanters of the Wood,
That warble forth Dame Natures Lays,
Thinking your voices understood
By their weak accents, What's your praise
When Philomel *her voice shall raise?*

3. You Violets that first appear,
By your purple Mantles known,
Like the proud Virgins of the year,
As if the Spring were all your own,
What are you when the Rose is blown?

4. So when my Mistris shall be seen
In form and beauty of her mind,
She cannot less be than a Queen;
And I believe she was design'd
T'eclipse the Glory of her kind.

A

A Description of the Spring.

AND now all Nature seem'd in love,
The lusty Sun began to move:
Now Juyce did stir th' embracing Vines,
And Birds had drawn their Valentines;
The jealous Trout that low did lie,
Rose at a well-dissembled Flie;
Then stood my Friend with Patient skill,
Attending of his trembling Quill.
Already were the Eaves possest
With the swift Pilgrims dawbed Nest;
The Groves already did rejoyce,
In *Philomel's* triumphing voice;
The Showrs were short, the Weather mild,
The Morning fresh, the Evening smil'd:
Jone takes her neat rub'd Pail, and now
She trips to meet the Sand-red Cow,
Where for some sturdy Foot-ball Swain
Jone stroaks a Syllabub or twain:
The Fields and Gardens were beset
With Tulip, Crocus, Violet;
And now, though late, the modest Rose
Did more than half a blush disclose:
Thus all lookt gay, all full of chear,
To welcom this new liv'ried Year.

On

On a Shepherd losing his Mistris.

Tune, *Amongst the Myrtles as I Walk'd.*

1. STAY Shepherd, prethee Shepherd stay:
Didst thou not see her run this way?
Where may she be, canst thou not guess?
Alas! I've lost my Shepherdess.

2. I fear some Satyr has betray'd
My pretty Lamb unto the shade:
Then wo is me, for I'm undone,
For in the shade she was my Sun.

3. In Summer heat were she not seen,
No solitary Vale was green:
The blooming Hills, the downy Meads,
Bear not a Flower but where she treads.

4. Hush'd were the senseless Trees when she
Sate but to keep them company:
The silver streams were swell'd with pride,
When she sate singing by their side.

5. The Pink, the Cowslip, and the Rose,
Strive to salute her where she goes;

And

And then contend to kiss her Shoo,
The Pancy and the Daizy too.

6. But now I wander on the Plains,
Forsake my home, and Fellow-Swains,
And must for want of her, I see,
Resolve to die in misery.

7. For when I think to find my Love
Within the bosom of a Grove,
Methinks the Grove bids me forbear,
And sighing says, She is not here.

8. Next do I fly unto the Woods,
Where *Flora* pranks her self with Buds,
Thinking to find her there: But lo!
The Myrtles and the Shrubs say, No.

9. Then what shall I unhappy do,
Or whom shall I complain unto?
No, no, here I'm resolv'd to die,
Welcome sweet Death and Destiny.

The Soldiers Resolution.

HERE stands the man that for his Countreys good
Has with couragious Arms in sweat and blood
Ran

Ran through an Host of Pikes: He, he I was
Out-dar'd the Thunder of the roaring Brass,
Kickt my black Stars, spurn'd Balls of fire with scorn
Like to a Foot-ball in a frosty morn;
Made Death to tremble, and have bid my Drum
Beat a Defiance to the Cowardly scum.
And shall I now like a Pedantick stand,
Scraping and crouching with my Cap in hand
To base-born Peasants? No, he's but a Worm
That strikes his Top-sail to a little Storm.
Here then I'l fix, that nothing shall controul
The Resolutions of a Gallant Soul.

On the Golden Cross in Cheapside.

TWO Fellows gazing at the Cross in *Cheap*,
Says one, Methinks it is the rarest heap
Of Stone that e're was built; it ought, I see,
One of the Wonders of the World to be,
No, says the other, and began to swear,
The Crosses of the World no Wonders are.

On

)n a Pretender to Gentility, suspected to be a Highway-man.

A GREAT Pretender to Gentility,
Came to a Herald for his Pedigree:
ginning there to swagger, roar, and swear,
quir'd to know what Arms he was to bear:
e Herald knowing what he was, begun
rumble o'r his Heraldry; which done,
ld him he was a Gentleman of note,
ıd that he had a very glorious Coat.
ethee, what is't? quoth he, and here's your fees.
, says the Herald, 'tis two Rampant Trees,
ıe Couchant; add to give it further scope,
Ladder Passant, and a Pendant Rope:
And for a grace unto your Blue-coat Sleeves,
There is a Bird i' th' Crest that strangles Thieves.

A Song.

. ABLITH and bonny Country Lass
Sate sighing on the tender Grass,
And weeping said, will none come woo her?
A dapper Boy, a lither Swain,
That had a mind her love to gain,
With smiling looks straight came unto her.

2. When

2. When as the wanton Girl espied
The means to make her self a Bride,
She simper'd much like bonny *Nell.*
The Swain that saw her very kind,
His Arms about her body twin'd,
And said, Fair Lass, how fare ye, well?

3. The Country Lass said, Well forsooth,
But that I have a longing tooth,
A longing tooth, that makes me cry.
Alas, says he, what gars thy grief?
A wound, says she, without relief,
I fear that I a Maid shall die.

4. If that be all, the Shepherd said,
I'l make thee Wive it, gentle Maid,
And so recure thy Malady:
On which they kist, with many an Oath,
And 'fore God *Pan* did plight their Troth;
So to the Church away they hie.

5. And *Jove* send every pretty Peat,
That fears to die of this conceit,
So kind a Friend to help at last:
Then Maids shall never long again,
When they find ease for such a pain:
And thus my Roundelay is past.

A Song on Love.

1. IF Love be Life, I long to die;
Live they that list for me,
And he that gains the most thereby,
A fool at least shall be.
But he that feels the sorest fits,
Scapes with no less than loss of wits.
Unhappy life they gain, which Love do entertain.

2. In day by feigned Looks they live,
By lying Dreams in night:
Each frown a deadly wound doth give,
Each smile a false delight.
If't hap their Lady pleasant seem,
It is for others love they deem:
If void she seem of joy, disdain doth make her coy.

4. Such is the peace that Lovers find,
Such is the Life they lead,
Blown here and there with every wind,
Like Flowers in the Mead.
Now war, now peace, then war again,
Desire, despair, delight, disdain,
Though dead, in midst of life; in peace, and yet at strife.

A Song.

I SERVE *Amynta* whiter than the snow,
Streighter than Cedar, brighter than the Glass,
More fine in trip than foot of running Roe,
More pleasant than the Field of flow'ring Grass;
More gladsom to my with'ring joys that fade,
Than Winters Sun, or Summers cooling Shade.

2. Sweeter than swelling Grape of ripest Vine,
Softer than feathers of the fairest swan,
Smoother than Jet, more stately than the Pine,
Fresher than Poplar, smaller than my span,
Clearer than *Phœbus* fiery pointed Beam,
Or Icy Crust of Crystals frozen streams.

3. Yet is she curster than the Bear by kind,
And harder-hearted than the aged Oak:
More glib than Oyl, more fickle than the Wind,
More stiff than steel, no sooner bent but broke.
Lo thus my service is a lasting sore;
Yet will I serve, although I die therefore.

Th

The Description of Love, in a Dialogue between two Shepherds, Will *and* Tom.

Tom.

1. SHEPHERD, what's Love, I prethee tell?

Will.

It is that fountain and that Well
Where Pleasure and Repentance dwell:
It is perhaps that sauncing Bell
That toles All-in to Heaven or Hell,
And this is Love, as I heard tell.

T.

2. Yet what is Love, I prethee say?

W.

It is a work on Holy-day:
It is *December* match'd with *May*,
When lusty Bloods in fresh array,
Hear ten months after of their play;
And this is Love, as I hear say.

T.

3. Yet what is Love, I pray be plain?

W.

It is a Sun-shine mixt with Rain;
It is a Tooth-ach, or worse pain;
It is a Game, where none doth gain;
It is a thing turmoils the brain:
And this is Love, as I hear sayen.

4. Yet

T.

4. Yet Shepherd, what is Love, I pray?

W.

It is a yea, it is a nay,
A pretty kind of sporting fray;
It is a thing will soon away,
For 'twill not long with any stay:
And this is Love, as I hear say.

T.

5. Yet what is Love, good Shepherd show?

W.

A thing that creeps, it cannot go;
A prize that passeth to and fro,
A thing for one, a thing for moe,
And he that loves shall find it so:
And Shepherd, this is Love, I trow.

A Song call'd Loves Lottery.

At the Dukes House.

RUN to Loves Lottery, run Maids, and rejoice,
Whilst seeking your chance, you meet your own Choice,
And boast that your luck you helpt with design,
By praying cross-legg'd to S. *Valentine.*

Hark

Hark, hark, a Prize is drawn, and Trumpets sound
Tanta, ra, ra, Tanta, ra, ra, Tanta, ra, ra.
Hark Maids, more Lots are drawn, Prizes abound;
Dub a dub, the Drum now beats,
And dub, a dub, a dub, Echo repeats,
As if the God of War had made
Loves Queen a Skirmish for a Serenade.
Haste, haste, fair Maids, and come away,
The Priest attends, the Bridegrooms stay:
Roses and Pinks will we strow where you go,
Whilst I walk in Shades of Willow.
When I am dead, let him that did slay me
Be but so kind, so gentle to lay me
There where neglected Lovers mourn,
Where Lamps and hallowed Tapers burn,
Where Clerks in Quires sad Dirges sing,
Where sweetly Bells at Burials ring.

On a Gentleman.

Tune, *My Freedom, which is all my Joy.*

2. POOR *Cloris* wept, and from her eyes
The liquid tears came trickling down;
Such wealthy drops may well suffice,
To be the ransom of a Crown:

And

And as she wept, she sigh'd, and said,
Alas for me unhappy Maid,
That by my folly, my folly am betray'd.

2. When first these eyes, unhappy eyes,
Met with the Author of my wo,
Methoughts our Souls did sympathize,
And it was death to say him no.
He su'd, I granted; O then befel
My shame which I'me afraid to tell!
Ay me that I had never lov'd so well.

3. O had I been so wise as not
T' have yielded up my Virgin-Fort,
My life had been without a blot,
And dar'd the envy of Report;
But now my guilt hath made me be
A scorn for time to point at me,
As at the But and Mark of Misery.

4. Here now in sorrow do I sit,
And pensive thoughts possess my breast!
My silly heart with cares is split,
And grief denies me wonted rest:
Come then black night and screen me round,
That I may never more be found,
Unless in tears, in tears of sorrow drown'd.

On

On Men escap'd drowning in a Tempest.

1. ROCKS, Shelves, and Sands, and all farewel:
Fie, who would dwell in such a Hell
As is a Ship; which drunk doth reel,
Taking salt Healths from Deck to Keel.

2. Up we are swallowed in wet graves,
All sous'd in Waves, by *Neptune's* Slaves:
What shall we do, being tost to Shore,
Milk some blind Tavern, and there roar?

3. 'Tis brave, my Boys, to sail on Land;
For being well mann'd, we can cry, Stand:
The Trade of pursing ne're shall fail,
Until the Hangman crys, Strike Sail.

On a great Heat in Egypt.

I FORMERLY in Countreys oft have been
Under the Æquinoctial, where I've seen
The Sun disperse such a prodigious Heat,
That made our Sieve-like Skins to rain with Sweat:
Men would have given for an Eclipse their lives,
Or one whisper of Air: yet each man strives

To

To throw up grass, feathers, nay, women too,
To find the Wind: all falls like Lead, none blew.
The Dog-star spits new fires, till't come to pass,
Each man became his neighbours Burning glass:
Lean men did turn to ashes presently,
Fat men did roast to lean anatomy:
Young womens heat did get themselves with child
For none but they themselves, themselves defil'd.
Old women naturally to Witches turn'd,
And only rubbing one another, burn'd:
The Beasts were bak'd, skin turn'd to crust they say,
And fishes in the River boil'd away:
Birds in the air were roasted, and not burn'd;
For as they fell down, all the way they turn'd.

On a mighty Rain.

HEAVEN did not weep, but in its swelling eye
Whole seas of Rheum and moist Catarhs did lie,
Which so bespawl'd the lower world, men see
Corn blasted, and the fruit of every Tree:
Air was condens'd to water, 'gainst their wish,
And all their Fowl were turn'd to flying Fish:
Like Watermen they throng'd to ply a Fare,
And thought it had been navigable air:
Beasts lost their natural motion of each limb;
Forgot to go, with practising to swim.

A Trout now here, you would not think how soon
Ta'ne ready drest for th' Empress of the Moon:
The fixed Stars, though to our eyes were missing,
We knew yet were, by their continual hissing.
Women seem'd Maremaids, sailing with the wind,
The greatest miracle was Fish behind:
But men are all kept short against their wish,
And could commit but the cold sin of Fish.

The blunt Lover.

MADAM, I cannot court your sprightly eyes
With a Base-Viol plac'd betwixt my thighs:
I cannot lisp, nor to the Guittar sing,
And tire my brains with simple Sonnetting,
I am not fashion'd for these amorous times,
And cannot court you in lascivious Rhimes:
Nor can I whine in puling Elegies,
And at your feet lie begging from your eyes
A gracious look: I cannot dance nor caper,
Nor dally, swear, protest, lie, rant, and vaper,
I cannot kiss your hand, play with your hair,
And tell you that you only are most fair:
I cannot cross my arms, nor cry, Ay me
Poor forlorn man! All this is foppery.
Nor can I Masquerade, as th' fashion's now,
No, no, My heart to these can never bow:

But

But what I can do, I shall tell you roundly,
Hark in your ear; By *Jove* I'le kiss you soundly.

On a Watch lost in a Tavern.

A Watch lost in a Tavern! That's a Crime;
Then see how men by drinking lose their time.
The Watch kept Time; and if Time will away,
I see no reason why the Watch should stay.
You say the Key hung out, and you forgot to lock it,
Time will not be kept pris'ner in a Pocket.
Henceforth if you will keep your Watch, this do,
Pocket your Watch, and watch your Pocket too.

A Song, with the Latine to it.

WHEN as the Nightingale chanted her Vesper,
And the wild Forresters couch'd on the ground,
Venus invited me in the Evenings whisper
Unto a fragrant Field with Roses crown'd,
Where she before had sent her wishes complement,
Which to her hearts content plaid with me on the Green:
Never *Mark Anthony* dallied more wantonly
With the fair *Egyptian Queen.*

The

The Latin.

ANTU Luscinia somnum irritat,
Salvi vagi sunt in Cubilibus:
c me silentio Venus invitat,
Ad viridarium fragrantius;
i promiserat, qui mentem flexerat
udia temperat sic mihi solida.
non dux Amasius lusit beatius
Cum Regina Nilotica.

De Vino & Venere.

DOTE neither on *Women*, nor on *Wine*,
For to thy hurt they both alike incline:
Venus thy strength, and *Bacchus* with his sweet
And pleasant Grape debilitates the feet.
Blind Love will blab what he in secret did,
In giddy Wine there's nothing can be hid.
Seditious wars oft *Cupid* hath begun,
Bacchus to arms makes men in fury run:
Venus (unjust) by horrid war lost *Troy;*
Bacchus by war the *Lapiths* did destroy.
When thou with both or either are possest,
Shame, honesty, and fear oft flies thy brest:

In

In fetters *Venus* keep, in gyves *Bacchus* tye,
Lest by their free gifts they thee damnifie.
Use Wine for thirst, *Venus* for lawful Seed;
To pass these limits, may thy danger breed.

On Wine.

HE that with Wine, Wine thinks t'expel,
One ill would with another quell:
A Trumpet, with a Trumpet drown:
Or with the Cryer of the Town
Still a loud man: Noise deaf with noise,
Or to convert a Bawd, make choice
Of a Pander: Pride with pride shame thus,
Or put a Cook down by *Calistratus;*
Discord by discord think to ease,
Or any man with scoffs appease:
So War by Battel to restrain,
And labour mitigate by pain:
Commands a sudden peace between
Two shrill Scolds in the height of spleen:
By Drink to quench Drink is all one,
As is by strife, strife to attone.

A Song called Hide-Park.

The tune,

Honour invites you to delights,
Come to the Court, and be all made Knights.

1. COME all you noble, you that are neat ones,
Hide-Park is now both fresh and green:
Come all you Gallants that are great ones,
And are desirous to be seen:
Would you a Wife or Mistriss rare,
Here are the best of *England* fair:
Here you may chuse, also refuse,
As you your judgments please to use.

2. Come all you Courtiers in your neat fashions,
Rich in your new unpaid-for silk:
Come you brave Wenches, and court your stations,
Here in the bushes the Maids do milk:
Come then and revel, the Spring invites
Beauty and youth for your delights,
All that are fair, all that are rare,
You shall have license to compare.

3. Here the great Ladies all of the Land are,
Drawn with six Horses at the least:
Here are all that of the *Strand* are,
And to be seen now at the best.
Westminster-Hall, who is of the Court,
Unto his place doth now all resort:
Both high and low here you may know,
And all do come themselves to shew.

4. The Merchants wives that keep their Coaches,
Here in the Park do take the air;
They go abroad to avoid reproaches,
And hold themselves as Ladies fair:
For whilst their Husbands gone are to trade
Unto their ships by Sea or Land:
Who will not say, why may not they
Trade, like their own Husbands, in their own way.

5. Here from the Countrey come the Girls flying
For husbands, though of parts little worth:
They at th' *Exchange* have been buying
The last new fashion that came forth:
And are desirous to have it seen,
As if before it ne're had been:
So you may see all that may be
Had in the Town or Countrey.

6. Here

6. Here come the Girls of the rich City.
Aldermens daughters fair and proud,
Their Jealous Mothers come t' invite ye,
For fear they should be lost i' th' croud:
Who for their breeding are taught to dance,
Their birth and fortune to advance:
And they will be as frolick and free,
As you your self expect to see.

To his coy Mistris.

1. COY one, I say, Be gone,
My love-days now are done:
Were thy Brow like Iv'ry free,
Yet 'tis more black than Jet to me.

2. Might thy hairy Tress compare
With *Daphne's* sporting with the air,
As it is worse fetter'd far
Than th' knotty tuffs of Mandrakes are.

3. Were there in thy squint eyes found
True native sparks of Diamond;
As they are duller sure I am,
Than th' Eye-Lamps of a dying man,

4. Were

Were thy breath a Civet scent,
Or some purer Element;
As there's none profess thee love,
Can touch thy lips without a Glove.

5. Were thy Nose of such a shape,
As Nature could no better make;
As it is so skrewed in,
It claims acquaintance with thy Chin.

6. Were thy Breasts two rising Mounts,
Those Ruby Nipples milky Founts,
As these two so fairly move,
They'd make a Lover freeze for love.

7 Could thy pulse affection beat,
Thy Palm a balmy moisture sweat;
As their active vigor's gone,
Dry and cold as any stone.

8. Were thy arms, legs, feet, and all,
That we with modesty can call;
Nay, were they all of such a grace,
As 't might be stil'd, *Loves amorous place.*

9. As all these yield such weak delight,
They'd fright a Bridegroom the first night:

And

And hold it a curse for to be sped
Of such a fury in his bed.

10. Could thine high improved state,
Vye with the greatest Potentate:
As in all their store I find
Mole-hills to a noble mind.

11. Wert thou as rich in Beauties form,
As thou art held in Natures scorn:
I vow these should be none of mine,
Because they are entitled thine.

A Dialogue concerning Hair, between a Man and a Woman.

M.

1. ASK me no more why I do wear
My Hair so far below my ear:
For the first Man that e're was made
Did never know the Barbers Trade.

W.

2. Ask me no more where all the day
The foolish Owl doth make her stay:

'Tis

'Tis in your Locks; for tak't from me,
She thinks your hair an Ivy-tree.

M.

3. Tell me no more that length of hair
Can make the visage seem less fair;
For howsoe'r my hair doth sit,
I'm sure that yours comes short of it.

W.

4. Tell me no more men were long hair
To chase away the colder air;
For by experience we may see
Long hair will but a back friend be.

M.

5. Tell me no more that long hair can
Argue deboistness in a man;
For 'tis Religious being inclin'd,
To save the Temples from the wind.

W.

6. Ask me no more why Roarers wear
Their hair extant below their ear;

For

For having mortgag'd all their Land,
They'd fain oblige the appearing Band.

M.

7. Ask me no more why hair may be
The expression of Gentility:
'Tis that which being largely grown,
Derives its Gentry from the Crown.

W.

8. Ask me no more why grass being grown,
With greedy Sickle is cut down,
Till short and sweet: So ends my Song,
Lest that long hair should grow too long.

A Song.

1. THAT Beauty I ador'd before,
I now as much despise:
'Tis Money only makes the Whore:
She that for love with her Crony lies,
Is chaste: But that's the Whore that kisses for prize.

2. Let

2. Let *Jove* with Gold his *Danae* woo,
It shall be no rule for me:
Nay, 't may be I may do so too,
When I'me as old as he.
Till then I'le never hire the thing that's free.

3. If Coin must your affection Imp,
Pray get some other Friend:
My Pocket ne're shall be my Pimp,
I never that intend,
Yet can be noble too, if I see they mend.

4. Since Loving was a Liberal Art,
How canst thou trade for gain?
The pleasure is on your part,
'Tis we Men take the pain:
And being so, must Women have the gain?

5. No, no, I'le never farm your Bed,
Nor your Smock-Tenant be:
I hate to rent your white and red,
You shall not let your Love to me:
I court a Mistris, not a Landlady.

6. A Pox take him that first set up,
Th' Excise of Flesh and Skin:

And

And since it will no better be,
Let's both to kiss begin;
To kiss freely: if not, you may go spin.

The Careless Swain.

1. IS she gone? let her go; faith Boys, I care not,
I'l not sue after her, I dare not, I dare not.
Though she 'as more Land than I by many an Acre,
I have plow'd in her ground, who will may take her.

2. She is a witty one, and she is fair too;
She must have all the Land that she is Heir too:
But as for Free Land she has not any,
For hers is *Lammas* ground, common to many.

3. Were it in Several, 'twere a great favour,
It might be an inriching to him that shall have her:
But hers is common ground, and without bounding,
You may graze in her ground, and fear no pounding.

A Catch for three Voices.

JACK, *Will* and *Tom* are ye come,
I think there is mirth in your faces:
How glad I'm to see such Lads all agree
In tunes and time, and graces.

A Song.

1. CHLORIS, when I to thee present
The cause of all my discontent;
And shew that all the wealth that can
Flow from this little world of man,
Is nought but Constancy and Love,
Why will you other objects prove?

2. O do not cozen your desires
With common and mechanick fires:
That picture which you see in gold,
In every Shop is to be sold,
And Diamonds of richest prize
Men only value with their eyes.

3. But look upon my loyal heart,
That knows to value every part:

And

And loves thy hidden virtue more
Than outward shape, which fools adore:
In that you'l all the treasures find
That can content a noble mind.

The forsaken Maid, A Song.

1. NOR Love, nor Fate dare I accuse,
For that my Love doth me refuse:
But O mine own unworthiness,
That durst presume so great a bliss!
Too mickle 'twere for me to love
A man so like the Gods above,
With Angels face, and Saint-like voice,
Tis too Divine for Humane choice.

2. But had I wisely given mine heart,
For to have lov'd him but in part:
As only to enjoy his face.
Or any one peculiar Grace;
As foot, or hand, or lip, or eye:
Then had I liv'd where now I die.
But I presuming all to chuse,
Am now condemned all to lose.

3. You Rural Gods that guard the Swains,
And punish all unjust disdains;

O do not censure him for this,
It was my error, and not his.
This only boon of you I'le crave,
To fix these Lines upon my Grave :
Like Icarus, *I soar'd too high,*
For which offence I pine, I die.

On a Precise Taylor.

A Taylor, but a man of upright dealing,
True, but for lying ; honest, but for stealing ;
Did fall one day extremely sick by chance,
And on a sudden fell in a wondrous Trance :
The Fiends of Hell must'ring in fearful manner,
Of sundry colour'd Silks display'd a Banner
Which he had stoln ; and wish'd, as they did tell,
That he might one day find it all in Hell.
The man affrighted at this Apparition,
Upon Recovery grew a great Precisian ;
He bought a Bible of the new Translation,
And in his Life he shew'd great Reformation :
He walk'd demurely, and he talked meekly,
He heard two Lectures, and two Sermons weekly :
He vow'd to shun all Company unruly,
And in his speech he us'd no Oath but Truly :
And zealously to help the Sabbaths Rest,
The Meat for that day on the Eve was drest :

And

And lest the custom that he had to steal,
Might cause him sometimes to forget his zeal,
He gives his Journey-man a special charge,
That if the Stuff allow'd fell out to large,
And that to filch his fingers were inclin'd,
He then should put the Banner in his mind.
This done, I scarce can tell the rest for laughter,
A Captain of a Ship came three days after,
And bought three yards of Velvet & three quarters,
To make his Vest so large to hang below his garters.
He that precisely knew what was enough,
Soon slipt away a quarter of the Stuff:
His man espying it, said in derision,
Remember, Master, how you saw the Vision.
Peace, Fool, quoth he, I did not see one rag
Of such like colour'd Stuff within the Flag.

The Scotch Girls Complaint for an Englishmans going away, when my Lord Monk *came for* England.

1. ILL tide this cruel Peace that hath gain'd a War on me,
I never fancied Laddy till I saw mine Enemy:
O methoughts he was the blithest one
That e're I set mine eyes upon;

Well might have fool'd a wiser one,
As he did me:
He look'd so pretty, and talk'd so witty,
None could deny,
But needs must yield the Fort up,
Gude faith, and so did I.

2. Tantara went the Trumpets, and strait we were in Arms,
We dreaded no Invasions, Embraces were our Charms.
As we close to one another sit,
Did according to our Mothers wit,
But hardly now can smother it,
It will be known,
Alack and welly, sick back and belly,
Never was Maid,
A Soldier is a coming, though young,
Makes me afraid.

3. To *England* bear this Sonnet, direct it unto none,
But to the brave *Monk*-Heroes, both sigh and singing moan:
Some there are perhaps will take my part,
At his bosom *Cupid* shake his dart,
That from me he ne'r may part,
That is mine own:

O maist thou never wear Bow and Quiver,
Till I may see
Once more the happy feature
Of my lov'd Enemy.

On Fairford *curious Church-Windows, which scap'd the War and the Puritan.*

TELL me, you Anti-Saints, why Glass
To you is longer liv'd than Brass;
And why the Saints have scap'd their falls
Better on Windows than on Walls?
Is it because the Brothers fires
Maintain a Glass-house at *Blackfriers?*
Next, why the Church stands North and South,
And East and West the Preachers mouth?
Or is't because such painted ware
Resembles something what you are?
So pied, so seeming, so unsound
In Doctrine and in Manners found,
That out of Emblematick wit
You spare your selves in sparing it?
If it be so, then *Fairford* boast,
Thy Church hath kept what all hath lost:
It is preserved from the bane
Of either War or Puritan;

Whose

Whose Life is coloured in thy Paint,
The inside Dross, but outside Saint.

The Soldiers praise of a Lowse.

1. WILL you please to hear a new Ditty,
In praise of a six-footed Creature:
She lives both in Countrey and City,
She's woundrous loving by nature.

2. She'l proffer her service to any,
She'l stick close but she will prevail:
She is entertained by many,
Till death no Master she'l fail.

3. Your rich men she cannot endure,
Nor can she your shifter abide:
But still she sticks close to the poor,
Though often they claw her hide.

4. The non-suited man she'l woo him,
Or any good fellows that lack:
She will be as nigh a friend to him
As the shirt that sticks to his back.

5. Your neat Landress she perfectly hates,
And those that do set her awork:

And

And still in foul Linen delights,
That she in the seams on't may lurk.

6. Corruption she draws like a Horse-leech,
Being big, she grows a great breeder:
At night she goes home to her Cottage,
And in the day is a devillish feeder.

7. To Commanders and Soldiers in purging
I'm sure her Receipts are good:
For she saves them the charge of a Surgeon
In sucking and letting of blood.

8. She'l venture in a Battel as far
As any Commander that goes:
She'l play *Jack* a both sides in war,
And cares not a pin for her foes.

9. She's always shot-free in fight,
To kill her no Sword will prevail:
And if took Prisoner by flight,
She's crush'd to death with a Nail.

10. From her and her breed *Jove* defend us
For her company we have had store:
Let her go to the Court and the Gentry,
And trouble poor Soldiers no more.

A Song.

1 METHOUGHT the other night
I saw a pretty sight
That mov'd me much:
A fair and comely Maid
Not squeamish nor afraid
To let me touch.
Our lips most sweetly kissing
Each other never missing:
Her smiling look did shew content,
That she did nought but what she meant.

2. And as our lips did move,
The Echo still was Love,
Love, love me sweet.
Then with a Maiden blush,
Instead of crying Push,
Our lips did meet:
With Musick sweet by sounding,
And Pleasures all abounding,
We kept the Burden of the Song,
Which was, *That Love should take no wrong.*

A Song.

1. O My dearest, I shall grieve thee
When I swear, yet Sweet believe me.
By thine eye, that Crystal Book
In which all crabbed old men look,
I swear to thee, though none abhor them,
Yet I do not love thee for them.

2. I do not love thee for that fair
Rich Fan of thy most curious Hair:
Though the wires thereof are drawn
Finer than the threds of Lawn,
And are softer than the sleeves
Which the subtil Spinner weaves.

3. I do not love thee for those flowers
Growing on thy Cheeks, Loves Bowers;
Though such cunning them hath spread,
None can part their white and red:
Loves golden Arrows there are shot,
Yet for them I love thee not.

4. I do not love thee for those soft
Red Coral Lips I've kist so oft,

Nor

Nor teeth of Pearl, though double rear'd
To speech, where Musick still is heard,
Though from thence a kiss being taken,
Would Tyrants melt, and death awaken.

5. I do not love thee, O my Fairest,
For that richest, for that rarest
Silver Pillar which stands under
Thy lovely Head, that Glass of wonder:
Though thy Neck be whiter far
Than Towers of polish'd Ivory are.

6. Nor do I love thee for those Mountains
Hid with Snow, whence Nectar Fountains
Sug'red sweet, and Syrup-berry,
Must one day run through Pipes of Cherry:
O how much those Breasts do move me!
Yet for these I do not love thee.

7. I do not love thee for thy Palm,
Though the dew thereof be Balm:
Nor thy curious Leg and Foot,
Although it be a precious Root
Whereon this stately Cedar grows:
Sweet I love thee not for those.

8. Nor

8. Nor for thy wit so pure and quick,
Whose substance no Arithmetick
Can number down: Nor for the charms
Thou mak'st with embracing arms;
Though in them one night to lie,
Dearest I would gladly die.

9. I love the not for eyes nor hair,
Nor lips, nor teeth that are so rare;
Nor for thy neck, nor for thy breasts,
Nor for thy belly, nor the rest:
Nor for thy hand, nor foot, nor small,
But would'st thou know, dear sweet, for all.

An old Song on the Spanish Armado.

1. SOME years of late in eighty eight,
As I do well remember,
It was some say, nineteenth of *May*,
And some say in *September*,
And some say in September.

The Spanish train, lanch'd forth amain,
With many a fine bravado
Their (as they thought) but it proved not,
Invincible *Armado*,
Invincible Armado.

3. There

3. There was a little man that dwelt in *Spain*,
Who shot well in a Gun a,
Don Pedro hight, as black a wight
As the Knight of the Sun a,
As the Knight of the Sun a.

4. King *Philip* made him Admiral,
And bid him not to stay a
But to destroy, both man and boy,
And so to come away a,
And so to come away a.

5. Their Navy was well victualled
With Bisket, Pease, and Bacon,
They brought two Ships, well fraught with Whip
But I think they were mistaken,
But I think they were mistaken.

6. There men were young, Munition strong,
And to do us more harm a,
They thought it meet, to joyn their Fleet,
All with the Prince of *Parma*,
All with the Prince of Parma.

7. Th

7. They coasted round about our Land,
And so came in by *Dover:*
But we had men set on 'um then,
And threw the Rascals over,
And threw the Rascals over.

8. The Queen was then at *Tilbury,*
What could me more desire a,
And Sir *Francis Drake* for her sweet sake,
Did set them all on fire a,
Did set them all on fire a.

9. Then strait they fled by Sea and Land,
That one man kill'd threescore a;
And had not they all ran away,
In truth he had kill'd more a,
In truth he had kill'd more a.

10. Then let them neither brag nor boast,
But if they come agen a,
Let them take heed, they do not speed,
As they did you know when a,
As they did you know when a.

The

The Loyal Prisoner.

1. BEAT on proud Billows, *Boreas* blow,
Swell curled waves high as *Joves* roof:
Your incivility shall show,
That innocence is Tempest proof:
Though furious Nero's *frown, my thoughts are calm,*
Then strike affliction, for your wounds are balm.

2. That which the world miscalls a Jail,
A private Closet is to me,
Whilst a good Conscience is my bail,
And innocence my liberty:
Locks, Bars, and Solitude together met,
Makes me no Pris'ner, but an Anchoret.

3. And whilst I wish to be retir'd
Into this private room was turn'd;
As if their wisdoms had conspired
The Sallamander should be burn'd:
Or like those Sophies, which would drown a fish,
I am condemn'd to suffer what I wish.

4. The Cynick hugs his poverty,
The Pellican her Wilderness:
And 'tis the Indians pride to be
Naked on frozen *Caucasus.*
Contentment cannot smart, Stoicks we see,
Make torments easie to their Apathie.

5. I'm in this Cabinet lock'd up,
Like some high prized *Margerite:*
Or like some great Mogul or Pope,
Am cloister'd up from publick, sight:
Retiredness is a piece of Majesty;
And thus proud Sultan, I'm as great as thee.

6. These Manicles about my arms,
I as my Mistris Favours wear:
And for to keep my ankles warm,
I have some iron Shackles there:
These walls are but my Garrison, my Cell,
What men call Jail, doth prove my Cittadel.

7. So he that stroke at *Jasons* life,
Thinking to have made his purpose sure,
With a malicious friendly knife,
Was only wounded to a cure.
Malice, I see, wants wit; for what is meant
Mischief oft-times proves favours by th' event.

8. What though I cannot see my King,
Neither in's Person, nor his Coin:
Yet Contemplation is a thing
Which renders what I have not mine:
My King from me what Adamants can part,
Whom I do wear engraven on my heart?

9. Have you not seen the Nightingale
A pris'ner like, coop'd in a Cage?
How she doth chaunt her wonted tale,
In that her narrow Hermitage?
Even then her Melody doth plainly prove,
That her Boughs are Trees, her Cage a Grove.

10. I am that Bird whom they combine
Thus to deprive of liberty:
Although they see my Corps confin'd,
Yet maugre hate, my soul is free.
Although I'm mew'd, yet I can chirp and sing,
Disgrace to Rebels, Glory to my King.

On his first Love.

MY first Love whom all beauty did adorn,
Firing my heart, suppress it with her scorn,
And since like Tinder in my breast it lies,
By every sparkle made a Sacrifice:
Each wanton eye, now kindles my desire,
And that is now to all, which was intire:
For now my wanton thoughts are not confin'd
Unto a woman, but to woman kind:
This for her shape I love, that for her face,
This for her gesture, or some other grace:
And sometimes when I none of these can find,
I chuse them by the kernel, not the rind;
And so do hope, though my chief hope be gone,
To find in many what I lost in one.
She is in fault which caus'd me first to stray,
Needs must he wander which hath lost his way:
Guiltless I am, she did this change provoke,
And made that Charcoal, which at first was Oak:
For as a Looking-glass to the aspect,
Whilst it is whole, doth but one face reflect;
But crack'd and broken in pieces, there are shown
Many false faces where first was but one:
So love into my heart did first prefer
Her Image, and there planted none but her:

But

But when 'twas crack'd and martyr'd by her scorn,
Many less faces in her seat were born:
Thus like to Tinder, I am prone to catch
Each falling sparkle, fit for any match.

On his Mistriss going to Sea.

FAREWEL, fair Saint, may not the seas and wind
Swell like the heart and eyes you left behind:
But calm and gentle, like the looks they bear,
Smile in your face, and whisper in your ear:
Let no foul billow offer to arise,
That it might nearer look upon your eyes;
Lest Wind and Waves enamour'd with such form,
Should throng and crowd themselves into a storm.
But if it be your fate, vast Seas, to love,
Of my becalmed heart learn how to move:
Move then but in a gentle Lovers pace,
No wrinckles, nor no furrows in your face;
And you fierce winds, see that you tell your tale
In such a breath as may but fill her sail:
So while you court her each a several way,
You will her safely to her Port convey,
And lose her in a noble way of wooing,
Whilst both contribute to her own undoing.

On

On a Blush.

STAY lusty blood, where wilt thou seek
So blest a place as in her cheek?
How canst thou from that cheek retire,
Where vertue doth command desire?
But if thou canst not stay, then flow
Down to her panting paps below;
Flow like a Deluge from her breasts,
Where *Venus* Swans have built their Nests;
And so take glory to bestain
With azure blew each swelling Vein:
Then boiling, run through every part,
Till thou hast warm'd her frozen heart:
And if from love it would retire,
Then Martyr it with gentle fire:
And having search'd each secret place,
Fly thou back into her face:
Where live thou blest in changing those
White Lillies to a ruddy Rose.

In

In praise of a Mask.

THERE is not half so warm a fire
In fruition as desire :
When we have got the fruit of pain,
Possession makes us poor again.
Expected form and shape unknown,
Whets and makes sharp temptation :
Sense is too nigardly for bliss,
And daily pays us with what is.
But ignorance doth give us all
That can within her brightness fall :
Veil therefore still, whilst I divine
The riches of that hidden Mine ;
And make imagination tell
All wealth that can in beauty dwell.
Thus the highly valu'd Oar,
Earths dark Exchequer keeps in store :
And search'd in secret, only quits
The travel of the hands and wits ;
Who dares to ransack all the hoards,
That Natures privy Purse affords.
Our eye the apprehensions Thief,
Blinds our unlimited belief.
When we see all, we nothing see,
Disclosure may prove Robbery.

For

For if you shine not, fairest, being shown,
I pick a Cabinet for a *Bristol* Stone.

Excuse for Absence.

YOU'L ask, perhaps, wherefore I stay,
Loving so much, so long away?
Do not think 'twas I did part;
It was my body, not my heart:
For, like a Compass, in your love
One Foot is fixt that cannot move:
To' other may follow the blind guide
Of giddy Fortune, but not slide
Beyond your Service; nor dares venture
To wander far from you the Center.

To

To his Mistris.

KEEP on your Mask, and hide your eye,
For with beholding it I die,
Your fatal Beauty, *Gorgon*-like,
Dead with astonishment doth strike:
Your piercing eyes, if them I see,
Are worse than Basilisks to me.
Shut from mine eyes those hills of Snow,
Their melting Valley do not show;
Those Azure paths lead to despair.
O vex me not, forbear, forbear:
For whilst I thus in torment dwell,
The sight of Heaven is worse than Hell.
Your dainty voice, and warbling breath,
Sound like a Sentence past for death:
Your dangling Tresses are become
The instruments of final doom;
O if an Angel torture so
When life is done, what shall I do?

To

To his Mistris.

I'LL tell you how the Rose did first grow red,
And whence the Lilly whiteness borrowed:
You blush'd, and then the Rose with red was dight:
The Lilly kist your hand, and so came white.
Before that time each Rose had but a stain,
The Lilly nought but paleness did contain:
You have the native colour, those the dye,
They flourish onely in your eye.

HIC *jacet* John Shorthose
Sine hose, *sine* shooes, *sine* breeches,
Qui fuit dum vixit, sine goods,
Sine lands, *sine* riches.

On

On his Mistris.

IS she not wondrous fair? O but I see
She is so much too sweet, too fair for me,
That I forget my flames, and every fire
Hath taught me not to love, but to admire:
Just like the Sun, methinks I see her face,
Which I should gaze on still, but not embrace;
For 'tis Heavens pleasure that she should be sent
As pure to Heaven again, as she was lent
To us: And bid us, as we hope for bliss,
Not to profane her with a mortal kiss.
Then how cold grows my Love, and I how hot?
O how I love her, how I love her not!
So doth my Ague-love torment by turns,
And now it freezeth, now again it burns.

A Sigh.

GO thou gentle whisp'ring Wind,
Bear this Sigh, and if you find
Where my cruel Fair doth rest,
Cast it in her snowy Breast:

The

The sweet Kisses thou shalt gain,
Will reward thee for thy pain.
Taste her lips, and then confess,
If *Arabia* doth possess
Or the *Hybla* honour'd hill,
Sweets like those that there distil.
Having got so, with a fee
Do another boon for me:
Thou canst with thy powerful blast
Heat apace, and cool as fast:
Then for pity either stir
Up the fire of Love in her,
That alike both flames may shine,
Or else quite extinguish mine.

To a spruce and very finely deck'd Lady.

2. STILL to be neat, still to be drest,
As if you were going to a feast:
Still to be powder'd, still perfum'd,
Lady, it is to be presum'd,
Though Arts hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

2. Give

2. Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes largely flowing, hairs as free;
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all th' Adulteries of Art:
They please my eye, but not my heart.

The Good Fellows Song.

1. AS we went wandring all the night,
The Brewers Dog our brains did bite,
Our Heads grew heavy, and our Heels grew light,
And we like our humour well boys,
And we like our humour well.

2. Our Hostess then bid us pay her Score,
We call'd her Whore, and we paid her no more,
And we kick'd our Hostess out of the door,
And we like our humour well boys,
And we like our humour well.

3. And as we went wandring in the Street,
We trod the Kennels under our feet,
And fought with every Post we did meet,
And we like our humour well boys,
And we like our humour well.

The

The Constable then with his staff and band,
He bid us if we were men to stand,
We told him he bid us do more than we can,
And we like our humour well boys,
And we like our humour well.

5. Our Hostesses Cellar it is our bed,
Upon the Barrels we lay our head,
The night is our own, for the Devil is dead,
And we like our humour well boys,
And we like our humour well.

Upon Fasting.

THE poor man fasts, because he has no meat;
The sick man fasts because he cannot eat:
The Userer fasts, to encrease his store:
The Glutton fasts, 'cause he can eat no more;
The Hypocrite, because he'd be commended:
The Saints do fast, because they have offended.

ONE wish'd me to a Wife that's fair and young,
That hath *French*, *Spanish*, and *Italian* tongue:
I thank'd him, but yet I'l have none of such;
For I think one tongue for a Maid's too much:
What, love you not the Learned? yes as my life,
The learned Scholar, but the unlearned Wife.

On a Lover that would not be beloved again.

DISDAIN me still, that I may ever love,
For who his love enjoys, can love no more:
The War once past, with peace men cowards prove,
The ships return'd do rot upon the shore,
Then frown though I say thou art most fair,
And still I love thee, though I still despair.

As heat to life, so is desire to love,
For these once quench'd, both life and love are done:
Let not my sighs and tears thy virtue move
Like basest Metal do not melt so soon,
Laugh at my woes, although I ever mourn,
Love surfeits with rewards, his Nurse is scorn.

A Rural Song.

1. COME Lads and Lasses, each one that passes,
Dance a round on the ground
Whilst green the grass is.
For if you'l ever, with mirth endeavour
With heart and voice, rejoyce,
Come now or never:
For the blind Boy Love was caught and betray'd
In the Trap that was laid
For the poor silly Maid.

2. Now here, now yonder, with Goose and Gander,
With your Ducks, Hens, and Cocks,
Safe may you wander,
Securely may you go, to the Market to and fro,
John and *Jone* all arow,
And never fear the foe,
For the blind Boy Love was caught and betray'd
In the Trap that was laid
For the poor silly Maid.

3. Sweetest come hither, let us thither,
Where we'l court, and there sport
Freely together.

We

We'l enjoy kisses, with other blisses,
So come home, when we have done,
And none shall miss us.
For the blind Boy Love was caught and betray'd
In the Trap that was laid,
For the poor silly Maid.

4. Over yon Bower, *Jove* seems to lowre,
As he meant to prevent
Our happiest hour:
But the times treasure, giving us leasure
In spight of *Jove*, for to prove
Our chiefest pleasure.
For the blind Boy Love was caught and betray'd
In the Trap that was laid,
For the poor silly Maid.

A Scotch Song, called Gilderoy.

1. WAS ever grief so great as mine,
Then speak dear Bearn, I prethee,
That thus must leave my *Gilderoy*,
O my Benison gang with thee.

Good

Good speed be with you then Sir, she said,
For gone is all my joy:
And gone is he whom I love best,
My handsom *Gilderoy.*

2. In muckle joy we spent our time
Till we were both fifteen,
Then wantonly he ligg'd me down,
And amongst the Brakes so green.
When he had done what man could do,
He rose up and gang'd his way:
I gate my Goon, and I followed him,
My handsom *Gilderoy.*

2. Now *Gilderoy* was a bonny Boy,
Would needs to 'th King be gone,
With his silken Garters on his legs,
And the Roses on his shoone:
But better he had staid at home
With me his only joy,
For on a Gallow-tree they hung
My handsom *Gilderoy.*

4. When they had ta'ne this lad so strong,
Gude Lord how sore they bound him,
They carried him to *Edenb'rough* Town,
And there God wot they hung him:

They

They knit him fast above the rest,
And I lost my only joy,
For evermore my Benison
Gang with my *Gilderoy.*

5. Wo worth that man that made those Laws,
To hang a man for genee,
For neither stealing Ox nor Ass,
Or bony Horse or Meere:
Had not their Laws a bin so strict,
I might have got my joy:
And ne'r had need tull a wat my cheek
For my dear *Gilderoy.*

A Song to his Mistris.

1. I WILL not do a Sacrifice
To thy face or to thy eyes:
Nor unto thy Lilly palm,
Nor thy breath that wounding balm:
But the part to which my heart
In vows is seal'd,
Is that Mine of Bliss Divine
Which is conceal'd.

2. What

2. What's the Golden fruit to me,
If I may not pluck the Tree:
Bare enjoying all the rest,
Is but like a golden Feast,
Which at need can never feed
Our love-sick wishes:
Let me eat substantial meat,
Not view the dishes.

The Advice.

PHYLLIS for shame, let us improve
A thousand several ways,
These few short minutes stoln by love
From many tedious days.

Whilst you want courage to despise
The censure of the Grave:
For all the Tyrants in your eyes,
Your heart is but a slave.

My love is full of noble pride,
And never will submit
To let that Fop Discretion ride
In triumph over Wit.

False

False Friends I have as well as you,
That daily counsel me
Vain friv'lous trifles to pursue,
And leave off loving thee.

When I the least belief bestow
On what such fools advise,
May I be dull enough to grow
Most miserably wise.

A Vision.

BENEATH a Myrtle shade
Which *Jove* for none but happy Lovers made,
I slept, and streight my Love before me brought,
Phillis the object of my waking thought,
Undrest she came my flames to meet,
Whilst Love strew'd flowers beneath her feet:
Flowers that so prest by her became more sweet.

From the bright Visions head,
A careless vail of Lawn was Loosely spread:
From her white shoulders fell her shaded hair,
Like cloudy Sun-shine, nor too brown nor fair:
Her hands, her lips did love inspire,
Her ev'ry part my heart did fire:
But most her eyes, that languish'd with desire.

A

Ah charming Fair, said I,
How long will you my bliss and yours deny?
By nature and by *Jove* this lonesome Shade
Was for revenge of suff'ring Lovers made:
Silence and Shades with Love agree,
Both shelter you, and favour me;
You cannot blush, because I cannot see,

No, let me die, she said,
Rather than lose the spotless name of Maid:
Faintly she spoke methought, for all the while
She bid me not believe her with a smile.
Then die, said I: She still deny'd:
And is it thus, thus, thus, she cry'd,
You use a harmless Maid? And so she dy'd:

I wak'd, and straight I knew
I lov'd so well, it made my Dream prove true.
Fancy the kinder Mistriss of the two,
Fancy had done what *Phillis* would not do.
Ah cruel Nymph, cease your disdain,
While I can dream you scorn in vain:
Asleep or waking you must ease my pain.

The Batchelors Song.

LIKE a Dog with a Bottle fast ty'd to his Tail,
Like a Vermin in a Trap, or a Thief in a Jail,
Like a Tory in a Bog,
Or an Ape with a Clog,
Even such is the man, who when he may go free,
Does his Liberty lose .
In a Matrimony Noose,
And sells himself into Captivity.

The Dog he doth howl when the Bottle doth jog,
The Vermin, the Thief, and the Tory in vain
Of the Trap, of the Jail, of the Quagmire complain,
But well fare poor Pug,
For he plays with his Clog ;
And though he would be rid on't rather than his life,
Yet he hugs it and tugs it as a Man does his Wife.

The Batchelors Satyr retorted.

1. LIKE a Dog that runs madding at Sheep or at Cows,
Like a Boar that runs brumling after the Sows,
Like a Jade full of Rancor,
Or a Ship without Anchor,

Such

Such is the Libertine whom sense invites
To spend his leisures
In recoyling pleasures,
And prefers Looseness unto *Hymens* Rites:
Whereas that honest Tedder holds
The Dog from ranging to the Folds;
And the soft tie of fixt desire,
Keeps men from that Boarish mire;
The Bit and Reins
The Horse restrains,
And th' Anchor saves
The Ship from Waves
Vermin indeed are oft deserv'dly caught
In their own Traps,
Venereous Claps,
Which Health and Wealth and Conscience dearly bought.

2. Those Felons of themselves are their own Jails,
And by stoln Pleasure do their sin intail;
Such wandring Tories in unknown Bogs,
And busie Urchins are ensaf'd by Clogs:
But well fare that Bird,
That sweetly is heard
To sing in the contented Cage,
Secure from fears,
And all the snares
Of a Licentious and trepanning Age,

Passing

Passing a calm harmonious Life,
Just like an honest Man and Wife.

A Reply to the Batchelors Satyr retorted.

LIKE a Cat with her Tail fast hel'd by a Peg,
Like a Hog that gruntles when he's ty'd by the leg,
Like a gall'd Horse in a Pownd,
Or a Ship run a ground:
Such is the Man, who ty'd in a Nuptial Nooze,
With the proud Stoick, brags
Of his Patches, and his Rags
And rails at looseness, yet would fain get loose,

Whereas the Cat, not knowing who vext her,
Tooth and nail assaults the thing that is next her;
And the soft tye of fixt desire
Binds the Hog to the Paradise of his dear Mire:
The Horse frisks about,
But cannot get out;
And the Anchor gives way
To the boysterous Sea.
Husbands indeed are oft deserv'dly caught
In their own Traps,
By other Claps,
Or Midwives, Nurses, Cradles dearly bout.

These

These Felons to themselves are their own Jail:
Some on the Parish do their Brats entail,
Like Tories from their Wives and Children run,
Designing but to Do, and be Undone:
Or else like Hedgehogs under Crabtrees roll,
To bring home to their Drabs
A burthen of Crabs,
And then retire to their Hole.

But well fare the Owl,
Of all feather'd Fowl,
That in the contented Ivy-bush sings;
She dodders all day,
While the little birds play,
And at midnight she flutters her wings,
Hooting out her mopish discontented Life,
Just like and honest man and Wife.

On a Wedding.

HOW pleasant a thing were a Wedding,
And a Bedding?
If a Man could purchase a Wife
For a twelvemonth and a day:
But to live with her all a mans life,
For ever and for ay,

Till she grows as grey as a Cat:
Good faith, Mr. Parson, excuse me for that.

The Answer.

HOW honest a thing is a Wedding,
And a Bedding?
If a man but make choice of a virtuous Wife,
To live with for aye,
Not a month and a day,
But to love and to cherish all days of his life,
Till both are grown grave, rich, fruitful, and fat:
Good sooth (Sir) there needs no excuses for that.
And thus against all Syrens *safely stands*
The wise Ulysses *ty'd with Nuptial Bands.*

Upon His Majesties Picture drawn by a Fair Lady.

YOUR hand with Nature at a noble strife,
Hath paid our Sovereign a great share of Life.
Strange fate! that *Charles* did ne'r more firmly stand,
Then when twice rescu'd by a female hand.
Fair Voucher of the Royal Head, which we owe
Though first to Madam *Lane*, yet next to you.

But

But here your glory much doth hers out-vie,
She us'd disguise, you use discovery:
And sure there's not so much of Honour shown
To save by hiding, as by making known:
Yet hence for you the odds do higher lie,
She sav'd from Death, you from Mortality;
Who in despight of fate can give reprieve,
And in this deathless Image make him live.
Warwicks great worth must quit the leaves of fame,
There never was a make-King till you came.
Had *Sheba's* Queen known thus, she need not roam,
Sh' had seen the Learned Monarch nearer home.
O how *Vandike* would fret himself, by you
Bafflʼd at once in th' Art and Object too!
Nature her self amaz'd, doth scarce yet know
For certain, whether, she drew both, or you:
And we, seeing so much life in th' Image shown,
Fear least it speak, and lay a Claim to th' Crown.
And th' vulgar apt to a more gross mistake,
Should *Charles* but for his Pictures Picture take.
Who knows what harm might from your pencil come
If Painting had not been an Art that's dumb.
Worcsters strict search had ceas'd, did *Cromwel* know
How much of *Charles* your hand could to him show;
And the great Rebel would contented be
To have him murther'd in this Effigie;
Wherein he doth so much himself appear,
I am i' th' Presence whilst I spy him here.

His

His Crown he may from others hands receive,
But only you *Charles* to himself could give.
To be thus lively drawn, is th' only thing
Could almost make me wish my self a King.

Go on, Fair Hand, and by a nobler Art
Make *Charles* a Prince compleat in every part:
And to the world this rare example show,
You can make Kings, and get them Subjects too.

FINIS.

ENTR' ACTE.

SAY, shall we pause awhile, or turn the page,
That gives a Second Part to our attention?
Let our *Appendix Notes* your eye engage,
Wherein we of the Authors make glad mention;
Little of politics to waken rage,
And less of criticism on bard's invention;
Though against sectaries a war we wage,
And choose the King, not Commons, in
Dissention.

Once more our mimic curtain draws aside,
And shows the Lovers both of court and city;
Not quite the damsels we might seek as Bride,
Too free in speech, though lively, arch, and
witty;
But (*entre nous*), nice nymphs to sit beside,
And compliment, for they look young and pretty:
As for the men, gay, reckless, oft decried,—
If you dislike their company,—more's the pity!

Christmas, 1874. J. W. E.

Westminster Drollery.

Part II.

Weſtminſter Drollery,

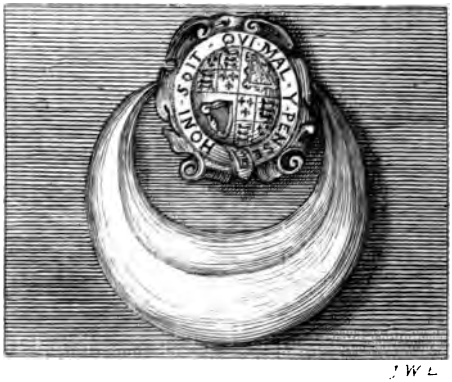
THE

SECOND PART,

BEING

A Compleat Collection of all the Newest and Choicest SONGS and POEMS at COURT and both the THEATERS.

By the Author of the FIRST PART,
Never Printed before.



LONDON,
Printed for William Gilbert at the Half Moon in St. Paul's Church-yard, & Tho. Saxbridge at the three Flower de Luces in Little Britain, 1672.

These to his honoured Friend,

the Author of this Book, upon his *WESTMINSTER DROLLS.*

HAveing perus'd your Book, I there do find
The footsteps of a most Ingenious mind;
Which (traceing) I ne're left, untill I came
Unto the knowledge of the Author's Name;
Which having understood, I needs must show
That due respect I to your Lines doe owe.
How easie is it for a man to know
Those Songs you made from those Collected too;
Yours like Rich Vyands on a Table set,
Invites all Pallats for to tast and eat;
Th' others but garnish are, which only serve
To feed a hungry stomach least it starve;
Yours like the Sun, when he displayes his face,
Obscures, and darkens Starrs of meaner Race:
So Sir, in every thing you so transcend,
That I could wish your Drolls would ne're have end:

But least my youthful Poetry should stray
From their intentions, and so lose their way,
I'le wish your fame may be as amply known
As he desires, who speaks himself your own.

Ric : Man

WE

WESTMINSTER DROLLERY.

The late Song at the Dukes House.

SInce we poor slavish women know
Our men we cannot pick and choose;
To him we like, why say we no?
We both our time and labour loose:
By our put offs, and fond delayes,
A Lovers Appetite we pall;
And if too long the Gallant stayes,
His Stomack's gone for good and all.

Or our impatient Amorous guest
Unknown to us away may steale,
And rather than stay for a feast
Take up with some course ready meale.
When opportunity is kind,
Let prudent women be so too;
And if a man be to her mind,
Till, till,--she must not let him goe.

The match soon made is happy still,
For only love, 'tis best to doe

For none should marry 'gainst their will,
But stand off when their Parents woe,
And only to their Suits be coy;
For she whom Jointures can obtain
To let a Fopp her bed injoy,
Is but a lawfull wench for gain.

A late Song called *The Resolute Gallant for a second Tryall.*

HOw hard a fate have I that must expire
By sudden sparkles Love hath blown to fire:
No paine like mine, 'cause fed with discontent,
Not knowing how these flames I may prevent.

Lucinda's eyes affection have compel'd,
And ever since in thraldome I have dwelt;
Yet which is more, she who's my sole delight
Belongs unto another man by right.

What though she do? bear up dejected mind,
She that is faire doth seldome prove unkind;
She may be so, I'le put it to a venture;
Who tryes no Circle, may mistake the Center.

For joyes themselves are only true when try'd,
Fruition is the comfort of a Bride;

And

And how can he enjoy that ne'r doth try,
But is disheartned with a Female fie ?

(When known to most) they willingly resigne
What they doe seem as willing to decline,
Why then should I desist, I'le try agen,
They 'steeme the valiant lover the best of men.

The Subtil Girle well fitted.

The Tune *The New Boxy.*

PRethee *Cloris* tell me how
I've been to thee Disloyal;
In love thou know'st who makes a vow,
'Tis only but on tryal:
For had I found, thy graces sound,
Which first I did discover,
There's none shou'd be more kind to thee'
Or halfe so true a Lover.

2. I vow'd 'tis true, I'le tell you how,
With mental reservation,
To try if thou wouldst keep thy vow,
And find thine Inclination;
But when I saw thou didst withdraw
Thy faith from me to changing,

 Why

Why shoul'dst thou blame me for the same
To take my swing in ranging.

3. No *Cloris* know, the knack I've found
Of this thy feigned passion,
Thow knowst my elder brother's drown'd
And chinks with me in fashion;
And likewise know, I've made a vow
To one did ne're deceive me
Who in the worst of times she durst
Both visit and relieve me.

4. Then farewell *Cloris* false and faire,
And like thee every woman,
Nor more will weare thy lock of haire,
Thy favours now are common;
But I will weare *Aminta* deare
Within my heart for ever,
Whose faire and kind, and constant mind,
To cherish I'le endeavour.

The New Scotch Song.

SIT' tha' do'on be me, mine awn sweet joy,
Thouse quite kill me suedst thou prove coy;
Suedst thou prove coy, and not loove me.
Where sall I fiend sike a ean as thee.

I'se

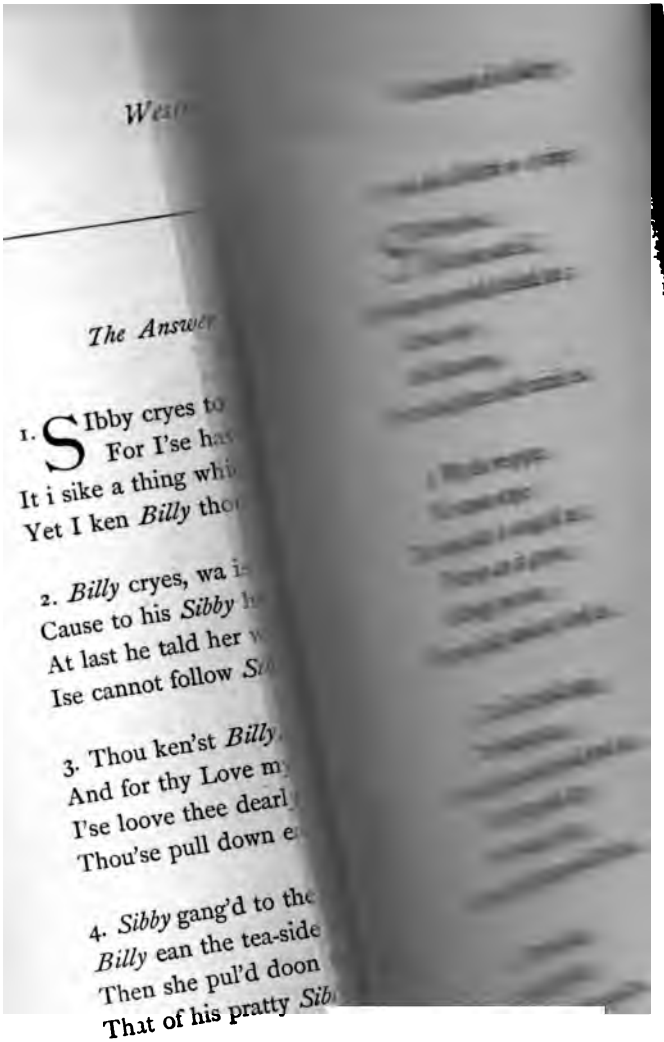
2. Is'e bin at Weke, and Is'e bin at Faire,
Yet neer coo'd I find ean with thee to compare;
Oft have I sought, yet ne're cood I find
Ean I loov'd like thee, 'gen you prove kind.

3. Thou'se ha a gay goone, an gea fine,
With brave buskins thy feet sall shine,
With the fin'st floores thy head sall be crownd,
An thy pink-patticoat sall be lac't round.

4. Wee'se gang early to the brooke side,
Wee'se catch fishes as they do glide,
Ev'ry little fish thy prisner sall be,
Thou'se catch them, an I'se catch thee.

5. Coom lat me kisse thy cherry Lip, an praise
Aw the features, a thy sweet face,
Thy forehead so smooth and lofty doth rise,
Thy soft ruddy cheeks, and thy pratty black eyes.

6. Ise ligg by thee all the caw'd niete,
'Thou'se want neathing for thy deleete;
Thouse ha' any thing, thouse ha me,
Sure I ha soom thing that'le please thee.



The Answer

1. Sibby cryes to
For I'se ha
It i sike a thing whi
Yet I ken *Billy* tho

2. *Billy* cryes, wa i
Cause to his *Sibby* h
At last he tald her
Ise cannot follow *Si*

3. Thou ken'st *Billy*
And for thy Love m
I'se loove thee dearl
Thou'se pull down e

4. *Sibby* gang'd to the
Billy ean the tea-side
Then she pul'd doon
That of his pratty *Sib*

The Answer to the Scotch Song, and to that Tune.

1. SIbby cryes to the wood, coom follow me,
For I'se have a fiene thing my *Billy* for thee,
It i sike a thing which I mun not tell,
Yet I ken *Billy* thou'se love it well.

2. *Billy* cryes, wa is me, and sight vary seare
Cause to his *Sibby* he cood not come neare,
At last he tald her with many a greane
Ise cannot follow *Sibby* for meerter and steane.

3. Thou ken'st *Billy*, I'se loove thee weele,
And for thy Love my Patticoat w'ad sell;
I'se loove thee dearly wee'le as myne ean mother,
Thou'se pull down ean side, & I'se pull down tother.

4. *Sibby* gang'd to the Wall to pull it doone,
Billy ean the tea-side came there as soone;
Then she pul'd doon the steane, & *Billy* the meerter,
That of his pratty *Sibby* he might be the Peerter.

The

The rejected Lover to his Mistriss.

1. WHat means this strangeness now of late,
Since time doth truth approve;
Such difference may consist with state,
In cannot stand with love.

2. 'Tis either cunning or distrust,
Doth such ways allow;
The first is base, the last unjust,
Let neither blemish you.

3. Explaine with unsuspitious looks
The Riddles of your mind,
The eyes are *Cupids* fortune Books,
Where love his fate may find.

4. If kindness crosse your wisht content,
Dismiss it with a frown,
I'le give thee all the love is spent,
The rest shall be my own.

The

The Prologue to Witt without money: being the first Play *acted after the Fire.*

SO shipwrackt Passengers escape to land,
So look they, when on bare Beach they stand,
Dropping and cold; and their first feare scarce o're,
Expecting famine from a desert shore;
From that hard Climate we must wait for bread
Whence even the Natives forc't by hunger fled.
Our stage does humane chance present to view,
But ne're before was seen so sadly true,
You are chang'd to, and your pretence to see
Is but a nobler name of charitie.
Your own provisions furnish out our feasts
Whilst you the founders make your selves our guests.
Of all mankind besides Fate had some care,
But for poor Witt no portion did prepare,
'Tis left a rent-charge to the brave and faire.
You cherisht it, & now its fall you mourne,
Which blind unmannerd Zealots make their scorne,
Who think the fire a Judgment on the stage,
Which spar'd not Temples in its furious rage.
But as our new-built City rises higher,
So from old Theaters *may new aspire,*
Since Fate contrives magnificence by fire.

Our

)ur great Metropolis doth farr surpasse,
Vhat ere is now, & equald all that was;
)ur Witt as far doth forrein wit excell,
ınd like a king should in a Pallace dwell.
ut we with golden hopes are vainely fed,
'alk high, and entertaine you in a shed:
our presence here, for which we humbly sue,
'ill grace old *Theaters*, and build up new.

A Song.

)F all the briske dames my *Selina* for me,
For I love not a woman unlesse she be free;
he affection that I to my Mistris do pay
rows weary, unless she does meet me half way:
here can be no pleasure 'till humours do hit,
hen Jumping's as good in affection as wit.

o sooner I came, but she lik't me as soone;
o sooner I askt, but she granted my boon;
nd without a preamble, a portion or Jointer,
ıe promis'd to meet me, where e're i'de appoint her;
ɔ we struck up a match, and embrac'd each other
'ithout the consent of Father or Mother.

hen away with a Lady that's modest and coy,
et her ends be the pleasure that we do enjoy,

Let

Let her tickle her fancy with secret delight,
And refuse all the day, what she longs for at night:
I believe my *Selina*, who shews they'r all mad,
To feed on dry bones, when flesh may be had.

A SONG.

GIve o're foolish heart, and make hast to despare,
For *Daphne* regards not thy vowes nor thy prayer
Which plead for thy passion, thy paines to prolong;
She courts her gittar, and replyes with a Song.
No more shall true lovers such beauties adore,
Were the gods so severe, men would worship no more.

No more will I waite like a slave at your doore,
I will spend the cold night at the windows no more;
My lungs in long sighs I'le no more exhale,
Since your pride is to make me grow sullen & pale;
No more shall Amintas *your pitty implore,*
Were gods so ingrate men, would worship no more.

No more shall your frowns & free humour perswade
To worship the Idol my fancy hath made;
When your Saint's so neglected, your follies give 'ore
Your deity's lost, and your beauty's no more;
No more shall true lovers such beauties adore,
Were the gods so severe, men would worship no more.

How

How weak are the vowes of a lover in paine
When flatter'd with hope, or opprest with disdain;
No sooner my *Daphne,'s* bright eyes I review,
But all is forgot, and I vow all anew.
No more fairest Nymph, *I will murmur no more.*
Did the Gods seem so faire, men would ever adore.

A Song.

1. *Corinna* false! it cannot be,
Let me not hear't againe, 'tis blasphemie,
She's divine,
Not the Shrine
Where the Vestall flames doe shine
Holds out a light so constant pure as she.
First shall the nights
Out-burne those Taper lights
Which Emulate the one ey'd day;
Phœbus rayes
Shall outgaze
Titan in his chiefest praise;
Snow shall burne,
Floods returne
To their Springs, their funerall urne,
E're my *Corinna's* constancy decay.

Not

2. Not innocence it selfe is free
From imputation: and were base in me.
Where I find
Love combin'd
In a heart of one so kind,
To injure vertue with Jealousie.
Sell it: I serve
To keep my joyes alive
And vindicate *Corinna's* fame.
Whilst my brest
Doth suggest
Thoughts which violate my rest.
And my fears
Flow in Teares
Whilst they wound me through the eares
Which cast aspersion on *Corinna's* name.

3. 'Tis said, *Corinna* may it be
As false as my affection's true to thee.
That thou art!
How my heart
Greeves such terrors to impart,
Not what thou wast before to me.
This, this, destroyes
My late triumphant Joyes
Which sweld, when in your armes I was intwin'd.
Love's

Loves best wreath
You did breath,
You vowd to be my love till death
Sealing this
With that blisse,
Whilst with armes, and every word a kiss
Our pure soules were as our hearts combin'd.

Last night I walkt into a grove
'Mong shady bowers to bewaile my love,
There to find
Fate so kind
As to ease my pensive mind
Or thoughts of my *Corinna* to remove.
But there the *Nightingale*
Had husht her pretty tale,
Leaving her ditty's to the Owle,
Which made me sad
And did adde
Fewel to the flame I had:
That poore I
Now must die
Unless *Corinna's* constancy
Takes off this clogg which overwhelmes my soule.

The Petticoate waggs. with the Answer.

SOME say the world is full of holes,
And I think
Many a chinke
Is unstopt, that were better clos'd,
Is now unstopt that were better clos'd.
To stop them all is more than to build *Paules*:
Wherefore he
That would see
How men are in private dispos'd,
How most men are in private dispos'd
Then let him looke the world throughout
From the oyster-wench to the black bagg,
And peepe here,
And peepe there,
You'l still find the petticoate waggs.

The Answer.

SOME say the world is full of pelfe;
But I think
There's no Chinke.

Because

Because I have so little my selfe,
Because I have now so little my selfe.

Where pockets are full, there men will borrow ;
But one must
Never trust
For to be pay'd to day or to morrow,
For to be pay'd to day or to morrow;

But let him look the world throughout
From the Usurer to his best friend,
And ask here,
And ask there,
But the Devil a penny they'l lend.

An Invocation to Cupid.

A SONG.

1. YOU powers that guard loves pleasant Throne
And guide our passions by your owne,
Send downe, send down that golden dart
That makes two Lovers weare one heart.

2. Sollicite *Venus* that her doves
Which through their bills translate their loves,

May

May teach my tender love and I
To kisse into a Sympathy.

Pray *Cupid,* if it be no sinne
'Gainst nature, for to make a twinne
Of our two soules, that the others eyes
May see death cozen'd when one dyes.

If oh you Powers you can implore
Thus much from Love, know from your store
Two Amorous Turtles shall be freed
Which yearly on your Altar bleed.

A beautifull and great Lady died in March, *and was buried in* April.

MARCH with his winds hath struck a *Cedar* tall,
And weeping *Aprill* mournes the *Cedars* fall,
And *May* intends her month no flowres shall bring
Sith she must loose the flowre of all the Spring.
Then *March* winds have caused *Aprill* showers,
And yet sad *May,* must loose her flower of flowres.

Tom

Tom of Bedlam, and to that Tune.

A mock to From a dark and dismal state.

1. FROM the hagg and hungry Goblin
That into raggs would rend yee,
All the Spirits that stan
By the naked man
In the book of moons defend yee.
That of your five sound Senses
You never be forsaken,
Nor Travel from
Your selves with *Tom*
Abroad to begg your Bacon.
Chor: *Nor never sing, any food any feeding,*
Money drink or clothing:
Come dame or mayd
Be not affrayd,
Poor Tom *will injure nothing.*

2. Of 30 bare yeares have I
Twice twenty been inraged,
And of forty bin
Three times fifteene
In durance soundly caged.
In the lovely lofts of *Bedlam*, on stubble soft & dainty
Brave

Brave bracelets strong,
Sweet whips ding dong
And wholsome hunger plenty.
Chor. *And now I sing, any food, any feeding, &c.*

3. With a thought I took for mawdlin,
And a cruse of cockle pottage
And a thing thus - - - tall
(Skye blesse you all)
I fell into this dotage.
I slept not since the conquest,
'Till then I never waked,
Till the Roguish Boy
Of Love where I lay
Me found, and stript me naked.
Chor: *And made me sing, any food, &c.*

4. When short I have shorne my Sowes face,
And swigg'd my horned barrell,
In an Oaken Inne,
Doe I pawn my skin,
As a suit of gilt apparel.
The Moon's my constant Mistris,
And the lovely Owle my morrow,
The flaming drake,
And the night-crow make
Me musick to my sorrow.
Chor: *While there I sing any food &c.*

5. The

5. The Palsy plague these pounces,
When I prigg your piggs or pullen,
Your Culvers take,
Or matelesse make
Your Chanticleare, and sullen.
When I want provant, with *Humphry* I sup;
And when benighted,
To repose in *Paules*,
With walking soules,
I never am affrighted.
Chor: *But still do I sing, any food &c.*

6. I know more than *Apollo*,
For oft when he lies sleeping,
I behold the Starrs
At mortall warrs,
And the wounded *Welkin* weeping;
The Moon embrace her shepheard,
And the queen of Love her warriour,
Whilst the first doth horne,
The starre of the morne,
And the next the heavenly Farrier.

7. The Gipsy Snap, and Tedro,
Are none of *Tom's* Comrados,

The

The Punke I scorne,
And the Cutpurse sworne,
And the roaring-boyes bravadoes.
The sober white, and gentle,
Me trace, or touch, and spare not;
But those that cross
Tom's Rhinoceros
Do what the *Panther* dare not.
Chor: *Although I sing, any food &c.*

8. With a heart of furious fancies,
Whereof I am commander,
With a burning speare,
And a horse of Aire,
To the wilderness I wander;
With a Knight of Ghosts and shaddowes,
I summon'd am to *Tourney*,
Ten leagues beyond,
The wide worlds end,
Methinks it is no journey.
Chor: *All while I sing,*
Any food any feeding,
Mony drink or clothing,
Come dame or mayd
Be not affrayd
Poor Tom *will injure nothing.*

The

The Oakerman.

To the Tune of *Tom of Bedlam.*

1. THE Starr that shines by day light,
And his Love the midnight walker,
Well guard Red-Jack,
With his Purple-pack
Of right *Northumbrian* Auker.
Chor: *While here I sing,*
Any marke, any marking,
Marking red or yellow,
Come, come, and buy, or say ye why,
You deny so brave a fellow.

2. Full off a 10 dayes Journey
Into the earth I venture,
To shew bright day,
Old *Adams* clay,
From the Long benighted center,
Chor: *And then I sing, any mark &c.*

3. From the Rugged Ile of *Orkney,*
Where the Redshanke walkes the Marish
Not a Towne of Count
To the Magog-mount,
Not a Village Ham or parish,
Chor: *But then I sing, any marke &c.*

4. The

4. The Curtaild Curr and Mastiffe,
With this Twig I charm from barking;
From Packhorse feete,
And wells in street,
I preserve your Babes with marking.
Chor: *While there I sing, Any marke &c.*

5. The Blank denier, and Stiver,
To Gold I turn with wearing
And a six-penny pot,
For a scarlet groat
Eedie fills me without swearing.
Chor: *While I do sing any mark &c.*

6. Besides the Mort I marry'd,
With whom I sometimes slumber,
'Tway loves have I,
And one ligg by,
So we are five in number,
Chor: *And we do sing any marke &c.*

7. Not one of all my Doxyes,
So fruitless is or sterril,
But breeds young bones,
And marking stones
To your Poultreys further perril.
Chor: *When they shall sing any marke &c.*

8. Will

8. Will you red-stones have to Tawny
Your Lambskins or your weathers,
Will ye Bole as good,
For a flux of blood,
As the fume of Capons feathers.
Chor: *Of these I sing any mark &c.*

9. Will you Lead to Pounce your paintings,
Any Peakish whetstones will ye,
Will ye heavenly Blewes,
Or *Ceruse* use,
That scornes to wooe the *Lilly.*
Chor: *Of what I sing, any mark &c.*

10. The *Belgian* does not scorne me,
Nor I the *Ethiopian,*
I am both one man,
To the *American,*
And the white and faire *European.*
Chor: *Although I sing, any mark, &c.*

11. The fiery *Mars* his Minion,
By the Twilight might me follow;
In a morning Scene,
To the Mornings Queene,
She might take me for *Apollo.*
Chor: *But that I sing, any mark &c.*

12. But

12. But as disdain'd of fortune,
Disdaine I shift and sharking,
No loves but these,
Do my fancy please,
No delight, or life to marking.
Chor: *Wherefore I sing*
Any marking,
Marking red and yellow,
Come, come, and buy,
Or say you why,
You deny so brave a fellow.

Old Soldiers.

1. OF old Soldiers the Song you would heare,
And we old Fidlers have forgot who they were
But all we remember shall come to your Eare,
Chor: *That we are Old Soldiers of the Queens*
And the Queens Old Soldiers.

2. With an old *Drake* that was the next man,
To old *Franciscus* (who first it began)
To saile through the Streights of *Magellan,*
Chor: *Like an old Soldier &c.*

3. That

3. That put the Proud Spanish *Armado* to wrack,
And Travel'd all ore the old world, and came back
In his old Ship, laden with Gold and old Sack,
Cho : *Like an old &c.*

4. With an Old *Candish* that seconded him,
And taught his old Sailes the same passage to swim,
And did them therefore with Cloth of Gold Trim,
Like an old &c.

5. With an old *Rawleigh* that twice and agen,
Saild over most part of the Seas, and then
Travel'd all ore the old World with his Pen,
And an Old &c.

With an old *John Norreys* the Generall
That at old *Gaunt* made his fame Immortall,
In spight of his foes with no losse at all,
Like an old Soldier &c.

7. Like old *Brest-fort* an Invincible thing, [King,
When the old *Queen* sent him to help the French
Took from the proud foe to the worlds wondring,
As an old &c.

Where an old stout *Fryer* as goes the story,
Came to push a Pike with him in vain glory,
But he was almost sent to his own Purgatory
By this old souldier &c.

With an old *Ned Norreys* that kept *Ostend,*
A terrour to foe, and a refuge to freind,
And left it Impregnable to his last end,
Like an old Souldier &c.

That in the old unfortunate voyage of all,
Marcht ore the old Bridge, and knockt at the wall
Of *Lisbon* the Mistris of *Portugall,*
Like an old souldier &c.

With an old *Tom Norreys* by the old Queen sent,
Of *Munster* in *Ireland* Lord President,
Where his dayes and his blood in her service he spent,
Like an old souldier &c.

With an old *Harry Norreys* in battel wounded
In his Knee, whose Legg was cut off; and he sed
You have spil'd my Dancing, and dyed in his bed.
An old Souldier &c.

With

With an old *Will Norreys* the oldest of all,
Who went voluntary without any call,
To 'th old *Irish* Wars to's fame Immortall,
Like an old Soldier &c.

With an old *Maximilian Norreys* the last
Of six old brothers, whose fame the time past
Could never yet match, nor shall future time wast.
He was an old soldier &c.

With an old *Dick Wenman* the first (in his prime)
That over the walls of old *Cales* did climbe,
And therefore was Knighted, and liv'd all his time,
An old souldier &c.

With an old *Nando Wenman* when *Brest* was ore-
(thrown,
Into th' Aire, into th' Seas with Gunpowder blown,
Yet bravely recovering, long after was known,
An old souldier &c.

With an old *Tom Wenman*, whose bravest delight
Was in a good cause for his Country to fight,
And dyed in *Ireland* a good old Knight,
And an old souldier &c.

With

With a young *Ned Wenman* so valiant and bold,
In the warrs of *Bohemia;* as with the old
Deserves for his valour to be Inrold,
An old &c.

And thus of old Soldiers hear ye the fame,
But never so many of one house and name,
And all of old *John* Lord *Williams* of *Thame,*
Chor: *An Old Souldier of the Queens,*
And the Queens old Soldier.

A Woers Expostulation.

1. ALl day do I sit inventing,
While I live so single alone,
Which way to Wed to my contenting,
And yet can resolve upon none.
There's a wench whose wealth would inrich me,
But she not delights me;
There's anothers eyes do bewitch me,
But her fashion frights me.
He that herein
Has a traveller bin
And at length in his Longing sped.
What shall I doe,
Tell me who I shall woe,
For I long to be lustily wed.

2. Shall

2. Shall I with a Widdow marry;
No, no, she such watch will beare
To spy how my selfe I doe carry,
I shall always live in feare.
Shall I to a mayd be a wooer,
Maydens are lov'd of many,
Knowing not to whom to be sure,
Are unsure to any.
Marry with youth,
There is love without truth,
For the young cannot long be just,
And Age if I prove;
There is truth without Love,
For the Old are too cold to Lust.

The Resolution.

1. I Dye; when as I do not see
Her, who is my life, and all to me;
And when I see her then I dye
In seeing of her cruelty,
So that to me like misery is wrought,
Both when I see, and when I see her not.

2. Shall I in silence mourn and griev e?
Who silent sorrowes will relieve?
In speaking not my heart will rend,
And speaking I may her offend.

So

So that 'twixt Love and death my heart is shot
With equall darts, speak I, or speak I not.

3. Since life and death is in her Eye,
If her I not behold, I dye ;
And if I look on her she kills,
I'le chuse the least of two such ills ;
Though both be hard, this is the easier lot,
To dye and see, than dye and see her not.

4. Yet when I see her I shall speak ;
For if I speak not, heart will break ;
And if I speak I can but dye,
Of two such ills the least i'le trye ;
Who dyes unseen or dumb is soon forgot,
I'le see and speak then, dye, or dye I not.

Love, himselfe in Love.

1. AS in *May* the little god of love
Forsook his Mothers rosy rest,
To play, to wanton, and to rove
His quiver where it pleas'd him best.
Wanting sport
In idle sort,

An

An arrow where he could not tell
From him glanced,
So it chanced
Love thereby in Love befell.

2. In sad Teares he to his mother pray'd
(to seek his shaft) to lend him eyes,
Which she grants : a bright and lovely [Mayd,]
Love taking up his dart espies ;
But poore lad
He better had
Neer seen at all, then now too well,
For being strook,
With her faire look
Love himselfe in love befell.

3. She too true a chastity embrac'd,
And from Loves courtship, and his mone
Nicely flew ; but when his houre was pass'd
His sorrow with his sight was gone.
With us swaines,
She now remaines ;
And every shepheards boy can tell,
This is she
That love did see
Who seeing her in love befell.

5. Simple

4. Some thus wish, that Love had never shot,
(That thereof with him feel the woe)
Some dispute that Love a God is not,
And think that beauty beares the bow,
Since this mayd,
Without his ayd,
Doth her beholders all compell,
Now to fall
Into that thrall
Where Love himself in Love befell.

5. Simple Swaines could wish their eys were blind
For in her speech and every grace,
Are such chaines to captivate the mind,
They love her that ne're saw her face.
Liking lyes
Not all in Eyes,
Nor Charmes in Cheeks do only dwell,
Love had power,
But for an houre,
To see, and so in love befell.

6. Since in troope of many wretched men
I her inchanting looks survay'd,
Though I droop, I languish, yet agen,
To see, and yet to see affrayd.

But

But O why,
With shame should I
Consume for what I love so well;
First I'le try
Her love, and dye
With fame, where love in love befell.

The Matchlesse Maid.

1. AMidst the merry *May*,
When wantons would a playing,
A Girle as any gay
That had no mind a Maying,
By a cleare
Fountain brim,
Shedding teares,
Shaming him,
Sate, and said, are all they
With their Mates gone to May,
And on a Sun-shiny day
Must I be cast away,
O, to dye a Maid.

2. One hand she laid to calme
Her brest that ever panted,
And on her other palme
Her dewy Cheek she planted.

All

All a loft
Covered ore
With the soft silks she wore,
And underneath a bed
Of *Lillyes* had she spred
Whereon she was, she sed
Fully determined
O to dye a Maid.

3. Is't love, quoth she, or lot,
Whose fault I am not mated?
Has *Cupid* me forgot,
Will fortune have me hated?
O ill men
Though ye be
Fewer then
Wretched we;
Must I needs be one,
For whom there mate is none,
None need her death bemone
(Than) that was borne alone,
O, to dye a Made.

4. And so into a swound
She fell; and in a trembling
Fell I, when as I found
A maid; & no dissembling;

To

To her quick
Did I stepp,
Felt her thick
Pulses leap,
Brake her blew Belt in twaine,
Into her cheeks againe,
Kist that Vermilion stain,
Nature did ne're ordaine.
O to dye a Maid.

5. But like to him that wrought
A face that him Inchanted,
And life for it besought,
Which *Cytherea* granted,
Fared I
(fool) that should
Let her dye
When she would.
For with that soul she brought,
Back from the shades she sought,
Am I now deeply caught
In love, that ever thought
O to die a Maid.

One and his Mistris a dying.

1. SHall we die,
Both thou and I,
And leave the world behind us ;
Come I say
And lets away,
For no body here doth mind us.

2. Why do we gape,
We cannot scape
The doom that is assign'd us ;
When we are in grave,
Although we rave,
There no body needs to bind us.

3. The Clark shall sing,
The Sexton ring,
And old wives they shall wind us,
The *P*riest shall lay
Our bones in clay,
And no body there shall find us.

4. Farewel wits,
And folly's fits,
And griefs that often pin'd us.

When

When we are dead,
We'l take no heed
What no body says behind us.

5. Merry nights,
And false delights
Adieu, ye did but blind us;
We must to mold,
Both young and old,
Till no body's left behind us.

A Dialogue between a man (in Garrison) and his wife (with her company) storming without.

The Tune *The Devils Dream.*

1. *Man* HArk, hark, the Doggs do bark,
My Wife is coming in
With Rogues and Jades,
And roaring blades,
They make a devillish din.

Woman. 2. Knock, knock, 'tis twelve a clock,
The Watch will come anon,
And then shall wee
All be free
Of the Gate house every one.

Man. 3. Hold, hold, who is that so bold
That dares to force my doores,
There is no roome
For such a scum
Of arrant Rogues and Whores.

Woman. 4. See, see, this Cuckold he
Denyes to let us in,
Let's force the house,
Drink and carouse,
And make him sit and spin.

Man. 5. So, so, I'me glad I know
Your mind, I will provide
A *Bride-well* Bunne
For every one,
And lodging there beside.

Woman. 6. Run, run, lets all be gon,
The Watch is coming by,

They

They bid 'em stand,
Away they ran
As fast as they could hey.

Man. 7. Watch, watch, I prethee catch
Some of that flying crew,
Heres money for ye,
They for it tarry,
Mean while away they flew.

A Late Poem by a Person of Quality.

WHat dire Aspects wore the inraged skie
At the curst moment of my birth : O why
Did envious Fate prolong my loathsome age,
Since all mankind, yea all the Gods ingage
To bend their never-ceasing spight on me alone,
Am I the center of their envy grown ?
Am I the man
On whom they all their venom'd weapons try
Made for their sport, and mankinds mockery,
Or was't ye Gods that you did me create
Only to make me thus unfortunate ?
Or do I owe a being to some other powers
Who'l make me able to deride all yours ?

If

If so,
From these unknown Patrons I'le obtaine
A power to stay your deem'd eternall reigne,
I'le ravish Nature, from which rape shall come
A Race, shall ruine your ill-guarded throne;
Rocks, hills, and mountaines, wee'l fling at the Skye;
Whole torne up Regions in Joves face shall fly.
Wee'l draine the Seas
With hills of water, quench the angry starrs;
Nor will we put an end to these just wars,
Till conquered *Jove* shall learne to obey,
And I more powerfull shall his Scepter sway;
The heavens to their first source shall then returne,
The Earth to her Autumnal being run:
And stubborne mankind I will new create:
On all I will impose new lawes of Fate.

On Women.

WOmen are called *Eves*,
Because they came from *Adams* wife,
Put to *t h*, and they are Theeves,
They rob men of a merry life;
Put */ s* to *Eve*, and then they're *Evils*,
Put *d* before evills, and then they are *Devils*:
And thus our *Eves* are made *theeves*, and *theeves* are evils
And angry Women are a thousand times worse than Devils.

The

The Valentine.

1. AS youthfull day put on his best
Attire to usher morne,
And she to greet her glorious guest
Did her faire selfe adorne;
Up did I rise, and hid mine eyes
As I went through the street,
Least I should one that I despise
Before a fairer meet;
And why
Was I,
Think you so nice and fine,
Well did I wot,
Who wotts it not,
It was St *Valentine.*

2. In fields by *Phœbus* great with young
Of Flower's and hopefull budds,
Resembling thoughts that freshly sprung
In lovers lively bloods,
A dam'sel faire and fine I saw,
So faire and finely dight,
As put my heart almost in aw
To attempt a mate so bright:
But O,
Why so,
Her purpose was like mine,
And readily,
She said as I
Good morrow *Valentine.*

3. A Faire of love we kept a while,
She for each word I said
Gave me two smiles, and for each smile
I her two kisses pay'd.
The Violet made hast to appear
To be her bosome guest,
With first Primrose that grew this year
I purchast from her brest;
To me, gave she, her golden lock for mine;
My ring of Jet,
For her Bracelet,
I gave my *Valentine,*

4. Subscribed with a line of love,
My name for her I wrote;
In silke forme her name she wove,
VVhereto this was her mot - -
As shall this year thy truth appear
I still my dear am thine:
Your mate to day, and Love for aye,
If you so say, was mine.
While thus, on us, each others favours shine,
No more have we to change, quoth she,
Now farewell *Valentine.*

5. Alas, said I, let freinds not seeme
Between themselves so strange,

The

The Jewels both we dear'st esteeme
You know are yet to change:
She answers no, yet smiles as though
Her tongue her thought denyes;
Who truth of maidens mind will know,
Must seek it in her Eyes.
She blusht,
I wisht,
Her heart as free as mine,
She sight and sware,
Insooth you are
Too wanton *Valentine.*

6. Yet I such further favour won
By suit and pleasing play,
She vow'd what now was left undone,
Should finisht be in *May.*
And though perplex'd with such delay,
As more augments desire,
'Twixt present griefe, and promis'd Joy,
I from my Mate retire:
If she
To me
Preserve her vowes divine
And constant troth,
She shall be both
My Love and *Valentine.*

On Thirsis *and* Phillis.

YOung *Thirsis* the shepheard, that wont was to keep
So delightfull flocks and faire,
Sets eyes upon *Phillis*, and lets go the Sheep
To wander he knows not where.
The cropping of *Lillyes*,
Was as became *Phillis*,
That seem'd with her brow to compare;
The tuning of *Verses*,
Was as became *Thirsis*,
That more did her beauty declare.

2. Why lik'st thou those flowers that are not like thee,
Thou art far more fresh and gay,
Or if thou lov'st Lillyes why lov'st thou not me
That am Love-sick and pale as they?
Thy bosome faire *Phillis*
Yeilds lovlyer Lillyes
Surpassing the sweetness of those,
Whose beauty so pierces
The poor heart of *Thirsis*
That these more resemble his woes.

3. Art

3. Art thou a Shepherdess, and yet too good
For a Shepheard to be thy mate?
If wanton opinion, or purenesse of blood,
Doth make thee disdaine thy estate,
Let *Thirsis* pluck Lillyes,
And feed flocks for *Phillis*
For her love his duty to show,
Whilst *Phillis* rehearses,
The Poesies of *Thirsis*
In his love her beauty to know.

4. If *Coridons* jealousie cannot admit
Young *Thirsis* his rival to be,
Thy heart is too young to be singular yet,
And too old to be lov'd is he.
Then try what the skill is
Of young men faire *Phillis*
Ere age thou dost simply retaine;
If any love pierces
Thee deeper than *Thirsis*,
Let *Thirsis* love *Phillis* in vaine.

5. Thus *Thirsis* went, on but *Phillis* more wise
Conceales the delight she find,
For women their likings have skill to disguise,
But men cannot masque their minds.

He

He mounts where the hill is,
The proud hill where *Phillis*,
Is wonted to rest with her sheep,
And with his flock *Thirsis*,
So seldome converses,
We think he with *Phillis* doth keep.

A Song

1. TO love thee without flattery were a sin,
Since thou art all Inconstancy within,
Thy heart is govern'd only by thine Eyes,
The newest object is thy richest prize,
Love me then just as I love thee,
That's 'till a fairer I can see.

2. I hate this constant doating on a Face,
Content ne're dwells a week in any place ;
Why then should you and I love one another
Longer than we can our fancy smother;
Love me then just as I love thee,
That's 'till a fairer I can see.

A Song.

1. WHen *Thirsis* did the splendid Eye
Of *Phillis* his faire Mistris spye,
Was ever such a glorious Queen
Said he, unlesse above, twere seen.

2. Fair *Phillis* with a blushing aire,
Hearing those words became more faire;
Away, says he, you need not take
Fresh beauty, you more fair to make.

3. Then with a winning smile and looke,
His candid flattery she took;
O stay, sayd he, 'tis done I vow,
Thirsis is captivated now.

A Catch for three Voices, made from a true Story.

1. A Knot of good fellowes were making moane,
Their meeting was spoild, their pig was gon.
Whee, quoth a Frenchman to *Joan*, its dark,
Hark there, cryes *Mounseir*, Pig, weel make him pork;
They caught him, & stuck him, *wee' wee'*, what you do
To serve you like the mother of the meaz'ld sow?

Begar

Begar me no Bacon, you English dogge ;
Weeh, weeh, you raskall Frenchman, wee'l dresse you
[like a hogg?
They kept such a weehing that home came the Pigg,
Which made them all dance, and drinke as long as
[they could swig,
They cry the Mounseir pardon, & forth let him pass
No more for a Pigge, but now for an Asse.

A Catch of 3 Parts

1. MY Mistriss will not be content to take a Jest,
I mean a Jest as Chaucer meant :
But following still the Womens fashion,
Allowes it, allowes it, in the last translation ;
For with the word shee'l not dispence,
And yet, and yet, and yet, I know she loves the sence.

On Loyalty in the Cavaliers.

1. HE that is a cleare
Cavalier
Will not repine,
Although his fortune grow
So very low
That he cannot get wine.

Fortune

Fortune is a Lass,
She will embrace,
And strait destroy;
Free-borne Loyaltie
Will ever be,

Sing Vive le Roy.

Chorus.

Vertue is her own reward, and fortune is a Whore,
There's none but knaves and fools regard
Her, or do her power implore.
A reall honest man,
Might a' bin utterly undone,
To show his Allegiance,
His love and obedience;
Honour will raise him up,
And still praise him up,
Virtue stayes him up,
Whilst your Loose Courtiers dine
With their full Bowles of Wine,
Honour will stick to it fast; [nour move;
And he that fights for love, doth in the way of ho-
He that is a true *Roger*, and hath serv'd his King,
Although he be a ragged Souldier;
Whilst those that make sport of us,
May become short of us,
Fate will flatter e'm, and will scatter e'm,

Whilst that Loyalty
Waits on Royalty,
He that waits peacefully,
May be successfully
Crown'd with Crowns at last.

2. Firmly let us then
Be honest men
And kick at fate,
We shall live to see
Loyaltie,
Valued at a high rate.
He that bears a word
Or a sword,
'Gainst the Throne,
Or doth prophanely prate
To wrong the State,
Hath but little for his own.

Chorus.

What though the *Plumes* of painted Players,
Be the prosperous men,
Yet wee'l attend our own affaires,
When we come to't agen.
Treachery may be fac't with light,
And leachery lin'd with furre,

A Cuckold may be made a Knight,
'Tis fortune *de la gar;*
But what is that to us boyes,
That now are honest men?
Wee'l conquer and come agen,
Beat up the drum agen,
Hey for Cavaliers,
Joy for Cavaliers,
Pray for Cavaliers,
Dub a dub dub,
Have at old *Belzebub,*
Oliver stinks for fear.
Fift-Monarchy must down-boyes
And every Sect in Town
Wee'l rally and to't agen,
Give 'em the rout agen,
When they come agen,
Charge 'em home agen,
Face to the right about, *tantararara,*
This is the life of an honest poor Cavalier.

The

The Irish Footmans, O hone.

1. NOw Chree'st me save,
Poor Irish Knave, *O hone, O hone,*
Round about,
The Town throughout,
Is poor *Shone* gone,
Mayster to find,
Loving and kind,
But *Shone* to his mind is ne're the neare,
Shone can find none here,
Which makes him cry for feare
O hone, O hone.
Shone being poore,
Him's foot being sore,
For which hee'l no more
Trot about,
To find mayster out,
Fait I'le rather go without *And cry O hone.*

2. I was so crost,
That I was forc't,
To go barefoot,
With stripes to boot,
And no shooes none.
Nill English could I speak,
My mind for to break,

And

And many laught to hear the moane I made,
And I like a tyr'd Jade,
That had no worke nor Trade
But cry'd O hone.
'Cause Church to go,
Whither I'de or no,
Ile dye or do so,
Grace a Chreest;
For I love Popish Preest
A poor Catholick thou seest, *O hone. O hone.*

3. Good honest *Shone*,
Make no more moane,
For thy [ ] lost, [Master]?
I do intend,
Something to spend
On Catholicks thus crost;
Take this small gift,
And with it make a shift,
And be not thou bereft;
Of thy mind;
Although he was unkind,
To leave thee thus behind, *To cry O hone.*
Here take this Beer, and with it make good cheere,
Nothing's for thee too deare; so a due,
Be constant still and true,
This country do not rue, *Nor cry O hone,*

4. Good Shentlemen,
That do intend,
To help poore *Shone* at's need;
My Patron here,
Has given me Beer,
And meat whereon to feed,
Yea and moneys too,
So I hope that you,
Will do as he did do,
For my reliefe,
To ease my pain & griefe.
Ile eat no powder'd beef,
What e're ensue,
But I will keep my fast,
As I did in times past,
To get more stomack for my hungry throat,
And when for friends I sought,
They call'd me all te're naught [.]

Song.

I Went to the Tavern, and then,
I went to the Tavern, and then,
I had good store of VVine,
And my cap full of coyne
And the world went well with me then,
And the world went well with me then.

2. I went to the Tavern agen,
Where I ran on the score
And was turn'd out o' th' door,
And the world went ill with me then, then, &c.

3. When I was a Bachelor then,
I had a Saddle and a Horse,
And I took my own course,
And the world went well with me then, then, &c.

4. But when I was marry'd ; O then
My Horse and my Saddle
VVere turn'd to a Cradle,
And the world went ill with me then, then, &c.

5. VVhen I brought her home mony, then
She never would pout,
But clip me about,
And the world went well with me then, then, &c.

6. But when I was drunk, O then,
She'd kick, she'd fling,
Till she made the house ring,
And the world went ill with me then, then &c.

7. So

7. So I turn'd her away, and then,
I got me a Miss,
To clip and to kiss,
And the world went ill, &c.

8. But the Pariter came, and then
I was call'd to the Court,
Where I pay'd for my sport,
And the world went ill &c.

9. I took my Wife home agen,
But I chang'd her note,
For I cut her throat,
And the world went well with me then, &c.

10. But when it was known, O then,
In a two wheeld Charret,
To *Tiburn* I was carry'd,
And the world went ill, &c.

11. But when I came there, O then,
They forc't me to swing
To heaven in a string,
And the world went well with me then, then,
And the world went well with me then.

The

The Moons Love.

1. THe Moon in her pride,
Once glanced aside
Her eyes, and espied
The day;
As unto his bed,
In wastcoat of red,
Faire *Phœbus* him led
The way;
Such changes of thought,
In her chastitie wrought,
That thus she besought the boy,
O tarry
And Marry
The Starry *Diana*,
That will be thy Jem and Joy.

2. I will be as bright
At noon as at night,
If that may delight
The day;
Come hither and joine
Thy glories with mine,
Together wee'l shine
For aye.
The night shall be noon,
And every moon
As pleasant as *June*
Or *May;*

3. Enamour'd of none
I live chast and alone,
Though courted of one,
Some say;
And true if it were
So frivolous feare
Let never my dear
Dismay,
I'le change my opinion,
And turne my old Minion,
The Sleepy *Endimion*
Away,
O tarry and marry, &c.

4. And but that the night,
Should have wanted her light
Or lovers in sight
Should play,
Or *Phœbus* should shame
To bestow such a dame
(VVith a dow'r of his flame)
On a Boy,
Or day should appear,
Eternally here,
And night otherwhere,
The day

Had

Had tarry'd,
And marry'd,
The starry'd *Diana*,
And she been his Jem and his Joy.

On Dulcina.

1. AS at noone *Dulcina* rested,
In her sweet and shady bower,
Came a shepheard and requested,
In her lapp to sleep an houre;
But from her look,
A wound he took
So deep, that for a further boon,
The Nimph he prayes,
VVhereto she sayes,
Foregoe me now, come to me soone.

2. But in vaine did she conjure him,
To depart her presence so,
Having a thousand tongues to allure him,
And but one to bid him go.
VVhere lipps invite,
And eyes delight,
And cheeks as fresh as rose in *June*,
*P*erswade to stay,
What boots her say,
Forgoe me now, come to me soon. 3. VVords

Words whose hopes might have injoin'd
Him to let *Dulcina* sleep,
Could a mans love be confin'd,
Or a mayd her promise keep;
But he her waste,
Still holds as fast,
As she was constant to her Tune,
And still she spake,
For *Cupids* sake
Foregoe me now, come to me soon.

4. He demands what time or pleasure,
Can there be more soon, than now?
She sayes Night gives love that leasure,
That the Day doth not allow.
The Suns kind sight,
Forgives delight,
Quoth he, more easily than the Moon.
And *Venus* playes: he told, she sayes,
Foregoe me now, come to me soon.

5. But no promise nor profession,
From his hands could purchase scope;
Who would sell the sweet possession
Of such beauty for a hope?
Or for the sight of lingring night,

Foregoe

Foregoe the present Joyes of Noon,
Though ner'e so faire, her speeches were,
Foregoe me now, come to me soon.

6. How at last agreed these lovers,
He was faire, and she was young,
Tongue may tell what eye discovers,
Joyes unseen are never sung.
Did she consent,
Or he relent,
Accepts he night, or grants she noon,
Left he her mayd, or not? she said
Foregoe me now, come to me soon.

The Saylers Song.

1. THe raging waves, and roaring wind
(My Mates) I list no longer hide,
A gentler passage now I find,
And Saile upon a calmer tide
Of Neptunes *man, his mate I prove,*
And serve with him the master love.

2. My bosome now my Ocean is,
Wherein my *Amorous* thoughts do steere,
My hopefull heart in waves of blisse,
Whereto her voice and smiling cleare,

My wind and weather be: Her eyes
Are both my Loadstar and my Prize.

3. No saile, nor wind, nor Sun I need,
Her favours pass the silken Saile,
Her smiles the Sunshine day exceed,
And her sweet voice the softest gale?
I take no height of starres above,
Nor seek adventures, but her love.

4. And if her heart I compass can,
VVhere I my hopes have Anchor'd all;
He that the fleece of *Cholchos* wan,
Made voyage poorer than I shall,
By how much living Pearl's above
Dead gold, and wealth is short of love.

To Live and dye.

1. A Creature so strange, so wretched a one
As I
Can there be found,
For now alas I live, and anon
I die,
Feeling no wound;
When but a look of my love I gaine,
O what a life it doth infuse!

But

But when I tast of her sharpe disdaine,
O how I dye, how can I chuse?

2. Like as the Sun gives life to the flowers,
When *May*
Painteth the field,
So when she smiles, her eye like the powers,
Of Joy
Doth to me yeild,
But as the Autumn's envious raine,
Soon doth the summers pride confuse
Dasht with the stormes of her Disdaine,
So do I dye, how can I chuse.

3. Then 'tis no wonder that here is a man,
Can live
Now, and now dye;
Since there's a beauty that life and death can
Both give
Out of her Eye.
Let her the wonder of time remaine,
And that I live let no man muse,
VVhile she me loves; and if she disdaine,
Must not I dye, how can I chuse?

4 Has not her favour force to revive
A heart
Dying with paine?

And

And has her scorne not power to deprive
That part
Of life againe?
Is there not life and death in her frame
Both at her powerfull will to use,
Then at her powerfull will I am,
Living or dead, how can I chuse?

The hunting of the Gods.

1. SOngs of Shepheards, and Rusticall Roundlayes,
Form'd of fancyes, and whistled on reedes;
Sung to Solace young Nimphs upon holy dayes,
Are too unworthy for wonderful deeds.
Phœbus Ingenious
Or winged *Cylenius*
His lofty Genius,
May seem to declare,
In verse better coyn'd,
And voice more refin'd
How States devin'd,
Once hunted the Hare.

2. Starrs Enamour'd with Pastimes Olympicall,
Starrs and Planets that beautifull shone,
VVould

Would no longer that earthly men only shall
Swim in pleasure and they but look on;
Round about horned
Lucina they swarmed,
And her informed
How minded they were;
Each God and Goddesse,
To take humane bodyes,
As Lords and Ladies,
To follow the Hare.

3. Chast *Diana* applauded the Motion,
And pale *Proserpina* set in her place,
Lights the Welkin, and governs the Ocean,
While she conducted her Nephewes in chace,
And by her Example,
Her Father to trample
The old and ample
Earth, leave the aire,
Neptune the Water
The Wine *Liber Pater*,
And *Mars* the slaughter,
To follow the Hare.

4. Light god *Cupid* was hors'd upon *Pegasus*,
Borrow'd of *Muses* with kisses and prayers,
Strong *Alcides* upon cloudy *Caucasus*,
Mounts a Centaure that proudly him beares.

Postillian

Postillian of the skye,
Light heel'd *Mercury*,
Makes his Coursers fly
Fleet as the aire,
Yellow *Apollo*,
The Kennel doth follow,
And whoop and hollow
After the hare.

Hymen ushers the Ladies; *Astræa*
The Just, took hands with *Minerva* the bold;
Ceres the brown, with bright *Cytherea;*
With *Thetis* the wanton, *Bellona* the old;
Shamefac't *Aurora*,
With subtil *Pandora;*
And *May* with *Flora*,
Did company beare;
Juno was stated,
Too high to be mated,
But yet she hated
Not hunting the hare.

6. Drown'd *Narcissus*, from his *Metamorphosis*
Rais'd by Eccho, new manhood did take;
Snoring *Somnus* upstarted in *Cineris*,
That this thousand year was not awake,
To see club-footed
Old *Mulciber* booted,

And

And *Pan* promoted
On *Chirons* Mare;
Proud *Faunus* pouted,
And *Æolus* shouted,
And *Momus* flouted,
But followed the Hare.

7. Deep *Melompus*, and cunning *Ichnobates*,
Nape, and *Tigre*, and *Harpye* the skyes
Rent wit roaring,
Whilst huntsman-like *Hercules*
Winds the plentifull horne to their cryes,
Till with varieties,
To solace their Pieties,
The wary Deities
Repos'd them where
We shepheards were seated,
And there we repeated,
What we conceited
Of their hunting the Hare.

8. Young *Amintas* suppos'd the Gods came to breath
(After some battels) themselves on the ground,
Thirsis thought the stars came to dwell here beneath,
And that hereafter the earth would go round,
Coridon aged,
With *Phillis* ingaged,
Was much inraged
With jealous despaire;

But

But fury vaded,
And he was perswaded,
When I thus applauded
Their hunting the Hare.

9. Starr's but Shadows were, state were but sorrow,
Had they no Motion, nor that no delight;
Joyes are Jovial, delight is the marrow
Of life, and Action the Axle of might.
Pleasure depends
Upon no other friends,
And yet freely lends
To each vertue a share,
Only as measures
The Jewell of pleasures,
Of pleasures the treasures
Of hunting the Hare.

10. Three broad Bowles to the Olympical Rector,
His *Troy* borne Eagle he brings on his knee,
Jove to *Phœbus* Carowses in *Nector*,
And he to *Hermes*, and *Hermes* to me;
Wherewith infused,
I piped and I mused,
In songs unused
This sport to declare;
And that the Rouse of *Jove*,

Round

Round as his Sphere may move,
Health to all that love
Hunting the Hare.

The Reading Beauty.

1. AS to these lines she lent a lovely look,
Whereon not minding me she mused,
Her faire Aspect became my book,
And I her eyes (as they these lines) perused;
Love songs she read, to learn what love should be,
And faster than she read she taught it me.

2. For as no studyed rules like starrs above
Can teach the knowledge of the skyes,
To dive into the depth of love,
There is no rule, no learning like her Eyes:
Why stoops she then to things below her reach?
Why reads she love, that she her self can teach?

3. Alas though we no other learning need
In love, that may behold her face;
She seeing not her selfe must read,
To see what we so much desire to embrace.
O that her selfe she saw: but O why so?
She otherwise her self too much doth know.

4. Some

4. Some nicer lover would to see her muse
Bare envy to that happy book
Whereon she seems to doate, and use
To grant her stander by but halfe her looke:
But such to me let her aspect be still;
If one eye wounds so sore, two eyes will kill.

The more than Faire.

1. BE more kind than you are,
Sweet love, or else lesse faire,
So shall I feel lesse care,
And you be no lesse rare.
To wound the heart,
Is beauties part;
But to restore
The love-sick sore
Is to be more than faire.

2. If possible it were
Not to be what you are,
Be more kind, or lesse faire;
Use lips, and eyes forbeare;
Your smiles are Lures,

My

My eyes adore,
But lipps implore:
The kind are more than faire.

3. The Beauteous are not faire,
Whose coyness breeds despaire;
But those that freindly are,
Are beauteous, though not faire.
Since to be kind,
A beauteous mind,
Doth best explore;
Be kind therefore,
And be far more than faire.

4. No longer let my care
Consume my love in aire,
But kindnesse to me bare,
That I may say and swear
Of such as are
But only faire,
I knew before,
The world had store:
But you are more than faire.

5. Bright eyes and smiles to beare,
Is but a common weare:
If you without compare,
Will be as kind as faire,

And

And make me then
More blessed than men,
As far as ore,
Your sexes store,
Your selfe are more than faire.

Of Johny *and* Jinny.

1. THe pretty sweet *Jinny* sate on a Hill,
Where *Jonny* the swain her see;
He tun'd his quill, and sung to her still,
Whoop Jinny *come down to me.*

2. Though *Jonny* the valley, and *Jinny* the Hill,
Kept far above his degree;
He bore her good will, and sung to her still,
Whoop Jinny *come down to me.*

3. But high was she seated, and so was she minded,
His heart was humble as he;
Her pride had her blinded, his love had him bended,
Whoop Jinny, *&c.*

4. The mountain is bare, and subject to aire,
Here meddowes, here shaddowes be;
There burneth the Sun, here Rivers do run,
Whoop Jinny, *&c.*

5. All

5. All flowers do grace the vallyes green face,
The mountain hath none but thee;
Why wilt thou grow there, and all the rest here?
Whoop Jinny, *&c.*

6. *Narcissus* his rose, *Adonis* here growes,
That may thy examples be,
Since they be came slaine, for pride and disdaine,
Whoop Jinny, *&c.*

7. There *Finny* keeps sheep, here *Fonny* will keep
Thy selfe and thy flock for thee;
If *Fonny* be worthy to keep thy flock for thee,
Whoop Jinny, *&c.*

8. But pretty sweet *Finny* was lov'd of so many,
That little delight had she
To think upon *Fonny*, that thought her so bonny,
Whoop Jinny, *&c.*

9. Though *Finny* thought ill of *Fonny's* good will,
Yet *Fonny* to *Finny* was free;
He followes quill, and he hollowes her still,
Whoop Jinny *come down to me.*

A Song.

1. O Love whose force and might
No power ere withstood;
Thou forcest me to write,
Come turne about Robbin hood.

2. Her Cresses that were wrought
Most like the golden snare,
My loving heart has caught,
As *Mos* did catch the Mare.

3. Grant pitty, else I dye,
Love so my heart bewitches,
With griefe I'le howle and cry,
O how my elbow Itches.

4. Teares overflow my sight
With Floods of daily weeping,
That in the silent night,
I cannot rest for sleeping.

5. What is't I would not do
To purchase one sweet smile;
Bid me to *China* go,
Faith I'le sit still the while.

6. But

6. But since that all reliefe
And comfort doth forsake me,
I'le kill my self with grief,
Nay then the Devil take me.

7. Mark well my dolefull hap,
Jove, Rector of the Thunder,
Send down a firey clap,
And tear her smock asunder.

The *Rhodomontade*, And his *Wife*.

[*Grace*

I L tell you of a Lout,
With a Nose like a Spout,
Which some call a snout,
And was so stout,
That he had often fought,
Full many a bout,
With many a scout,
And at 'em would shout,
Then put 'um to th' rout,
Nay beat 'em to a clout,
Though in a great drought,
At men he would flout,
And at women would pout,
His food still was grout,

H Is Wife's name was
And had a good Face
Yet had but little grace,
Shee'd kiss in any place,
Nay, to gather a brace,
Which some say is base,
And some did her chace
Into a pittiful case,
She lov'd Cloves and Mace
Her father car'd the Mace
For the Mayor in a place
She still wears lace,
And will keep on her pace
Wher she runs a race

For

Which bred him the gout
He was a great trout
To good Ale when he mout
And did allways allow't
This you must not doubt
I've heare him to vow't
As he went in and out.

For a very great space
She fishes with a dace
When she takes any place
When she dances she'l trace
She'l not bate you an ace
Of the truth of this she says.

The Sonne Jack.

Their sons name was Jack
Who was very black
And got many a knack
And seldome did lack
Unlesse Milk cal'd lac
At Cardes he would pack
And was counted a quack
Nay, bin brought to the rack
For firing a stack
Of corn, in a back
Side, like a mad hack
Made's bones to crack
Nay sometimes to cack
Till they gave him som sack
Nay, they held him tack
And did him thwack
And never did slack
Till he went to wrack
[*smack*
Yet with's lips he would
And this is true of Jack.

The Daughter Nel.

Their daughters nams Nel
Who poor thing did dwell
Full long in a Cell
And there twas she fell
That one rang her knell
Being fallen into Hell
The devills to quell
And there I do smell
That she then did sell
Her ware very well
She made 'em to yell
And likewise to swell
So they writ on a Shell
A very great Spell
As long as an ell
That she bore away the bell
For abusing in hell
She had no paralell
All this her self did tell,
And all done by Nell.

A Song.

Come hang up your care, and cast away sorrow;
Drink on, hee's a sot that e're thinks of to morrow:
Good store of Terse-Claret supplyes every thing,
For a man that is drunk is as great as a King;
Let no one with Crosses, or Losses repine,
But take a full dose of the juice of the Wine.
Diseases and troubles are nere to be found,
But in the damp place where the glass goes not round.

A SONG.

The Tune, *I'le go no more to the New Exchange.*

1. NEver will I wed a Girle that's coy,
Nor one that is too free;
But she alone shall be my joy,
That keeps a mean to me;
For if too Coy, then I must court
For a kisse as well as any;
And if too free, I fear o' th' Sport
I then may have too many.

Nelly

2. Many a Girle was proud and coy,
But what good got she by it?
When they'd a mind to kisse and toy,
Then she'd be still quiet;
For of the four or five she had
They all have left her now;
Her impertinent tricks did make 'em madd,
And so would me, or you.

3. Nanny was a Lasse that was too free,
And amorous withall;
Shee'd ne're with any disagree.
But ready at their call;
That some her freeness did impute
Unto good nature in her,
Others have said, without dispute
Shee'd prove a private sinner.

4. Then for a Girle, that's not too free,
Or Coy, but at my call;
Yet handsome I wou'd have her be,
And oblieging unto all;
That I may never say I have wed
A Girle that's starcht with Pride,
Or fool, or ugly, or ill bred,
I'de rather want a Bride.

An

An Invitation to enjoyment.

1. COme, O Come, I brook no stay,
He doth not love that can delay;
See how the stealing night,
Hath blotted out the light,
And Tapers do supply the day.

3. See the first Tapers almost gone,
Thy flame like that will strait be none,
And I as it expire,
Not able to hold fire,
She looseth time that lyes alone.

4. O let us cherish then these powers,
Whilst we may yet call them ours;
Then we best spend our time,
When no dull zealous Chime,
But sprightful kisses strike the houres.

The Rurall Dance about the May-pole.

The Tune, the first Figure dance at Mr. Young's Ball *in* May 1671.

1. COme lasses and ladds,
Take leave of your Dadds,
And away to the *May-pole* hey;
For every he
Has got him a she
With a Minstrill standing by;
For *Willy* has gotten his *Jill*,
And *Jonny* has got his *Jone*,
To jigg it, jigg it, jigg it, jigg it,
Jigg it up and down.

2. Strike up sayes *Wat*,
Agreed sayes *Kate*,
And I prethee Fidler play,
Content sayes *Hodge*,
And so sayes *Madge*,
For this is a Holliday.
For every man did put
His Hat off to his Lasse,
And every Girle did curchy,
Curchy, curchy on the Grasse.

Begin

3. Begin sayes *Hall*,
I, I, sayes *Mall*,
Wee'l lead up *Packintons* pound;
No, no, says *Noll*,
And so says *Doll*,
Wee'l first have *Sellengers* round;
Then every man began to foot it round about,
And every Girle did jet it, jet it, jet it in and
[out.

4. Y'are out, says *Dick*,
'Tis a lye, says *Nick*,
The Fidler playd it false;
'Tis true, says *Hugh*,
And so says *Sue*,
And so says nimble *Alice*;
The Fidler then began to play the Tune agen,
And every Girle did trip it, trip it, trip it to the
[men.

Lets kiss says *Jane*,
Content, says *Nan*,
And so says every she;

How

How many says *Batt,*
Why three says *Matt,*
For that's a maidens fee;
But they instead of three did give 'em halfe a score,
And they inkindnesse, gave 'em, gave e'm, gave 'em,
[as many more.

6. Then after an hour
They went to a bower
And play'd for Ale and Cakes,
And kisses too
Until they were due,
The Lasses held the stakes.
The Girles did then begin to quarrel with the men,
And bid 'em take their kisses back, and give 'em their
[own agen.

7. Yet there they sate,
Until it was late
And tyr'd the Fidler quite,
With singing and playing,
Without any paying
From morning untill night.
They told the fidler then they'd pay him for his play,
And each a 2 pence, 2 pence, 2 pence gave him,
[and went away.

The

The unconstant Lover.

The Tune, the second Figure dance at Mr. Young's Ball, *May*, 1671.

1. NOw out upon this constant love,
I never was unto't inclin'd,
I hate within that Sphear to move,
Where I to one must be confin'd.
I love to range about, and gaze,
And often haunt the parke and playes,
A purpose for a Mistress new,
Then bid the old one quite adue.

2. For he's for me, and only he
That's constant to unconstancie;
A day or two I can approve,
But after that farewell to love:
For every thing's to change inclin'd,
As Women, and the Moon, and wind;
Then why not wee as well as they,
Since they have shew'd us all the way.

3. For constancie in Love is thought
To bring poor Lovers to their end;
Then constancy in Love is naught,
When change brings every day a friend.

The

The constant fool is whining still,
But never can his fancy fill;
Whilst we can sing, and sport, and play,
And change our pleasure every day.

A mock to one that drank nothing but Water.
The Tune *A lover I'me born, and a Lover I'le be.*

1. FOr *Bacchus* I'me born, and for *Bacchus* I'le be,
And wish from good wine I may never be free;
Let drinking abound, 'tis wine makes the creature,
It strengthens the braine, and helps decay'd nature;
For he that by drinking can turne the world round,
By *Bacchus* and *Venus* deserves to be crown'd.

[motion,

2. With health after health let the glass keep the
Till it make our brains dance like a ship on the Ocean;
When our senses are pal'd, and our reason does fail,
A little sound sleep will supply a fresh gale.
Then with wine that is brisk, and a girl that is woon,
Wee'l drink, & wee'l kiss, & wee'l never have done.

The

The Drinking Song on two Mistrisses; the one furnisht them with wine, and t'other with money.

The Tune, The Gang.

COme boyes, leave off your toyes
And trole about the sack;
We know 'tis good to chear the blood,
And fortifie the back.
'Tis that will make you fat,
And cherrish still the braine;
Nay studd the face with such a grace,
Like Rubies dy'd in grain.

2. Drink about, 'till all be out
The drawer will fill't agen,
A Pox, o' th' Watch, ne're shut the hatch,
The clock has struck but ten;
Then a glasse to th' Jovial lasse,
That fill'd our pates with wine;
And here's another to the other,
That furnish't us with Coine.

3. Come drink, we want no chink,
Hark how my pockets sound,
Away with't then, come too't agen,
Begin another round;

Then *Jack*, this Glass of Sack
Unto thy pretty *Nell*;
And here's to thine, this bowle of wine,
Dear *Tom*, thou lov'st so well.

4. Come says one, lets all be gone,
For our pates are throughly lin'd;
Yet he was bang'd, nay some say hang'd,
That left his drink behind;
Then all, began to call,
Come drawer what's to pay?
Each took the cup, and drank it up,
And so they went away.

A Song.

1. LEt Fortune and *Phillis* frown if they please,
I'le no more on their Deities call,
Nor trouble the Fates, but give my self ease,
And be happy in spight of 'em all;
I will have my *Phillis*, if I once go about her;
Or if I have not, I'le live better without her.

2. If she prove vertuous, oblieging and kind,
Perhaps I'le vouchsafe for to love her;
But if Pride or Inconstancy in her I find,
I'de have her to know I'me above her;

For

For at length I have learn't, now my fetters are gone,
To love if I please, or to let it alone.

A SONG.

1. AS I walkt in the woods one evening of late,
A Lass was deploring her haplesse estate,
In a languishing posture poor maid she appears,
All swell'd with her sighs, and blub'd with her tears:
She sigh'd and she sob'd, and I found it was all,
For a little of that which *Harry* gave *Doll.*

2. At last she broke out, wretched she said,
Will no youth come succour a languishing maid,
With what he with ease and with pleasure may give,
Without which alass poor I cannot live.
Shall I never leave sighing and crying and all,
For a little of that which *Harry* gave *Doll.*

3. At first when I saw a young man in the place,
My colour wou'd fade, and then flush in my Face;
My breath wou'd grow short, and I shiver'd all o're,
My brests never popt up and down so before;
I scarce knew for what, but now find it was all,
For a little of that which *Harry* gave *Doll.*

A Song.

O The sad Day
When friends shall shake their heads, and say
Of miserable me:
Hark how he Groanes,
Look how he pants for breath,
See see how he struggles with the pangs of Death;
When they shall say of these dear Eyes,
How hollow and how dim they be,
Marke how his brest doth swell and rise
Against his potent enemy:
When some old friend shall step to my beds side,
And touch my chill face, & thence shall gently slide;
But when his next companions say,
How does he do, what hopes? shall turne away,
Answering only with a lift up hand,
Who who can his fate withstand?
Then shall a Gaspe or two do more
Than e're my Rhetorick could before,
Perswade the World to trouble me no more, no more,
Perswade the world to trouble me no more.

A SONG.

O Sorrow, Sorrow, say where dost thou dwell?
In the lowest room of Hell:
Art thou born of Humane race?
No, no, I have a furial face:
Art thou of City, or Town, or Court?
I to every place resort.
Why, O why, into the world was sorrow sent?
Men afflicted best repent.
What dost thou feed on? Broken sleep.
What tak'st thou pleasure in? to weep,
To sob, to pine, to groane,
To wring my hands, to sit alone.
When, O, when, shall sorrow quiet have?
Never, never, never, never,
Never till she finds a grave,
Never 'till she finds a grave.

A Song.

CHeare up my Mate's, the wind does fairly blow,
Clap on more saile, and never spare,
Farewell all Lands, for now we are
In the wide Sea of Drink,

And

And merrily, merrily, merrily we go.
Bless me 'tis hot, another bowle of Wine,
And we shall Cut the burning Line.
Hey boyes she scuds away,
And by my head I know,
We round the world are sailing now.
What dulmen are those to tarry at home,
When abroad they may wantonly roame,
And gain such experience, and spie to
Such countries and wonders as I do?
But prethee good Pilot take heed what you do,
And fail not to touch at *Peru;*
With Gold there the vessel wee'l store,
And never never be poor,
No never be poor any more.

The foolish proud Lover.

1. NOr Love, nor Fate, can I accuse of hate,
That my *Clarinda* now is from me gone;
But I confesse, 'tis my unworthiness
That I in sorrow thus am left alone:
I doted on her, and thought to 'a won her,
But wo is me I still must think upon her,
Which is the cause of all my smart;

She

She lookt so pretty, and talkt so witty,
None that ere I saw in Town or in City
Ere like her could thus surprize my heart.

2. Had I set my heart, to have lov'd her but in part,
As only to enjoy her angels face,
Her curious eye, or cheeks of rosie die,
Or lip, or any one peculiar grace;
But my sad refusing one, must all be loosing,
O that I had us'd discretion in my chusing,
Then I might 'a liv'd, and not a dy'd :
But like *Icarus* I by soaring up too high,
With his waxen wings so nere the Sun to fly,
Am justly punisht for my foolish pride.

O you Powers Divine, I'le offer at your shrine,
If you will grant me this when I am gone;
That no punishment on her her may e're be sent,
The fault was only mine, and mine alone :
Also I do crave, this benefit to have,
That this *Motto* may be fixt upon my grave;
Here's lyes one by foolish pride was slaine,
That who ere comes near may gently shed a tear
On my Hearse, and say, O' twas severe,
So small offence should breed such mickle paine.

On

On his Mistresse's Garden of Herbs.

HEarts-ease, an herb that sometimes hath bin seen
In my Love's garden plot to flourish green,
Is dead and wither'd with a wind of woe,
And bitter *Rue* in place thereof doth grow:
The cause I find to be, because I did
Neglect the Herb called *Time*, which now doth bid
Me never hope, nor look once more againe
To gaine *Hearts-ease*, to ease my heart of paine;
One hope is this, in this my woful case,
My *Rue*, though bitter, may prove Herbe of grace.

The Italian Pedlar.

1. MAids see what you lack
Ere I open my pack,
For here is that will please you;
Do you dreame in your beds,
Or with your Maiden-heads
Be you troubled, I will ease you.

2. Is there any one among
These marry'd men strong,
Has a head of his Wives making?

I have capps to be worne, that shall cover his horne,
And keep his brow from aking.

3. Does any man mistrust, that his wife is unjust,
Or that she loves to be ranging?
I have that in my box, which exceeds *Italian* locks,
'Twill keep her Chast: that's a strange thing.

4. Is there any woman here, has bin married a year,
And not bin made a Mother?
I have that at my back, shall supply her of that lack,
And I'le use her for't, like a Brother.

5. I have fine Gloves for you and your Loves,
Bands, Handkerchers, and Laces;
And I've Knots and Roses, and many pretty posies,
And Masks for your bad faces.

6. I have fine bodkins to, that I can furnish you,
To keep your Coifes from tearing;
And I have precious stones, ordained for the nonce,
Will delight you in the wearing.

7. I have that wherewith if you well rub your Teeth,
They will look like Alabaster;
And powder for your hair, that will make you look
I wonder you come no faster. [fair:

Then come away, and do not stay,
For hence I must I tell you;
For when I am gone, you will hardly find one
That such precious Ware can sell you.

In Praise of the Black-Jack.

1. BE your liquor small, or as thick as mudd,
The cheating bottle cryes, good, good, good,
Whereat the master begins to storme,
'Cause he said more than he could performe,
And I wish that his heires may never want Sack,
That first devis'd the bonny black Jack.

2. No Tankerd, Flaggon, Bottle nor Jugg
Are halfe so good, or so well can hold Tugg,
For when they are broke or full of cracks,
Then they must fly to the brave black Jacks,
And I wish that his, &c.

3. When the Bottle and Jack stands together,
[O fie on't,
The Bottle looks Just like a dwarfe to a Gyant;
Then had we not reason Jacks to chuse,
For this'l make Boots, when the Bottle mends shooes,
And I wish, &c.,

4. And

4. And as for the bottle you never can fill it
Without a Tunnell, but you must spill it,
'Tis as hard to get, in as 'tis to get out:
Tis not so with a Jack, for it runs like a spout.

5. And when we have drank out all our store,
The Jack goes for Barme to brew us some more;
And when our Stomacks with hunger have bled,
Then it marches for more to make us some bread.
And I wish, &c,

6. I now will cease to speak of the Jack,
But hope his assistance I never shall lack,
And I hope that now every honest man,
Instead of Jack will y'clip him *John,*
And I wish that his heirs may never want Sack,
That first devis'd the bonny black Jack.

A SONG.

1. CÆlia I lov'd thee
Though in vain you boast;
But since I have prov'd thee,
I find my labour lost,
Many may to love pretend;
But you will never find,
Seek country o're, try any freind,
One half so true, so kind;

2. Fare

2. Farewell unkind one,
Since you so designe,
And see if you can find one,
Whose love can equal mine ;
If by chance you meet a man,
That may your fancy take,
Be wise, be kind, do what you can,
And love him for my sake ;
Yet in your chiefest pleasure think
How my poor heart doth ake.

3. Each hour sporting,
Nothing can be more,
Each minute courting,
Like one nere lov'd before.
But should he forsake his nest,
And being well feather'd fly
From you, to be anothers guest,
You'd sigh, and with me cry,
I lov'd, and was not lov'd again,
And so for love must die.

The

The Jealous, but mistaken Girle.

To the Scotch *tune also.*

1. PRethee tell me *Phillis*,
Why so pensive now,
I see that sadness still is
Fixt upon thy brow;
And those charming eyes
That were of late so bright,
In sighs and tears,
And other fears,
Have almost lost their sight;
Let this suffice,
I sympathize
With thee both day and night.

2. *Damon* dost thou aske it,
Thou art the cause of all,
Therefore do not mask it,
For thou hast wrought my fall;
For I gave thee a Ring
Which thou hast *Cœlia* gave,
Our true-loves band,
Twas on her hand,
Which Ring thy life did save;

But wo is me,
Thy falsitie
Has brought me to my grave.

3. *Damon* then began
On *Phillis* for to smile,
She call'd him perjur'd man,
And should no more beguile,
No my dearest *Phill,*
I blame thy Jealousie;
Our true-loves band
Is on my hand
Which thou didst give to me;
And *Coridon*
Made *Cœlia* one,
By that which came from thee.

4. Long she sate ashamed,
And hid her bashful head;
Her jealousie she blamed,
And said she was but dead,
Unlesse that gentle *Damon*
Pardon this offence,
And let me rest
Upon his brest,
And there my suite commence;
I shall not doubt
To sue it out
Before I came from thence.

5. Then he did embrace her,
And gave her kisses store,
And vow'd that he would place her
Where none was ere before,
That is, within his heart,
Which none shou'd e're remove,
In spite of fate
Would be her mate,
And constant be in love;
And I say she
As true to thee,
As is the Turtle-Dove.

The Faire but Cruel Girle.

1. THe *Nymph* that undoes me is fair and unkind,
No lesse than a wonder by nature design'd;
She's the grief of my heart, but joy of my eye,
The cause of my flame, that never can dye.

2. Her Lips, from whence wit obligingly flowes,
Has the colour of Cherryes, and smell of the Rose;
Love and Destiny both attends on her will,
She saves with a smile, with a frown she can kill.

The

3. The desperate Lover can hope no redresse,
Where beauty and rigour, are both in excesse:
In *Cœlia* they meet, so unhappy am I;
Who sees her must love, who loves her must die.

The Bathing Girles:

To the common Galliard Tune..

1. IT was in *June*, and 'twas on *Barnaby* Bright too,
A time when the days are long, and nights are [short,
A crew of merry Girles, and that in the night too,
Resolv'd to wash in a river, and there to sport;
And there (poore things) they then resolv'd to be [merry too,
And with them did bring good store of jun- [ketting stuffe,
As Bisket, and Cakes, and Suger, and Syder, and [Perry too,
Of each such a quantity, that was more than [enough.

2. But mark what chanc't unto this innocent crew [then,
Who

Who thought themselves secure from any eare;
They knew 'twas dark, that none cou'd take a view [then,
And all did seem to be voyd of any feare;
Then every one uncas'd themselves, both smock & all
And each expected first who should begin;
And that they might stay but an houre, they told the [Clock and all:
Then all in a Te-he-ing vaine did enter in.

3. But now comes out the Tale I meant to tell ye,
For a Crew of Jovial Lads were there before,
And finding there some viands for their belly,
They eas'd em then poor hearts of all their store;
Then every Lad sate down upon the Grasse there,
And whisper'd thanks to th' Girls for their good [Cheare,
In which they drank a health to every Lass there,
That then were washing & rinsing without any fear.

4. And when they had pleas'd (and fill'd) their [bellies and pallats too,
They back did come unto the foresaid place,
And took away their Smocks, and both their Wal- [lets too,
Which brought their good Bubb, and left them in [pittiful case,
For

For presently they all came out to th' larder there,
That it put 'em unto their shifts their Smocks to find;
I think, says one, my shift is a little farder there,
I, I, sayes another, for yours did lye by mine.

5. At last, says one, the Divel a smock is here at all,
The Devil, a bit of bread, or drop of drink,
They've took every morsel of our good cheare and [all
And nothing but Gowns and Petticoats left, as I [think,
At last, says one, if they'd give us our Smocks agen,
And likewise part of what we hither brought,
We shall be much oblieg'd, and think 'em Gentlemen,
And by this foolish example be better taught.

6. Although in the River they were as many as [crickets there,
'Twixt laughing and fretting their state they did [condole;
And then came one of the Lads from out of the thick- [ets there,
And told 'em hee'd bring 'em their smocks, and what [was stole;
They only with Petticoats on, like Jipsies were [clad then,
He brought 'em their Smocks, and what he had pro- [mis'd before;

They

They fell to eat, and drink as if they'd been mad
[there,
And glad they were all, they'd got so much of their
[store.

7. And when they all had made a good repast
[there,
They put on their cloths, and all resolv'd to be gone;
Then out comes all the ladds in very great hast there,
And every one to the other then was known;
The girles did then conjure the ladds that were there,
To what had past their lipps shou'd still be seal'd,
Nay more than that they made 'em all to swear
[there,
To which they did, that nothing should be reveal'd.

8. Then each at other did make a pass at kissing
[then,
And round it went to every one level coile,
But thinking that at home they might be missing
[then,
And fear'd that they had stay'd too great a while;
Then hand in hand they alltogether marcht away,
And every lad convey'd his Mistris home,
Agen they kist, then every Lass her man did pray,
That what had past, no more of that but *Mum.*

The

The unparalel'd Lady:

The Tune, *'Twixt Greece and Troy.*

1. WHen first I saw my *Cœli'as* face,
O how my heart was Inflam'd with love;
I deem'd her of no humane race,
But Angell-like drop't from above;
Her Star-like eyes with their Glim'ring glances
Then shin'd so bright,
Like the greatest Comet, when we look upon it
'Till it takes away the sight.

2. Her Nose is like a Promontory,
Which over-looks some pleasant place,
Her Cheeks like Roses in their glory,
And Teeth of Oriental race;
Her Corall lipps, like the Cherryes when
They're growing on the Tree;
But the greatest Bliss is,
Thence to gather kisses,
Wou'd the cropp belong'd to me.

3. And underneath her snow-white neck,
There you may find an Ivory Plaine,
On which two Christal mounts are set
Tipt with a Ruby-fount in graine,

This

This is the place, which formerly was
Call'd the milky-way.
O that I might tipple still
At such a Nipple,
And for ever there might stay.

4. Her hands are of so pure a white,
That with the Swan they dare to vie;
But when upon a Lute they light,
Then you will hear such Harmony:
But when her voice and that together
Then play their parts,
You'd think the Spheres united,
And thither had invited
All, to Captivate their hearts.

5. Her feet were so Epitomiz'd,
Like peeping-mice did still appear,
That all the crew were then surpriz'd
To see her dance a measure there;
She mov'd so well, you'd think she had not
Danc't then, but flown:
I would spend a Talent,
For to be her Gallant,
And call her still mine own.

The

The Politick Girle.

The Tune, *The Duke of Monmouths Jigge.*

1. MY dearest *Katy*, prethee be but constant now,
And whatsoe're is past, I shall forget I vow;
Do thou be kind, and give me but thy hand upon't,
And for my faith thou need'st not doubt or stand [upon't;
I'le furnish thee with all the Cakes in season still,
And whatsoe're thou shalt desire in reason still;
Nay more than that, thy Annal due I'le pay to thee,
And in all moderate things will still give way to thee.

2. I must confess thy Pension came but slow of late,
Which is the cause I think that thou didst change thy [mate;
For when the Sinewy-part of love is took away,
We know the strength thereof will lessen every day:
But now thou know'st the Tide is turn'd my Bonny [*Kate*,
My fathers dead, and we shall want no mony *Kate;*
For he by Will has made me heire of all my dear,
That we no more in debt I hope shall fall my dear.

3. Thou

3. Thou seest how plainly now I've told my mind [to thee,
And also find'st that I will still be kind to thee;
What Remora then can stop the course of joining [now
Our hearts and hands, come *Katy* no repining now;
She told him then, do you forgive but my past faults,
And I will likewise pardon all your by past faults;
He call'd her then his Mistriss, and his goddess to,
And then they join'd their hands & lip's & body to.

[agree,
4. Thus have you seen this jarring couple now
And all mistakes are now knit up in Amitie,
She slighted all addresses he did make to her,
Because she found his purse could never speak to her;
But when she saw the Ginny-birds to fly agen,
She then resolv'd the knot of love to tye agen,
And so 'twill last till all the birds are fled and gone,
Then march her self, and give it out she's dead and [gone.

The

The Amorous Girle.

To the Tune of *The crab of the wood.*

1. THere's none so pretty,
As my sweet *Betty*,
She bears away the Bell;
For sweetness and neatnesse,
And all compleatness,
All other Girles doth excell.

2. When ever we meet,
Shee'l lovingly greet
Me still with a how dee' doe;
Well I thank you, quoth I,
Then she will reply,
So am I Sir, the better for you.

3. I askt her how,
She told me, not now,
For walls had eares and eyes;
Nay she bid me take heed,
What ever I did,
For 'tis good to be merry and wise.

4. Then I took her by th' hand,
Which she did not withstand,

And

And I gave her a smirking kiss ;
She gave me another
Just like the tother ;
Quoth I, what a comfort is this ?

5. This put me in heart
To play o're my part
That I had intended before ;
But she bid me to hold,
And not be too bold,
Until she had fastned the doore.

6. Then she went to the Hatch,
To see that the Latch
And cranies were all cocksure,
And when she had done,
She bid me come on,
For now we were both secure.

7. And what we did there,
I dare not declare,
But think that silence is best ;
And if you will know,
Why I kist her, or so,
But I'le leave you to guess at the rest.

The two vertuous Sisters:

The Tune *The Gun-fleet.*

1. MY Cozen *Moll's* an arrant whore,
And so is her sister *Kate,*
They kickt their mother out o' dore,
And broke their Fathers pate;
And all because they crav'd a bit,
I mean a bit alone Sir,
For they with a bit would give 'em a knock,
That's a bit and a knock, or none Sir.

2. They'r cleanly too, I needs must say,
As any Girles i'th towne.
They sweep the house a new found way,
That's once a quarter round;
So fine 'tis kept, that when 'tis swept,
I speak 't in their defence Sir,
'Twill yeild at a spurt, in dust and dirt,
Come fourteen or fifteen pence Sir.

3. So fine and neate they dresse their meat,
I thought it alwayes best
To let it alone, 'till all was gone,
And then to eat the rest;

For

For he that puts a bit in his guts,
And did but see the dressing,
No Physick could e're give a vomit so cleare,
Which I think is a notable blessing.

4. Some Whores are counted shifters to,
But they did hate 'em all,
They shift their Smocks with much adoe
But every Spring and Fall.
They say 'tis good to cleanse the blood,
And think 'em worth the turning,
And when they're black upon their back,
They call it inside mourning.

5. They will be drunk a little to,
I mean but twice a day,
They'l swear and roare, and drink and spew,
And then they down will lay;
And so they'l sleep, 'till day 'gin peep,
Then call for more by dozens,
And to my freind there's now an end
Of both my dirty Cozens.

The beneficial wedding.

The Tune. *Phil: Porters* dreame.

ANd I have a mind to be marry'd,
And so has you know who,
Wee both too long have tarry'd,
And therefore I mean to woe:
Then I did give her a Buss,
And she gave me a ring,
And so we bust, and kist and bust,
And kist like any thing.

2. Her Grandsire gave her a Cow,
And her Grannam a Ewe and Lambe,
She say'd shee'd suckle it too,
Untill it had left the dam;
Her Uncle gave her a hogge,
Her Aunt a Teeming Sow,
For Bacon and sowse, to keep the house.
And make 'em puddings enow.

3. Her father gave her a Gowne,
Her mother a Petticote,
Which was of a mingl'd brown,
The best that cou'd be bought;

Her brother gave her a Cock,
And her sister a breeding Hen,
To tread and breed, and breed and tread,
And tread and breed agen.

3. Her Cozen took a Care,
To give her a Rug was new,
His wife did give her a paire
Of Sheets and Blankets too;
But she had a speciall friend
That was a young Upholster,
You must not know the reason now,
Did give her a Bed, and a Bolster.

4. A friend did give her a Wastcoat,
And Hose, and Shooes, and Hat,
Another did give her a lac't coat,
But 'tis no matter for that
So long as 'tis our own,
No matter how it come,
They keep her fine, and give her VVine,
But no more of that but Mum.

5, Another did take her a house,
And pay'd a Twelvemonths Rent,
And furnish'd me and my spouse
With what at the Wedding was spent;

Then

Then we desir'd to know,
What trade we both should drive;
They say'd good Ale wou'd never fail
If ever we meant to thrive.

6. We both are fitted now I think,
With store of houshold stuff,
And likewise cloths and meat and drink
As much as is enough;
But if we chance to want,
My Wife has store of freinds,
Which I connive at, because they'r private,
And so our Wedding ends.

A SONG,

1. GEt you gone, you will undo me,
If you love me don't pursue me,
Let that inclination perish,
Which I dare no longer cherrish,
Be content y'ave won the field,
'Twere base to hurt me, now I yield.

2. With harmless thoughts I did begin,
But in the crow'd love enterr'd in
I knew him not, he was so gay,
So innocent, so full of play.

Is

I sported thus with young desire,
Chear'd with his light, freed from his fire.

3. But now his teeth and clawes are grown,
Let me this fatal Lyon shun;
You found me harmless, leave me so,
For were I not, you'd leave me too;
But when you change remember still,
'Twas my misfortune not my will.

A SONG.

Being an Answer to give o're foolish heart, or were the Gods so severe, and to that Tune.

1. HE's a fool in his heart, that takes any care
Of Womens vain words be they never so fair;
Though she sighs and pretends unto Love ne'r so [long,
Shee's double in heart, and betrays with her [Tongue:
They still are as false as they were heretofore,
Their nature is such, they can ne'r give it o're.

2. They would by their craft's of which they have [store,
Inveigle mens hearts their looks to adore,
And

And if they once find they cannot prevail,
Overcharg'd with despight their faces grow pale ;
There's nothing that can their fancy please more,
Than to see foolish men their feature adore.

3. They would by their frowns to observance per-
[swade,
The men they do fancy their slaves they have made,
And to be sure they will Tyranize more,
If a man do but once their pitty implore.
Why then should we men frail Women adore,
Since their pride is so great, and their pitty no more,

4. But sure all that Sex can ne'r prove so vain,
To sport or delight in a true-lover's pain ;
When a languishing eye in a Lover they view
To their cruelty sure, they must needs bid adieu ;
Where good humour I find, I there will adore,
Say the world what it will, I will never give o're.

A mock to the Song of Harry *gave* Doll,
and to that Tune.

1. AS I walk't in the woods one Evening of late,
A Girl was deploring her hapless estate ;
She

She sigh'd and she sob'd; Ah! wretched she said,
Will no youth come sucker a languishing Maid?
Shall I sigh and cry, and look pale and wan,
And languish for ever for want of a man?
Shall I sigh and cry and look pale and wan,
And languish, &c.

2. Alas when I saw a young man in the place,
My colour did fade, and then flusht in my face,
My breath wou'd grow short, and I shiver'd all o're,
I thought 'twas an Ague, but alas it was more:
For e're since I have sigh'd, and do what I can,
I find I must Languish for want of a man;
For e're since I have sigh'd; and do what I can,
I find I must, &c.

3. In bed all the night, I weep on my pillow,
To see some Maids happy, whilst I wear the Willow,
I revenge my self on the innocent sheet,
Wherein I have oft made my teeth for to meet,
But I fear 'tis in vain, let me do what I can,
I must languish for ever for want of a man;
But in my dispair, I'le dye if I can
And languish no longer for want of a man.

A Late Song.

1. HOw charming are those pleasant pains,
Which the successful lover gains.
O ! how the Longing spirit flyes,
On scorching sighs from dying eyes,
Whose intermixing rayes impart,
Loves welcome message from the heart?

2. Then how the Active pulse growes warm
To every sense gives the allarm
But oh the rashness, and the qualmes
When Love unites the melting Palmes !
What extasies, what hopes and feares,
What pretty talk, and Amorous tears?

3. To these a thousand vows succeed,
And then, O me, still we proceed,
'Till sense and souls are bath'd in bliss,
Think dear *Aminda* think on this,
And curse those hours we did not prove
The ravishing delights of Love.

A New SONG.

Marriage All a Mode.

1. WHilst *Alixis* lay prest
In her armes he lov'd best,
With his hands round her Neck,
And his head on her breast.
He found the fierce pleasure too hasty to stay,
And his soul in the tempest just flying away.

2.

When *Cœlia* saw this,
With a sigh and a kiss,
She cry'd, oh my dear, I am rob'd of my bliss;
'Tis unkind to your love, and unfaithfully done
To leave me behind you, and dye all alone.

3.

The youth though in hast,
And breathing his last,
In pitty dyed slowly, whilst she dyed more fast;
'Till at length she cry'd, now my Dear, now let us go,
Now dye my *Alixis*, and I will die too.

Thus

4

Thus intranc'd they did lye,
'Till *Alixis* did try,
To recover new breath, that again he might dye;
Then often they did; but the more they did so,
The Nymph did more quick, and the shepherd more
[slow.

The first new Song in Marriage All a Mode

1. O Love if e're thou'lt ease a heart,
That ownes the Power Divine,
That bleeds with thy too cruel dart,
And pines with never ceasing smart,
Take pitty now on mine.
Under the shades I fainting lye,
A thousand times I wish to dye;
But when I find cold death so nigh,
I grieve to lose my pleasing pain,
And call my wishes back again.

2. But thus as I sate all alone
I'th the shady mirtle grove,
And to each gentle sigh and moan,
Some neighbouring Eccho gave a grone,
Came

Came by the man I love.
O how I strove my grief to hide?
I panted, Blusht, and almost dyed',
And did each tatling Eccho chide,
For fear some breath of moving Air
Should to his Ears my sorrows bear.

3. But, O ye Powers, I'de dye to gain,
But one poor parting kiss;
And yet I'de be on racks of pain
Ere I'le one thought or wish retain
Which honour thinks amiss:
Thus are poor maids unkindly us'd,
By love and nature both abus'd,
Our tender hearts all ease refus'd,
And when we burn with secret flame
Must bear the grief, or dye with shame.

To the Tune of *I past all my hours in a shady old Grove.*

1. I Posted my self by the wings of my fate,
Through a Desart complaining the loss of my [mate,

Where the little Birds throng'd in flights they
[appear,
For to help me lament the loss of my Dear;
Then pitty, O pitty, sweet Ladies my pain
That loveth, that loveth in vain.

2. Each hour they befriended me in making my
[Bed,
And brings me green leaves to lay under my head,
Where I rest my poor Carkess o're tyr'd with woe,
And the boughes all the Covering the wood can
[bestow,
Then pitty, &c.

3. Sometimes in a Dream I imagine I see
The glance of his Figure presented to me;
When I think I embrace her in *Phillis's* bed,
But when I awake, O my true love is fled,
Then pitty, &c.

Then I wish't I had layn all my days in a dream,
That my tortured sorrows like pleasures might seem
To Crown my poor heart as if *Phillis* was found,
But lost on a suddain, oh the cruel wound,
Then pitty, &c.

A Theatre Song.

I Must confess not many years ago,
'Twas death when e're my Mistress answear'd no;
Then I was subject to her Female yoak,
And stood or fell by every word she spoke;
But now I find the Intregues of love to be,
Nought but the Follies of our infancy.

2. I can a Rich or handsome Lady Court,
Either for my convenience or for sport;
But if the one be proud or the other Coy,
I cannot break my sleep for such a Toy;
My heart is now for all assaults prepar'd,
And will not be commanded or insnar'd.

The new Song in Charles *the eighth, set by* Mr. Pelham Humphrey's.

OH love if ere thou wilt ease a heart
That ownes thy power Divine,
And bleeds with thy too cruel dart,
Take pitty now on mine;
Under thy Shades I fainting lye,
A thousand times I wish'd to die;
But when I find cold death too nigh,

I grieve to lose my pleasing pain
And call my wishes back again.

And thus as I sat all alone
In the shady mirtle Grove;
And to each gentle sigh and moan
Some neighbouring Eccho gave a groan,
Came by the man I love;
O how I strove my greif to hide,
I panted, blusht and almost dyed.
And did each tatling Ecchoe chide,
For fear some breath of moving air
Should to his ears my sorrow bear.

And Oh you powers, I dye to gain
But one poor panting kiss,
Glad yet I'de be on racks of paine,
Ere I'de one thought or wish retain
That honour thinks amiss:
Thus are poor maids unkindly us'd,
By love and nature both abus'd,
Our tender hearts all ease refuse;
And when we burn with secret flame,
Must bear our greifs, or dye with shame.

On

On his Mistris that lov'd Hunting.

1. LEave *Cœlia*, leave the woods to chase,
'Tis not a sport, nor yet a place
For one that has so sweet a face.

2. Nets in thy hand, Nets in thy brow,
In every limb a snare, and thou
Dost lavish them thou car'st not how.

3. Fond Girle these wild haunts are not best
To hunt: nor is a Savage beast
A fit prey for so sweet a breast.

4. O do but cast thine eyes behind,
I'le carry thee where thou shalt find
A tame heart of a better kind.

5. One that hath set soft snares for thee,
Snares where if once thou fettered be,
Thou't never covet to be free.

6. The Dews of *April*, the Winds of *May*
That flowr's the Meads, and glads the Day
Are not more soft, more sweet than they.

7. And

7. And when thou chancest for to kill,
Thou needst not fear no other ill
Than Turtles suffer when they Bill.

On a Scriv'ner.

HEre to a period is a *Scriv'ner* come;
This is his last sheet, full point and total sum.
Of all aspersions, I excuse him not,
'Tis plain, he liv'd not without many a blot;
Yet he no ill example shew'd to any,
But rather gave good coppies unto many.
He in good Letters allways had been bred,
And hath writ more, then many men have read.
He Rulers had at his command by law,
Although he could not hang, yet he could draw.
He did more, Bondmen make then any,
A dash of's pen alone did ruine many,
That not without all reason we may call
His letters great or little, Capitall;
Yet tis the Scrivner's fate as sure as Just,
When he hath all done, then he falls to dust.

On

On a Sexton.

I Many graves have made, yet injoy'd none,
This which I made not, I possess'd alone;
Each corps without imbalming it did serve
My life like precious balsome to preserve;
But death then kind was, now cruel found I have;
Robbing me of life, without my living grave;
And yet 'twas kind still to, for in the grave
Where once I labour had, now peace I have;
I made good use of time, and night and day
Took care and heed, how th' hours go away,
I still was ready for a grave, nor shall
I grieve at what I most joy'd, a Funeral
As I was wont, no not so prone as then,
Out of the grave I shall arise agen.

On a FART.

I Sing the praises of a Fart,
That I may doo't by terms of Art;
I will invoke no deitie,
But butter'd Pease and Furmetie;
And think their help sufficient
To fit and furnish my intent;
When *Virgils* gnat and *Ovids* flea,
And *Homers* frog strove for the day;

There

There is no reason in my mind,
Why a Fart should come behind,
Since that we may it paralel,
With any thing that doth excell;
Musick is but a Fart that's sent,
From the guts of an Instrument;
The Scholler Farts, when he gains
Learning with cracking of his Brains,
And when he hath spent much pain and oyl.
Thomas and others to reconcile,
For to learn the distracting art,
What doth he get by it? not a Fart;
The thunder that does roar so loud
Is but the Farting of a Cloud;
And if withall the wind do stirr up
Rain, then 'tis a Farting Sirrup:
The Soldier makes his foes to run,
With but the farting of a Gun,
That's if he make the Bullets whistle,
Else 'tis no better than a fizle;
Fine boats that by the times about, [Thames]
Are but Farts several Docks let out;
They are but Farts, the words we say,
Words are but words, and so are they;
Farts are as good as Land, for both
We hold in Tail, and let 'em both;
As soon as born they by and by
Fart-like but only sing and dye;

Applause

Applause is but a Fart, the rude
Blast of the whole multitude;
And what is working Ale I pray,
But Farting Barme which makes a way
Out at the bunghole, by farting noise,
When we do hear it's sputtring voice;
And when new drank, and without hopps,
It makes us fart, and seldome stopps.
I more of Farts would write I vow,
But for my gutts I cannot now,
For now they wonderfully rumble,
And my stomack begins to grumble,
Which makes me think that Farts ere long
Will at my noke there find a Tongue,
And there sing out their own praises,
In thundring and in choaking Phrases;
Where I leave them, and them to you,
And so I bid you all adeu.
What I have said take in good part,
If not I do not care a Fart.

Silence the best Wooer.

1. WRong not dear Empress of my heart,
The mearits of true passion,
With thinking that he feels no smart,
That sues for no compassion.

2. Since

2. Since that my thoughts serve not to prove
The conquest of your Beauty,
It comes not from defect of Love,
But from excess of duty.

3. For think you that I sue to serve
A Saint of such perfection
As all desire, but none deserve
A place in her affection.

4. I rather chuse to want relief,
Than venture the relieving,
When glory recommends the grief,
Despair distrust's th' atchieving.

5. Thus the desires that aim too high
For any mortal lover,
When reason cannot make 'em dye,
Discretion doth them cover.

6. Yet when discretion doth believe,
The Plaints that they shall utter;
Then thy discretion may preceive,
That Silence is a Sutor.

7. Silence in Love bewrayes more woe,
Than words though nere so witty;

The

The begger that is dumb you know
Deserveth double pitty.

8. Then mis-conceive not, dearest heart,
My true though secret passion;
He smarteth most that hides his smart,
And sues for no compassion.

Beauty is not the guide to Affection.

OF Beauty there's no rule, neither can be,
Since that I like, pleases not him, nor thee.
One likes a dimpled Cheek, a double chin,
One likes a sparkling Eye, and so agen;
One likes a lusty lass, to quench his fire,
Another, might he have but his desire,
Would reject all we have nam'd before,
And nor double Chin, nor dimpled cheek adore,
Neither would care for Sparkling Eye a bit,
And reject Lustiness, but adore VVit;
One likes a Lady that is short, and small;
Another one perhaps that's big and tall;
You like a Lady cause shee's very free,
I don't, for fear I should cornuted be;
One likes a Woman, for such, and such a grace,
One cares for nothing but a handsome face;

One

One loves to see flaxen locks hang down,
Another man delights in lovely brown;
Thus all men vary you do see, and now
Where's the good man I pray that kist the Cow.

FINIS.

Appendix.

APPENDIX.

Notes, Various Readings, and Emendations of Text,

(NOW FIRST ADDED).

Who was the 'Author' of the *Westminster Drolleries?*

Books of this class, Collections of Songs by various writers, were formerly printed without careful revision. Typographical errors and mistaken readings abound, each edition becoming worse. Occasionally, we are guided, by initials on the title-page, to a knowledge of the so-called 'Author'; for the most part, merely a compiler. Even acute scholars have been misled by such announcements, through want of caution in examining the different versions, if any were to be found. Thus, George Ellis, in his tastefully selected "Specimens of the Early English Poets," 1801, vol. iii. p. 381, gives credit to Robert Veel, as the "author of 'New Court Songs and Poems,'" 1672; calling him "an easy versifier, though without much originality." He is not aware that a large number of the Songs, if not all, in the volume mentioned are *certainly* by other writers. This brings an amusing result. In the belief that "As poor Aurelia sate alone" is by Robert Veel, Ellis gives it on p. 382, along with two other poems. He had previously declared of Thomas Flatman (p. 362), "This poet is a miserable imitator of Cowley." But the song "As poor Aurelia," which Ellis admires in the supposition of it being Veel's, is actually one of calumniated Flatman's own, and appears in the 1674 edition of his "Poems and Songs."

By the Author of the *Westminster Drolleries*, then, we are to understand the Compiler or Collector, who gives us moreover some "Additions" of his own.

If Richard Mangie, who boasts of knowing the name

of this "Author" (see his lines beginning, "Haveing perused your Book," after the title-page to Part 2,) had kindly imparted his information in the verse, instead of the fulsome praise of his friend, as being superior to all whose contributions are gathered beside, our thanks to him would have been greater. He declares:—

"How easie is it for a man to know
Those Songs you made from those collected too!"

Not at all easy for a man, whether Mangie or otherwise. Documentary evidence would be valuable. In the absence of this we can but hazard a suggestion; viz., that the compiler and arranger of *Westminster Drolleries* may possibly be the same as the writer of *Grammatical Drollery*, which was "by W. H., London; printed for Tho. Fox, 1682:" The said W. H. being Captain William Hicks, or Hickes, editor and part-author of the "Oxford Jests," 1669. But he was not the same Hicks whose celebrity was attested by old suburban mile-stones near London, and marking "three miles from where Hick's Hall formerly stood" (see Charles Knight's amusing chapter xiv. of "London"): it was Sir Baptist Hicks who built the Sessions-House, in St. John's Street, Clerkenwell, 1612. We assuredly find four of W. H.'s songs in Part I. of the present volume, eleven years before their publication in his own *Grammatical Drollery*. These are, "Alas! what shall I do," (p. 7); "My Mistress she is fully known" (p. 40); "My Mistress she loves Dignities" (p. 42); and "Wife, prethee come give me thy hand now" (p. 44). See notes on these pages. Unfortunately, Hicks's taste inclined more to Mockeries, or Parodies and burlesques, and to ribaldry, than to the higher class of poems. To him were addressed at least two Congratulatory Poems on the publication of his Oxford Jests. In "Merry Drollery Compleat; or, a Collection of Jovial Poems, Merry Songs, Witty Drolleries," &c., edition 1691, Part 2nd, are two pieces, (not in 1661 edition): one, On Captain Hicks, his Oxford Jeasts, which begins, "Sublimest discretions, have club'd for expressions," p. 287; (by E. Edwards, London, 1684;) has

"*Will*

"*Will Summers* and *Scoggin* with *Archee* be jogging,
Your Quirks and your Quibbles are folly:
No such rare Antidotes ere took flight from your throats,
'Gainst the poison of black Mellancholy.

One reading a score did with laughter give o're,
Or his broad sides had else split in sunder;
At next Ordinary he with repeating of three
Made the wits at the board to knock under."

(p. 288. cf. O. W. Holmes, "Height of the Ridiculous.") The other, p. 317, On the Printing of the Oxford Jests, is in imitation of Suckling's Ballad, and commences, "I tell thee, Kit, where I have been." The first part of the "*Oxford Drollery*" is avowedly of his own writing, and was published in 1671, the same year as *Westminster Drollery*, Part I. Whosoever may have been responsible for the latter, again came forward with a volume, three years after his Second Part to the *Westminster*, entitled "*Mock Songs and Joking Poems*, all novel, consisting of Mocks to several late Songs about the Town—with other New Songs, and Ingenious Poems, much in use at Court and both Theatres. Never before printed. *By the Author of Westminster Drollery*. London, Printed for William Birtch, at the Peacock in the Poultry, near Old Jury, 1675," pp. 142. It contains some coarse parodies, even on choicest songs that adorn the present pages (ex. grat., "By the side of a Brook"), and a few poems that we have ascertained to be by other writers, Alexander Brome, Richard Flatman, &c. We suspect the final poem in each part of W. D. is by the author of the Collection, whosoever he may have been.

Part 1st. Page 1. *I pass all my Hours*, &c.

In John Playford's "Choice Ayres," Book 1. p. 11, 1676, is the music, set by Pelham Humphrey, to this charming "Song, said in an old copy to be written by KING CHARLES II." Given in Sir John Hawkins's "History of Music," 1776, vol. V., p. 476. Horace Walpole's opinion was that there is "nothing in the following amatory

amatory song to contradict the report of its having been said in an old copy to be written by this witty prince." (Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors, 1806 edit., i. 154; cf. Works, i. 327.) Dryden praises Charles, in his "Threnodia Augustalis, a Funeral Pindaric," for

"His conversation, wit, and parts,
His knowledge in the noblest useful arts," &c.

The Earl of Rochester's lampoon on him, as one who "never said a foolish thing, nor ever did a wise one," is well known; but the king's retort, asserting that his "actions were his Ministers'," while his words were all his own, deserves at least equal notoriety. Dr. Bliss, in a manuscript note in the British Museum, gives from Thomas Hearne's MS. Collections, 1706, vol. xi., the following:

KING CHARLES THE SECOND'S RIDDLE.

What's that in the Fire, and not in the Flame?
What's that in the Master, and not in the Dame?
What's that in the Courtier, and not in the Clown?
What's that in the Country, and not in the Town?

To ourselves in later days, who know the poem on the letter H. (long erroneously accredited to Lord Byron,) viz.: "'Twas whisper'd in Heaven, 'twas mutter'd in Hell," the above Riddle by His Gracious Majesty may not appear Sphynxian, being simply the letter R. But the origination of a puzzle with any portion of the alphabet was something gained, and this seems to be the earliest example.

Of "I pass all my hours" we have seen no copy printed before this in the Westminster Drollery, when it was evidently quite new. But it re-appears a year later, in the "Windsor Drollery," 1672, p. 132. The variations are unimportant (as usual in the Windsor D., which is inferior in printing to the Westminster, and has no titles): viz., *a* day *when*; there's no Hell; *when* I find (so in Hawkins); *had* been kind; *When* I see (Hawkins); *joys* above; *Whilst* alone; no Hell; *So* she may [evid. wrong]. Hawkins' readings:—*But* I live not; *'tis* I think; *on* the green; 'tis I think *that* no joys *are*; *And* then 'tis I think *that*, &c. The 1676 version reads, *Like* the pleasures. If

In "Mock Songs and Joking Poems," 1675, p. 3, is an objectionable parody, of which a few lines will be sufficient:—

"I pass all my hours with a dingy old Punk,
And she lives not a day, but she's sure to be drunk;"

The burden of it is:—

"O then 'twas, and now 'tis, that there's no such hell
Then with an old Beldam to dwell."

In the second verse we are told that

"She needs must be conscious she's old; but the Trot,
Though she looks in her Glass, yet believes she is not."

And, in the final stanza, the penny siller, or tocher guid, is remembered in her favour:—

"But when I consider the wealth she did bring,
And the love still to me shew'd in every thing,
I fear I have wrong'd her; yet wish with her charms
She still may be lock'd in another man's arms.
O then boys, O then, there's no joy above
Like her absence, her absence in love."

Page 2. *A Lover I am, and a Lover I'll be.*

Given (with music by Pelham Humphrey) in "Choice Ayres," 1676, Book 1. p. 14; where we read A Lover *I'm born*; let wisdom *abound* in; *sign* of ill nature; is *pall'd*; *some* little.

Also in "Windsor Drollery," 1672, p. 6 (where the reading is "he *that* loves well"). This song was very popular, often referred to, and parodied. One of the "Mocks" to it is in Part ii. p. 84 (see note, post). Two others are given, by the Author of W. D., in "Mock Songs," 1675, pp. 2, 85. The latter of these is song 30,

IN THE PRAISE OF TOBACCO.

(*A Mock to 'A Lover I am,' &c., and to that tune.*)

Tobacco I love, and Tobacco I'le take,
And I hope good Tobacco I ne're shall forsake;

'Tis

'Tis drinking and wenching destroys still the creature;
But this noble fume does dry up ill nature:
Then those that despise it, shall never be strong;
But those that admire it, will ever look young.

With pipe after pipe, we still keep in motion,
In puffing and smoking, like Guns on the Ocean,
And when they are out, we charge 'em and then
We stop 'em, and ram 'em, and re-charge agen:
Since we with Tobacco can keep ourselves sound,
Let *Bacchus* and *Venus* in *Lethe* be drown'd.

The other, Song 2, p. 2, begins:—

"A Drunkard I am, and a Drunkard I'le dye,
And the sight of a brimmer does cherish my eye,
Though my guts are so full, there's no room for a drop,
Yet methinks 'tis a pleasure to bob at the Cup;
Which bobbing and smelling, so settles my brain,
That without any sleeping I fall to't again.

With Cup after Cup, I still keep in motion,
Till my brains dance *Lavaltos* like ships on the ocean;
When my senses are pal'd and you think I'm slain,
The scent of a Celler revives me again:
Then hey for God *Bacchus*, the prince of us all,
'Tis he I adore, and for evermore shall."

Page 3. *How hard is a heart to be cured!*

Also in "Windsor Drollery," 1672, p. 137, Song 260. Different readings:—*an* heart; pain *that* by force; *Which despiseth* our *passion*, and *laughs* at our *care*; *Then since* nothing but Death *can* untye; fetters *with which* you *insnare* me [wrong: for enslave]; *And* if you're unwilling to *save* me, I am: 2. *But* how much; and *give ear* to the *voice* of his p.; *Then* your Slave; To *shew* the; *And* it shall; true *she* kill'd; *But she* rais'd: 3. *Yet* at one; Love *hath*; cold thoughts from your *pitiless* mind, *And force you, at length, to love and be kind*; *my* fair one; *When* she to; *Shall* say, *I'le* be.

Here, in verse 3, is either (probably) a lost line recovered, or a redundancy that had been omitted. A Mock, or Parody on this song, beginning "How hard is

is a wench to be gotten!" occurs in "Mock Songs and Joking Poems," 1675, p. 127. It is of no value.

Page 4. *Cloris, let my passion ever.*

Also in "Windsor Drollery," 1672, p. 52 *(bis)*, Song 52. Different readings:— be to *thee*; *A* flame so; *Knew* the like; *thine* Ears; Nor *the* love *which is*; 3. *When* you once *are*; *to* mine *to* pay; *'Tis gratitude that* I desire; fuel *Still* to keep *that*; *And* when *I'm* forc'd *through*; From *these my*; my *Ashes* [wrong], &c.

Page 5. *A Wife I do hate.*

The author of this Song, (which at once took the town by storm,) Wm. Wycherley, died in 1715, aged 75. It is Lady Flippant's "new song against Marriage," in his Comedy of "Love in a Wood, or, St. James's Park," Act 1, Sc. 2. As was said by our worthy friend, Bailie L., of Rauchenburg in the north, "There's a wee bit improper story conneckit wi' this auld sang, ye ken!"

Mrs. Jameson in her amusing "Memoirs of the Beauties of the Court of Charles the Second," (edit. 1851, p. 87), refers to the anecdote in question as being "too characteristic to be given here. It may be found in Grainger, and in Dennis's letters." This is prudent; as in a case we remember, where a Young Lady corrected the tame version of a story she heard some one repeating, by declaring that it was a much stronger and more objectionable word that had been omitted, to the great injury of the tale. When pressed to mention what was the true version, she declared, "O dear no! certainly not, she would rather die than speak it;" but, sooner than that they should be disappointed, she "would write it down." Leigh Hunt is less scrupulous than these ladies, but in his Memoir of Wycherley, prefixed to that poet's Dramatic Works, edition 1871, p. xi., he so wraps it up in periphrases that we nearly lose the point altogether.

Beautiful Lady Castlemaine, Duchess of Cleveland made acquaintance with Wycherley, at the date of Westminster Drollery, by means of this very song. In Pall Mall

Mall she called to him from the coach-windows as he passed near, "Sir, you are a rascal! you are a villain! you are the son of a"—— et cetera. It was startling, as a salutation from a handsome stranger; but she alluded to his own declaration in the last lines of the song, and thus chose to shew her sense of literary merits and gallantry,—for he had served as a volunteer in a Sea-fight against the Dutch. Wycherley, nothing loth, was equal to the occasion, took her challenge, spoke at once, or called next morning, humbly affecting to be afraid of having somehow incurred her displeasure, and succeeded at once in gaining an appointment for their meeting at the Play, by his boasting that for her sake, as being the finer woman of the two, he would break an engagement made previously with another. There is the story: *voila tout!* Wycherley dedicated the printed Comedy to her Grace, in 1672, with profuse compliments, although admitting that she stood "as little in need of flattery, as her beauty did of art."

Of her it seems true, as the Earl of Dorset described Sedley's daughter, the Countess of Dorchester:—

> Dorinda's sparkling wit and eyes,
> United, cast too fierce a light,
> Which blazes high, but quickly dies,
> Pains not the heart, but hurts the sight.
>
> Love is a calmer, gentler joy,
> Smooth are his looks, and soft his pace,
> *Her* Cupid is a blackguard boy,
> That runs his link full in your face.

The Song "A wife I do hate" is incorrectly given in Windsor Drollery, 1672, p. 10. It is answered the same year, in R. V.'s 'New Court Songs,' p. 116, beginning:—

> A Wife I adore
> If either she's constant or civil, &c.

In Westminster Drollery we have probably the earliest and best printed version of Wycherley's Song, 1671. In the play, we find a few variations, not improvements:—A *Spouse* I; *who* nothing will ask *us*; *Her* love

love [wrong]; takes *her*; Without *an* Act; *When* parents. Music by Pelham Humphrey in Pills P.M., v. 173.

Page 6. *Wert thou but half so wise.*

Notice the use of the term of "Beauty's *after-math*," or autumnal final-crop, a word again brought into use:

(Once again the fields we mow,
And gather in the *aftermath*.

Not the sweet, new grass with flowers,
Is this harvesting of ours;
Not the upward clover bloom;
But the rowen mixed with weeds,
Tangled tufts from marsh and meads,
Where the poppy drops its seeds
In the silence and the gloom.)

See Longfellow's recent volume. We find *Cupid* assailed with the Castlemaine epithet, which as Macaulay says "might most justly have been applied to her own children." The attack on Lucretia may seem atrocious, but is not without precedent. Theo. Beza has

Si fuit ille tibi Lucretia, gratus adulter,
Immerito merita præmia morte petis, etc.

Which Thomas Heywood renders, in his Epigram on Lucrece:—

If to thy bed the adulterer welcome came,
O *Lucrece*, then thy death deserves no fame.
If force were offred, give true reason why,
Being clear thy selfe thou for his fault wouldst dye?
Therefore in vaine thou seekst thy fame to cherish,
Since mad thou fal'st, or for thy sinne dost perish.

(T. H.'s Pleasant Dialogues and Dramas, edit. 1637, p. 268.)

Heywood also gives one from Antonio Casanova, *Of Lucrece*, beginning:—

"Why *Lucrece* better might herself have slaine
Before the act, than after her black staine," &c.

He glorifies her for having by self-murder caused her country

country to be freed from the yoke of the Tarquins. It is on p. 279 of the same volume :—

Dicite, cum melius cadere ante Lucretia posset,
Cur potius voluit post scelus illa mori.

But this enfranchisement she could scarcely have foreseen. And, even as Shakespeare gives it, in the popular acceptance of the legend, the Roman Matron's conduct is unsatisfactory. Threatened by Tarquin, she should have courted death sooner than accept dishonour; but she feared to leave a caluminated name behind, more than she loathed the outrage. She was excelled in virtue and self-sacrifice by many of our noble English ladies, who voluntarily died, during the Indian Mutiny, of 1857, to preserve their chastity.

Sir Francis Kynaston, in his "Cynthiades; or, Amorous Sonets," 1642, p. 133, has a Poem to Cynthia, his Mistress; on Seeing and Touching, which begins thus :—

Wert thou as kinde as thou art faire,
All men might have a part,
And breathe thee freely as the ayre:
For (*Cynthia*) thou art
In the superlative degree
More beauteous than the light,
And as the Sun art made to be
An object for the sight. &c.

And in Cotgrave's Wit's Interpreter (1655, p. 102; 1671, p. 209) is another song, entitled Disdain Returned; to which Henry Lawes set music :—

Wert thou much fairer than thou art,
Which lies not in the power of art;
Or hadst thou in thy eyes more darts
Than ever *Cupid* shot at hearts;
Yet if they were not shot at me,
I should not cast a thought on thee.

I'd rather marry a disease,
Than court the thing I cannot please;

She

She that would cherish my desires,
Must court my flames with equal fires.
What pleasure is there in a kiss,
To him that doubts her heart not his?

I love thee not because th' art fair,
Softer than down, smoother than air:
Nor for the *Cupids* that do lie
In every corner of thy eye;
Would you then know what it may be?
'Tis I love you, cause you love me.

Henry Bold, in his "Latine Songs," 1685, turns the above into "*Si præsuisses formula*," etc., p. 29.

Page 7. *Alas! what shall I do.*

This rollicking Drinking Song is, almost certainly, by CAPTAIN WILLIAM HICKS. In his "Grammatical Drollery," 1682, p. 104, it is printed more effectively in half lines. Al lect. :—1. Muse *afoot*; 2. *die* [dye] my wit in grain; *'Tis* the only; 3. *for* to obey; *That* commands me do't: *'Tis* they; *It is*, mark you that, *I'm* a Cup; *spoke* sense.

Page 8. *Silvia, tell me*, &c.

Also in "Windsor Drollery," 1672, p. 21: In 2nd verse misreads: 'tis *he* that I love.

Page 10. *Wherever I am, and whatever I do.*

By JOHN DRYDEN, in his "Almanzor and Almahide; or, the Conquest of Grenada," Part Ist., Act iv. sc. 2, 1671, a song addressed to Lyndaraxa. Given in "Hive," 1724, i. p. 231, "The Fond Lover;" elsewhere as "Phillis Always," and "The Confession." Music to it is in Pills to P.M., iii, 163. Corrections, by Dryden folio, 1701, i, 406:—2. heart *bounds*; awake; [*sad* dream: wrong]; *for* ever be kind. Music, by Alph. Marsh, in "Choice Ayres," i. 29.

Page 11. *Poor Celia once was very fair.*

A song by THOMAS FLATMAN, called "The Advice;" among

among his Poems, ed. 1686. Given also in "Windsor Drollery," p. 19, and with the Music in Pills to Purge Melancholy. iii. 153, 1719, as "*Cælia's* Complaint." Flatman has—her *dainty* cheek; *one* was not; to *walk* along; at *the* door; *She* dropt a tear (N.B.) See note on p. 118.

Page 12. *World thou art so wicked grown.*

A lively contrast between the smug Precisian and needy Cavalier, written probably before the Restoration. Ben Jonson in his Masque song of Cook Lorrel, 1621, had not forgotten the sanctified upturning of the Formalist's eyes. They help to diversify the banquet when appropriately cooked :—

"He called for a Puritan poacht,
That used to turn up the whites of his eyes."

At p. 14 the Reader may deliberate betwixt Rodomontade and Rhodomontade, as a correction; while our Etymologists are squabbling against each other.

P. 14. *How unhappy a Lover.*

By JOHN DRYDEN, in part 2 of his "Conquest of Grenada," Act iv. Sc. 3, Given in Windsor Drollery, p. 1. The interlocuters, in the play, are "*He* and *She*." The Dryden folio, 1701, i. 452, has :—2. *But* to pity; 3. *desire*; *fire*; 4. Yet at *least* (or, in Windsor D., *worst*); 5. O ye *Gods*; 6. to *your* Love; souls *to* meet *closer* above. Music, by Nicholas Staggins, in "Choice Ayres," 1676, i. 32.

Page 16. *Come live with me,* &c.

A shameless "Mock," or parody, on what Isaak Walton calls "that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlow, now at least fifty years ago"—that is, before 1593, Marlow having died at end of May in that year; "and the milkmaid's mother sung an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days" ('The Compleat Angler,' 1653, chapter 2). The sage mother naturally chose the common-sense rebuke, while

while the romantic damsel as fitly inclined to the impassioned pleading of the Lover. These two songs, dear to all who know anything of English poetry: "Come live with me, and be my Love!" and "If all the world and love were young," are in "England's Helicon," 1600, and Dr. Hannah's "Courtly Poets," 1870, pp. 10, 11.

Page 17. *How severe is forgetful Old Age.*

With music, by Pelham Humphrey, in "Choice Ayres," Book 1. p. 30. Omits *Yet* in verse 2; where*so*ever I go.

Page 18. *Never persuade me to 't.*

The sense is here obscured by defective punctuation. Read:—I therefore breathe; alas! you know, &c.; Inflame, as poysons do, only prepare &c. Thus in Windsor D., p. 10.

Page 24. *All the flatteries of Fate.*

Windsor Drollery, p. 11, reads:—*pleasures* of State, *There's* nothing; *does*; If *to* love; still *languishing little*, at *length*; *And* when; *To* be interr'd [wrong].

Page 25. *Love that is screw'd a pitch*, &c.

Windsor D., p. 6, corrects:—a *pin* too high; my *Cloris* frowns; she the *whole* world *drowns*.

Page 27. *O fain would I before I die.*

Evidently, this ought to be divided into three stanzas of 8 lines each. The last verse is especially beautiful. Omitting this altogether, an inferior version appears in 1716 edition of Dryden's Miscellany Poems, ii, 201 (not in 1702 edit.), as A Song, beginning "Fain would I, *Chloris*, e'er I die," &c., here given. It is thence copied into Nichol's collection of Poems, 1780, i. 176. With Henry Lawes' music, it appeared in John Playford's "Select Ayres and Dialogues," 1659, p. 39, as A Lover's Legacie:—

Fain would I, *Chloris*, e'er I die,
Bequeath you such a Legacy,
That you might say when I am gone,
None hath the like: My Heart alone
Were the best gift I could bestow,

But that's already yours, you know.
So that 'till you my Heart resign,
Or fill with yours the place of mine,
And by that grace my store renew,
I shall have nought worth giving you;
Whose breast has all the Wealth I have,
Save a faint carcase and a grave:
But had I as many Hearts as hairs,
As many lives as Love has fears,
As many lives as years have hours,
They should be all and only yours.

Page 28. *Thus all our life long,*

A Shepherds' May-pole Song, by THOMAS SHADWELL, in Act iii. of his tragi-comedy, "The Royal Shepherdess," 1669; with a fourth verse, omitted from Westminster Drollery:—

4. With our delicate Nymphs we kiss and we toy,
What all others but dream of, we daily enjoy;
With our Sweet-hearts we dally so long till we find
Their pretty Eyes say that their hearts are grown kind:
And when we have done, we laugh and lie down,
And to each pretty Lass we give a green Gown.

The entire scene forms a charming Pastoral: It gives us a glimpse into Arcadia:—

Life without Labour; full of joy,
And free from all Oppressors' wrong.

The shepherds sing:—

Here our own proper flocks of sheep
We may in pleasant safety keep.
Here a perpetual Spring does cloathe the Earth
And makes it fruitful with each season's birth.
In this fair climate every day
Is fresh and green as May,
And here no beauty can decay. They

They tell of the Jolly Shepherds' life :—

2.

Free from all cares, in pleasant shades
And fragrant bowers, we spend the day—
(Bowers which no heat, nor cold invades,
Which all the year are fresh and gay);
Each does his loving Mate embrace,
And in soft pleasures melts the hours away,
So innocently that no face
Of Nymph or Shepherd can a guilt betray :
And having ease, the Nurse of Poetry,
We sing the Stories of our Loves,
As chaste as Turtle-Doves,
Free from all fear and jealousie,
From every envious eye :
For every man possesses but his own,
No Shepherd sighs, nor Shepherdess does frown :
No Ambition here is found,
But to be crown'd
Lord or Lady of the May;
And on the Solemn Day
For singing to have praise,
Or for inditing to deserve the Bayes.
Thus, thus live we, &c.

3.

In the cool evening, on the lawns we play,
And merrily pass our time away.
We dance, and run, and pipe and sing,
And wrastle in a Ring :
For some gaudy wreaths of flowers,
Cropt from the fruitful fields, and bowers,
By some pretty Nymphs compos'd,
By their fair hands to be dispos'd
To those ambitious Shepherds, who
With virtuous emulation strive to do
What may deserve the Garlands, and (obtain'd)
Are prouder far than Princes that have gain'd
In fight their valour's prize,
Or over stubborn Nations victories;
Whilst in the adjoining grove the Nightingale
Does tell her mournful tale, And

And does our pleasures greet
With each note
So sweet, so sweet, so sweet
From her pretty jugging, jugging throat.
It does each breast inspire
With loving heat and with poetic fire.
Thus, thus live we, &c.

4.

We live aloof from Destiny
(That only quarrels with the Great,)
And in this calm retreat
(Content with Nature uncorrupted) we
From splendid miseries of Courts are free.
From pomp and noise, from pride, and fear,
From factions, from divisions clear,
Free from brave beggary, smiling strife:
This is indeed a Life!
No flaws in Titles vex our cares,
Nor quarrel we for what's our own,
No noise of War invades our ears,
We suffer not the rage of Sword or Gown.
Our little cabins stronger are
Than palaces, to keep out woes;
Nor ever take we care
To fortifie 'gainst any foes,
But little showers of rain, or hail,
Which seldom do this place assail.
Thus, thus live we, &c.

And then the shepherds and shepherdesses take hands round and dance, as they sing the song given in our text: "Thus all our life long we are frolick and gay." Music by John Banister, in "Choice Ayres." 1676, i. 15.

The list of country sports and games, in the original play, runs thus:—

At Trap and at *Keels*, and at Barlibreak run,
At Goff, and at *Stool-ball*, &c.

For Keels, or Kayles (Ninepins) see Strutt's "Sports & Pastimes," Hone's ed., 1838, pp. 270, 382, 102, 103. Notice, also, the allusion to taking Larks by means of a Daze, or dazzling bit of looking-glass, to which they descend,

descend, as though mistaking the reflection for another Sun, and so are entrapped. Tom D'Urfey, of facetious memory, has a humorous Song, sung at the wedding of Mary the Buxom, beginning,

"Come all, great, small, short, tall,
Away to Stool-ball;
Down in a vale on a summer's day,
All the lads and lasses met to be merry,
A match for Kisses at Stool-ball play,
And for Cakes and Ale and Sider [Cyder] and Perry."

It is in Act iii. Sc. 2 of his "Don Quixote" opera, Part 3rd., 1696. With the music, given in Pills P.M., i. 91.

"Dun in the Mire," a Yule-log sport, is mentioned in W. D., Pt. ii. p. 34. So in Chaucer, the Manciple's Prologue, "And saide, 'Sirs, what? Dun is in the Mire.'"

Page 29. *On the bank of a brook.*

We gain the useful correction of "some *far* desert," instead of "fair," in the last verse of this delightful song, from Windsor Drollery, p. 23. Other variations are:—that *grow*; might their Love; *Ah!* said; *And* Envy; it *would* stay, Would *quickly*, alas, make it *away* [wrong]; And a *new* world to, &c. Music by John Banister, in Choice Ayres, i. 34. Reads:—*should* stay, *Will* too soon, alas! make it decay.

Page 30. *Cellamina, of my heart.*

It is printed dialogue-fashion in Windsor D., p. 101, verses headed alternately *Damon* and *Celamina*. Variations;—If *with* your; I *shall*; works *the* quicker: Love by *quarrel*; *Physician's* wit; Fever; *rouzes*; *spur* to *vain* delight; at *the* height; ver. 6. is corrupt.

Pages 31 and 116. *Beneath a Myrtle shade.*

Another of JOHN DRYDEN'S songs, in his 'Conquest of Grenada,' Part I. Act iii., during the performance of the Zambra Dance. Music, by John Banister, in "Choice Ayres," i. 37. In the Hive, i. 157, entitled "The Lover's Dream." The two copies given in Westm. D. differ slightly

slightly from that in Dryden's first folio, 1701, i. 399 (where we read "Which Love for none but happy Lovers made,"), and from each other. "*Jove* for none" and "Virgin's head" are peculiar to Westm. D., and may be authentic from original MS. Our second part copy gives the final verse correctly; the other twice corrupts it.

'Glorious John' gave us here a charming lyric. At his best, what a true poet he was! Master of the sweetest and most thrilling chords. In grasp of power he is kingly. He employs the witchery of echoing sound, in the repetitions of the first verse:

"Whilst Love strew'd flowers beneath her feet:
Flow'rs, which so press'd by her, became more sweet."

Also, in his "Cymon and Iphigenia," with perfection of melody:—

"The fanning wind upon her bosom blows,
To meet the fanning wind the bosom rose:
The fanning wind and purling streams continue her repose.

Page 33. *As I lay all alone.*

Also in Windsor D., p. 112. Al. lect.—restless *mind; that caused* my woes; *Which* so; first I saw; now am left; *Now* farewel; it *now* has.

Page 35. *There was, and there was.*

In our own time with cheap and rapid postal communication, we associate the 14th of February and its calendar saint with little beyond the sending or receiving of Valentines,—letters, flowers, and gift-books. But two or three hundred years ago, though Valentine gifts were interchanged, there were also memorable customs: 1st., the drawing of Valentines by Lot; 2nd., (by superior good fortune) the having as first visitor in the morning (like a New Year's First Foot in the North) the person whose love was to enrich the following twelvemonth.

Let

Let the pretty Lyric in Part ii. p. 41, beginning, "As youthful Day put on his best," and also Ophelia's song, "Tomorrow it is St. Valentine's Day," suffice in reference to the latter custom, along with one which before 1756 Dr. Arne set to music :—

VALENTINE'S DAY.

When blushes dy'd the cheek of Morn,
And dew-drops glisten'd on the thorn,
When sky-larks tun'd their carols sweet,
To hail the God of light and heat,
Philander from his downy bed
To fair *Lisetta's* chamber sped,
Crying, Awake, sweet love of mine,
I'm come to be thy Valentine, &c.

Clio & Euterpe, 1762. i. 196.

As regards the Drawing of Mates by Lot, Douce says, in his 'Illustrations of Shakespeare:' "It was the practice in ancient Rome, during a great part of the month of February, to celebrate the *Lupercalia*, which were feasts in honour of *Pan* and *Juno*, whence the latter deity was named *Februata*, *Februalis*, and *Februlla*. On this occasion, amidst a variety of ceremonies, *the names of young women were put into a box, from which they were drawn by the men as chance directed.* The pastors of the early Christian church . . . substituted the names of particular Saints, instead of the women's; and as the festival of the *Lupercalia* had commenced about the middle of February, they appear to have chosen St. Valentine's day for celebrating the new feast, because it occurred nearly at the same time . . . It was utterly impossible to extirpate altogether any ceremony to which the common people had been much accustomed . . . Choosing mates would gradually become reciprocal in the sexes; and all persons so chosen would be called Valentines from the day on which the ceremony took place."

Absurd as may be the Poem at p. 35, it gives a valuable contemporary picture of the Drawing; a record of a custom already nearly past away. William Cartwright

wright, who died young, about 1643, in the posthumous collection of his Poems, 1651, p. 142, has left us the following poem on the subject:—

ON DRAWING OF VALENTINES.

Cast not in *Chloe's* Name among,
The common undistinguish'd throng,
I'll neither so advance
The foolish reign of chance,
Nor so depress the throne
Whereon Love sits alone:
If I must serve my passions, I'll not owe
Them to my fortune; ere I love, I'll know.

Tell me what God lurks in the Lap
To make that councel, we call Hap?
What power conveighs the name?
Who to it adds the flame?
Can he raise mutual fires,
And answering desires?
None can assure me that I shall approve
Her whom I draw, or draw her whom I love.

No longer then this Feast abuse,
You choose and like, I like and choose;
My flame is try'd and just,
Yours taken up on trust.
Hail thus blest *Valentine*,
And may my *Chloe* shine
To me and none but me, as I beleeve
We ought to make the whole year but thy Eve.

Well might *Ben Jonson* declare, 'My son Cartwright writes all like a man!' (Compare the notes on pp. 41 and 79 of Part 2.)

Page 37. *Was ever man so vex'd with a Trull?*

Not improbably this is by Captain *William Hicks*, or *Hickes*; the author of the three songs which immediately follow it. In the first part of "Oxford Drollery," 1671, devoted to his own writings, is another of similar character, p. 23, entitled

THE

THE NEW SCOLDING WIFE.

(Tune, *Gossips' Frolick.*)

1. Was ever man so vex'd with a wife
As I poor *Humphrey Dory?*
For now I am weary of my life,
As you will find by the story;
For every night she beats me,
And every day she cheats me,
She flounces and kicks, and she plays her tricks,
And this is the way she treats me.

2. When once a week but two pence I spend,
With my neighbours at a meeting,
She presently after us doth send,
And then she begins her greeting:
But when I do but come in, Sir,
Then she begins to grin, Sir,
To kick and to fling, and to make the house ring,
With 'A pox take ye,' where have you been,
Sir?'

3. When then quoth I, 'I lately went out
To speak with my Neighbour Pury'—
But before I can turn my self about
She flies at me like a Fury:
'How dare you go out o' th' doors, Sir?
. . . . . .
I'le make you to sit, to spin and to knit,
And never offend me more, Sir.'

4. Then down on my Mary-bones I fall,
And cry to her *peccavi;*
Or else she begins to scold and to brawl,
And swear all the Town shall not save ye.
Nay, if you do but quatch, Sir,
Or offer to draw the Latch, Sir,
I'le set up my note, and I'le bang your Coat,
And I think you have met with your match,
Sir.'

The Roxburgh Collection of Ballads gives us another, "The Cruell Shrow; or, the Patient Man's Woe," beginning "Come, batchelers and married men and listen to

to my Song" (I. 28; Bd. Soc., vol. i. p. 94), written by Arthur Halliarg, between 1607 and 1641. The subject was a favourite. Honest Dekker makes special mention of "the Humours of the Patient Man, and the Impatient Wife," as an attraction, on the title page of his best Comedy, 1604, 1630.

Page 40—43. *My Mistress she is fully known, &c.*

Both this song and "My Mistress she loves Dignities" are repeated, eleven years later, in Grammatical Drollery, consisting of . . Poems and Songs by W[illiam] H[icks], 1682; on pp. 62, 63. In the same volume are two more of similar character by him: 'My Mistress is all the Genders,' beginning "And first she's counted Masculine;" with 'My Mistress understands all the Cases,' beginning "My Mistress she hath policie." Both are to the same tune as the first in W. D., viz., 'Shackle de Hay,' or 'Shackley Hay' (Young Palmus; for music of which see Chappell, P.M., 368). These four Songs, popular in their day, help to give title and character to this latest and least interesting of the Drolleries.

Diff. Readings: She'll *searce them* (qu., for *search* ?) 3. Magister *is* her *Master*; 7 *Had* happy *been had* they *ne'er* knew. In second song:—no comparison *to* be; Trade. *For Audax boldly said unto her, Y'are* positively known.

She is still to *durus* hard,
And *often* with *sweet dulcis* jarr'd;
Which made *kind tristis very sad,*
To see poor Pauper us'd so bad.

3. *With* any alive, *In all* the illiberal sciences
Which she has learned by Degrecs,
Nay, was more hard *to durior*
Than all the rest o' 'th' Crew before.

4. Last I Superlative her call,
'Cause she'll be uppermost of all.
And yet, although she was so high,
Lov'd underneath her self to lie;

And

And us'd *durissimus*, I hear,
The hardest of all, when he came there.

5. Thus have I t'ye my Mistress shown,
How she is *Positively* known;
And *Comparatively* too,
She did out-learn the rest o' th' Crew;
And of her being *Superlative*,
'Cause she'd be highest of any alive.

Page 44. *Wife prethee come, &c.*

Probably by Captain WILLIAM HICKS, as it is in his "Grammatical Drollery," there beginning "Wife, come gi' me thy hand now!" Two verses are coupled into one. Verses 3 and 4 of Westminster Drollery are omitted. She declares that she will have "every *week* a new gown."

Page 47. *Make ready, fair Lady, to-night.*

This is Warner's 'new Song,' in Act iv. of Sir Martin Mar-All,' by JOHN DRYDEN, 1668. Moody makes comment, on hearing it:—"Bodykins! I like not that, to cozen her old Father; it may be my own case another time." We should be sorry to lose Dryden's comedies, even for the sake of an equivalent epic, such as he was capable of giving. Sir Walter says in Marmion:—

"And Dryden, in immortal strain,
Had raised the Table Round again,
But that a ribald King and Court
Bade him toil on, to make them sport;
Demanded for their niggard pay,
Fit for their souls, a looser lay,
Licentious satire, song, and play."

Page 47. *To little or no purpose, &c.*

This song is by Sir GEORGE ETHEREGE, in Act v. Sc. 1, of his comedy "She Would if she Could," 1668. The music was set by John Eccles, and is among his collected Songs (n. d., but about 1704), p. 73. There is a vivacity

city about Etherege which no change of fashion, no outcry of prurient prudes, can drive into oblivion. The comedy has been attacked with acrimony, *cela va sans dire*; especially by Sir Richard Steele in the Spectator (No. LI., April, 1711). We like Steele, personally, quite as well as Addison, but we are not always impressed by his hot and cold fits of moral indignation. As Charles Lamb has it, "a worn-out sinner is sometimes found to make the best declaimer against sin. The same high-seasoned descriptions which in his unregenerate state served to inflame his appetites, in his new province of a moralist will serve him (a little turned) to expose the enormity of those appetites in other men."

Page 48. *My name is honest Harry.*

Probably a new Song in 1671. It has always since been popular, both in this its original dress (given by Jamieson, Pop. Bds., ii. 285; by Ritson, Engl. Sgs., i. 149; in Hive, ii. 183, and in W. H. Logan's amusing Pedlar's Pack, p. 317, from W. D.), and in its later transformation—"My name's Honest Harry, O! Mary I will marry, O;" three stanzas modernized, as sung by Annette in Leonard Mc. Nally's Opera of "Robin Hood; or, Sherwood Forest," 1784. With music, this appears in "Calliope," edit. 1788, p. 324. The words are in Bullfinch, Roundelay, &c., various editions.

Page 50. *I saw a Peacock, &c.*

To the reader's eye this is injured, in its fun, by the commas, which guide too quickly to the true sense. It ought to be, as a puzzle, wholly without punctuation. Twenty years ago it was still a favourite of school boys. "My wishes greet: The English Fleet" is less known. A third is "I hold as faith, What Rome's church saith," or, "What *England's* Church allows." Printed in "Wit's Recreations," London, 1640, Reprint. p. 294.

Page 51. *I'll tell you true, whither doth stray.*

A different and inferior version is in "Wit Restored," 1658, (Reprint, p. 231), as a Mock-Song to Thomas Carew's beautiful 'Reply,' beginning, "Ask

"Ask me no more, whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day?
For, in pure love, heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair."

This seems the accepted first verse, and not "Ask me no more, where *Jove* bestows," &c., as given in W. C. Hazlitt's scholarly edition of Carew, Roxburghe Library, 1870, p. 125. Wit Restored gives the (apparently) original 'Question,'—"I aske thee whence those ashes were?" Carew's Reply; the present Mock-Song (corrupt version, *loc. cit.*,) beginning "I'll tell you true, whereon doth light The dusky shade of banisht night"); and two more of the group, "The Moderatix," and "The Affirmative Answer," beginning respectively "I'le tell you where another Sun," and "Oh no, heaven saw men's fancyes stray." Tennyson has been to the same fount: cf. his "Ask me no more: the moon may draw the sea," in "The Princess."

Page 52. *Noble, lovely, virtuous creature.*

By Sir HENRY WOTTON, who died in 1639. This and the two following poems are given in the '*Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*,' pubd. in 1651; respectively on pp. 492, 493, 499, 2nd edition, 1654. As to "William," in the text, he is Sergeant Hoskins; and "Harry" is Wotton himself. See the admirable memoir of the poet, by piscatorial Izaak Walton, prefixed to the *Reliquiæ*.

Page 54. *You meaner Beauties of the Night.*

As already mentioned, this is by Sir HENRY WOTTON, written about 1620, and printed in *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, where the title is "On his Mistriss, the Queen of Bohemia." She died in 1662, aged 66. See Thomas Park's edition, 1806, of H. Walpole's Catal. Royal and Noble Authors, i. 146, wherein she is mentioned, as "The amiable daughter of James I. to whom Lord Harington was preceptor, and whose marriage with the Prince Palatine, afterwards King of Bohemia, was solemnised with a profuseness of expense and pageantry,

that materially contributed to drain her father's exchequer. But this match, as Hume observes, though celebrated with great joy and festivity, proved itself a very unhappy event. . . In 1619 the Elector was made King of Bohemia."

Dr. Hannah notes that "it was printed with music as early as 1624, in Est's Sixth Set of Books, and is found in many MSS." (Courtly Poets, Aldine ed., 95). We find it a century afterwards adapted to Abiel Whichello's tune, "Would fate to me *Belinda* give." The lengthened version in Allan Ramsay's Tea Table Miscellany, about 1739, is there mistakenly "said to be made in honour of our Sovereign Lady Mary Queen of Scots;" but not following the Aberdeen Cantus of 1682, 3rd ed. No. LIV (which has "my *Mistriss* shine:" 8 verses). To point the moral and adorn the tale, the fifth Northern verse runs:—

> "But ah! poor Light, Gem, Voice, and Smell,
> What are ye if my MARY shine?
> Moon, Diamond, Flowers and *Philomel*,
> Light Lustre Scent and Musick tine,
> And yield to Merit more divine."

We prefer Wotton pure and simple to this Scottified version. The appropriation is almost as cool as that employed in regard to Sir Charles Sedley's exquisite Song, "Ah, Chloris! could I now but sit," in his "Mulberry Garden," Act iii. Sc. 2, 1665-8, (ill assigned to Duncan Forbes, of Culloden). Reliq. Wotton. reads:— 3. Your *pure* purple; 4. (last lines)

> *By Vertue first, then choyce a Queen,*
> Tell me, if she were not design'd
> Th' Eclypse *and* Glory of her kind?

In Additional MS. No. 22, 118, Brit. Museum, is a 6 verse copy signed Sir Henry Wotton. The stanzas run, 1. You m.; 2. Violets, 3. Chanters; 4. You glorious t; 5. So when; 6. The Rose. We give 4. and 6. from the Hive, ii. 168):—

> 4. You glorious trifles of the east,
> Whose estimation fancies raise
>
> Pearls,

Pearls, rubies, sapphires, and the rest
Of glitt'ring gems; what is your praise
When the bright diamond shews his rays?

6. The rose, the violet, the whole spring,
Unto her breath for sweetness run;
The diamond's darken'd in the ring;
If she appear, the moon's undone,
As in the presence of the sun.

Page 55. *And now all Nature, &c.*

Also by Sir HENRY WOTTON, Reliquiæ Wotton, p. 499; where its first title is "On a Bank as I sate a Fishing." In line 7, "my friend" is probably Izaak Walton, of whom Byron declares, ungratefully:—

"The quaint old cruel coxcomb, in his gullet
Should have a hook—and a small trout to pull it."

And this merely because the Angler advised us to insert the hook in the frog tenderly, "as though you loved him!" The "Syllabub under a tree" was a favourite treat, in songs. Last line read: *the* New, &c.

Page 56. *Stay, Shepherd, &c.*

In the Hive, iv. 76, 1732, is a different and shorter version, 5 stanzas, beginning "Stay, Shepherd, stay, I pr'ythee stay!" entitled "The Lover's Enquiry."

Page 59. *A blithe and bonny Country Lass.*

By THOMAS LODGE, b. 1556, d. abt. 1625. Entitled "Coridon's Song," it appears in "England's Helicon," 1600 (J. P. Collier's Blue Series Reprint. p. 129). It is in Lodge's "Rosalynde: Euphues' Golden Legacie," 1590. Variations numerous.

Page 61. *If Love be Life &c.*

Joseph Ritson (English Songs, 1783, i. 126) gives this, as by FRANCIS DAVISON, "son of William Davison, Secretary to Queen Elizabeth, who suffered so much through that Princess's caprice and cruelty in the tragical

gical affair of Mary Queen of Scots." Title, "Dispraise of Love and Love's Follies," in Davison's "Poetical Rhapsody," Ode x., printed in 1602. In Harl. MS. 280, fol. 103, assigned to A. W.

Page 62. *I serve Amynta, &c.*

Signed by "SHEPHERD TONIE," in England's Helicon," 1600; where it is entitled "*Montana* the Shepherd, his love to *Aminta*." J. P. Collier's Reprint, p. 124. Read *stream*, in verse 2.

Page 63. *Shepherd, what's Love*, &c.

"In 'England's Helicon,' 1600, with the first signature [Raleigh's initials] obliterated [by pasting over them a slip of paper with the word 'Ignoto'], and ascribed to 'S. W. Rawly' in F. Davison's list, Harl. MS. 280, fol. 99. It is anonymous in Davison's 'Poetical Rhapsody,' 1602, &c., as 'The Anatomy of Love,' with no distinction of dialogue, and the first line running, 'Now what is love, I pray thee tell?' An imperfect copy of the first and last stanzas forms 'the third song' in T. Heywood's 'Rape of Lucrece,' 1608, &c."

We borrow this note from Dr. Hannah, a safe authority, who gives the song as SIR WALTER RALEIGH's. He does not mention the Westminster D. copy. He also notes that "Sauncing bell is frequently used for 'Saint's bell,' *quod ad sancta vocat*." "Sauncing bell" is probably a variation of phrase from the *Sanctus* or Passing Bell, tolling to bid hearers pray for the soul of a dying person. In our rural parishes, where it is still maintained, we have lost the pious use by not tolling until news arrives of the actual death. The dialogue here given to *Tom* and *Will* is between *Melibœus* and *Faustus*. Variations: line 17, *The Lasse saith no, and would full faine*. Line 23, *Then Nimphs take vantage while ye may*.

Robert Heath, in his "Clarastella," 1650, p. 36, has a sort of Answer to this, entitled "The Quære, What is Love?" beginning "'Tis a child of Phansies getting."

Page

Page 64. *Run to Love's Lottery.*

Music by A. Marsh, in Playford's "Choice Ayres," 1676, i. 5. By Sir WM. DAVENANT, in his tragedy, "The Unfortunate Lovers," Act iii. Sc. 1, sung by Orna. The first edition was in 1643, another in 1649, but the song does not appear until after the Restoration, when it was added with another, and is in the folio edition of 1673. Pepys saw the play in April, 1668. Folio reads:—*When* drawing your chance; to *old bishop Valentine;* As if *at night* the god; will *be strewn;* willow, willow; but so *good as kindly* to lay me; ring.

My Rose of youth is gone,
Wither'd as soon as blown!
Lovers, go ring my knell!
Beauty and Love farewel!
And lest Virgins forsaken
Should, perhaps, be mistaken
In seeking my grave, Alas! let them know
I lye near a shade of Willow, willow.
(*Davenant's Wks.*, 1673, p. 140.)

In "Folly in Print," 1667, p. 72, is a song entitled The Lottery of Love, beginning, "Who draws most blanks, the most gets in." To an old devout tune.

Page 65. *Poor Chloris wept.*

Given by George Ellis, in his Spec. E. English Poetry, 1801, iii. 317, from "British Miscellany." He omits to mention the date, but it is probably much later than our copy.

Page 67. *Rocks, Shelves, and Sands.*

This lively song is by JOHN LYLY, or LILLY (the author of "Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit," 1579, and "Euphues and his England," 1580; both reprinted by Edward Arber in his invaluable series of English Reprints, 1868. Would that they were resumed!). It is in Lyly's "Gallathea," 1585, Act i. Sc. 4; sung after a shipwreck. In the first verse all sing together ("sands, and *seas,* farewell"). *Robin* takes "Up *were* we," &c.

The

The half-lines follow from *Dicke* and *Raffe;* and the question asked by them all, answered by *Robin. Raffe* sings the joys of highwaymen, as preferable to being tost at sea. *Dicke* moralizes on the sound basis of the trade, and glances prospectively at the *sus. per col,* which may be his idea of natural death. A final verse, omitted from W. D., is this :—

Omnes. "Rove then, no matter whither,
In fair or stormy weather,
And as wee live let's dye together,
One hempen caper cuts a feather."

This is as jovial unanimity as Fletcher's catch :—

Three merry boys, and three merry boys,
And three merry boys are we :
As ever did sing three parts in a string,
All under the triple tree.

(Or, in Walter Scott's modernization, with more of taking Liberty and Fraternity than Equality :—

Thou on the land, and I on the sand,
And Jack on the gallows tree.)

Page 69. *Madam, I cannot court, &c.*

With variations, this is in Cotgrave's "Wit's Interpreter," 1655, p. 15 : 1671, p. 119 (we have not seen edit. 1640), as "A Country Suitor to his Love," beginning "Fair Wench, I cannot court," &c. The differences are numerous, and show a skilful re-casting, our version being the better.

Page 70. *A Watch lost in a Tavern.*

Also in Wit's Interpreter, 1655, p. 88; 1671, p. 194. Verbal differ. :—*You know* how men *in;* A Watch *keeps* time, and if time *pass* away, *There is small* reason *that.* Others inferior.

Page 70. *When as the Nightingale.*

This song was certainly written in English before 1658, at

at which date died John Cleaveland who wrote a mock to it: not only parodying the single verse of our text, but also the other three verses, oddly omitted, now restored here. In the 1665 edition, p. 70; 1687, p. 65, of Cleaveland's Poems, it is entitled "MARK ANTHONY." Our fifth, sixth, and seventh lines are rightly printed in half lines. Here are the other verses:—

2

First on her cherry cheeks I mine eyes feasted,
Thence fear of surfeiting made me retire;
Next on her warmer lips, which when I tasted
My duller spirits made me active as fire;
Then we began to dart,
Each at another's heart,
Arrows that knew no smart;
Sweet Lips and smiles between.
Never *Mark Anthony*, &c.

3

Wanting a glass to plate her Amber tresses,
Which like a Bracelet rich decked mine Arm,
Gawdier than *Juno* wears when as she graces
Jove with embraces more stately than warm;
Then did she peep in mine
Eyes, humour Chrystalline,
I in her eyes was seen,
As if we one had been.
Never *Mark Anthony*, &c.

4

Mystical grammer of Amorous glances,
Feeling of pulses, the Physick of Love,
Rhetorical Courtings and Musical Dances,
Numb'ring of Kisses Arithmetick prove [:]
Eyes like Astronomy,
Straight-limb'd Geometry
In her Art's Ingeny,
Our wits were sharp and keen.
Never *Mark Anthony*
Dallied more wantonly
With the fair *Ægyptian Queen*.

We

We give the first verse of John Cleaveland's Mock-Song:—

When as the Night-raven sang *Pluto's Mattins*,
And *Cerberus* cry'd three Amens at a howl,
When night-wand'ring Witches put on their pattins,
Midnight as dark as their Faces were foul:
Then did the Furies doom
That the Night-Mare was come;
Such a mis-shapen Groom
Puts down Sir *Pomfret* clean.
Never did *Incubus*
Touch such a filthy *Sus*,
As this foul Gypsie Quean.

2nd verse begins, "First on her gooseberry cheeks I mine eye blasted." 3rd, "Like snakes ingend'ring were platted her tresses." 4th, "Mystical Magick of conjuring wrincles," &c.

Page 73. *Come, all you noble.*

For the ballad which furnished the tune, "Honour invites you to delights, Come to the Court and be made knights!"—Verses upon the Order for making Knights of such persons who had £40 *per annum*, in King James the First's time—see Addit. MS. No. 5, 832, fol. 205, Brit. Museum; and Chappell, P. M., i. 327:

"Come, all you Farmers out of the Country," &c.

Jacob Larwood's "Parks of London" may be usefully consulted, for an account of Hyde Park.

Page 75. *Coy one, I say, be gone!*

Fortunately for us, it is difficult to understand what pleasure any writers of earlier time, or their readers, could find in loathsome portraitures of foulness. Yet even so happy a poet as Sir John Suckling, daintiest of debonair delineators, could indulge in such a hideous caricature as "The Deformed Mistress"—"I know there are some Fools," &c. (Last Remains of S. J. S., 1659, p. 20.) Robert Browning admits:—

"And

"And were I not, as a man may say, cautious
How I trench, more than needs, on the nauseous,
I could favour you with sundry touches, &c.,
The very object to make you shudder."

Page 77. *Ask me no more why I do weare.*

Originally one of the Mocks or parodies founded on Thomas Carew's charming song (already referred to, in note on p. 51). The present burlesque is a valuable record of the Cavaliers' fondness for what Puritan intolerance styled "the unloveliness of Love-locks." The Roundheads affected close crops, of the jail-bird cut, whence their name. Bohemians have always associated elf locks and freedom of life.

We find this dialogue in Harleian MS. No. 6396, fol. 19; omitting the last verse, about grass and sickle. It is not between a man and woman (M. and W.), but between *Captain Long-haire* and *Alderman Short-haire, i.e.* Cavalier and Roundhead. Al. lect.—*mine* eare; 4. *wear* long; *coldst* ayre; *Keep* the Temples; *Tell* me (not "Ask"); *extent* below; mortgag*ed* theyr land; fain *obscure*; derives its *pedigree*. In verse 5, *deboystness* (MS.) is, of course, debauchery: cf. "The Tempest," Act iii. 2, "Why thou debosh'd fish, thou!"

A Song which appeared in 1641, and is claimed for Samuel Butler (Posthumous Wks., 1730 edit., p. 67) pictures thus,

THE ROUNDHEAD.

"What creature's that, with his short hairs,
His little band, and huge long ears,
That this new faith hath founded?
The Saints themselves were never such,
The Prelate ne'er ruled half so much,
Oh, such a rogue's a Roundhead!"

"It is recorded," says Fairholt, (who misprints "back-wind" for "back-friend,") "that these men guessed the morality of a man by the length of his hair, as Butler describes them to have done by his cap:

'—— black caps ouerlaid with white
Gave outward sign of inward light.' The

The rigid Puritans, who left this country for America in the early part of the reign of Charles I., published a manifesto against *long hair* in their new colony, in which they call it 'an impious custom, and a shameful practice, for any man who has the least care for his soul to wear long hair;' and they therefore enact that it shall be rigidly cropped, and not allowed to be worn in churches, so that 'those persons who, notwithstanding these rigorous prohibitions, and the means of correction that shall be used on this account, shall still persist in this custom, shall have both God and man at the same time against them.'" (Percy Soc., xxvii. 170, On Costume.)

Page 79. *That Beauty I adored before.*

In Mrs. APHRA BEHN's lively comedy, "The Rover; or, The Banished Cavaliers," Part 2, Act v. Sc. 1, while *La Nuche* holds *Willmore* the Rover, he sings:—

"No, no, I will not hire your Bed,
Nor Tenant of your Favours be;
I will not farm your White and Red,
You shall not let your Love to be:
I court a Mistress—not a Landlady."
(Plays, i. 168.)

This may be merely a heedless quotation from the fifth verse of our text. But, as the "Forced Marriage" and "Amorous Prince" of "the divine *Astræa*" appeared in 1671, it is not improbable that the entire song may be hers, though it does not appear among her Collected Poems.

Page 83. *Nor Love nor Fate dare I accuse.*

By RICHARD BROME. It is Constance's Song in his comedy, "The Northern Lasse," 1632, Act ii. Sc. 6. In "Choice Drollery," 1656, p. 4, entitled "Of a Woman that died for love of a Man." Compare the similar, but more polished song in Part 2, p. 90, and Note.

Page 84. *A Taylor, but a man, &c.*

One of the best Epigrams by Sir JOHN HARRINGTON, he who wrote, "Treason

"Treason doth never prosper: What's the reason?
For if it prospers, none dare call it treason." (1615.)

The Precise Taylor is not in the 1615 edition of his Epigrams, but is in those of 1618, and 1633, No. 20. Also in Wit's Interpreter, 1655, p. 310. The allusion to the "Bible of the new translation" shows that it was written soon after 1611. Moreover, the burlesque is of the Precisian in the time of James, an early caricature, like Shakespeare's Malvolio as "a sort of Puritan. Later, the shadows were darkened, when the strife became deadly.

Joseph Haslewood consulted the original MS. and notes in writing on his copy that the 1618 version reads, "He found his fingers were to filch inclin'd, Bid him but have the Banner," &c. Other readings in orig.—*thought* a man; *was* in a w.; that one day he might finde; walked *mannerly*, and talked; *three* Lectures; *companies*; *ev'n* was drest; *sometime*; *too* large; *brought* three; To make *Venetians downe* below *the* garters; *three* quarters; Peace (*Knave*); colour'd *silke in all* the flagge.

Page 84. *Ill tide this cruel Peace.*

Probably not written until after the Restoration, but in 1660. From that time Anglo-"Scotch" songs were in favour; and it is amusing to see how many of them, made in London, were accepted in the North, and in changed attire still remain popular.

Page 87. *Tell me, you Anti-Saints.*

This is accredited to Dr. RICHARD CORBET, Bishop of Oxford, afterwards of Norwich; b. 1582, d. 1635 (given with his signature in Sloane MS. No. 1446, fol. 11). His poems were not collected until 1647. Among them are his humourous "Journey into France," and the delicate trifling of his "Farewell to the Fairies;" for which he must always be remembered. Now may to these we add his "Time's Whistle," edited in 1871 for the E. E. Text Society, from the original manuscript in Canterbury

bury Cathedral Library (under the guardianship of Canon Robertson, our great Church Historian), by that competent editor and genial spirit J. M. Cowper, at Faversham, but now of Lima, Peru, whose absence we deeply regret.

The anecdotes concerning Bishop Corbet are unusually racy: As of his helping an unsuccessful ballad-singer at Abingdon, by putting off his own gown and assuming the man's jacket, and thus disguised singing aloud the ballads for him in a clear full voice, and so winning customers for every broadsheet; Of his joke against clumsily obtrusive country-folks at a Confirmation,—"Bear off there, or I'll confirm you with my staff:" Of his bouts in good fellowship, at equal terms in the wine-cellar, with his chaplain, Dr. Lushington, when he put off his clerical vestments and descended into private life, exclaiming "There lies the Bishop!" and "There goes the Doctor!" as hood and gown were laid aside, so that freedom remained for hob-nobbing with "Here's to thee, Corbet!" and "Here's to thee, Lushington!"

The short poem in our text has interest, far beyond its authorship, for archæologists. Corbet (or Dr. Wm. Stroud,) also has another poem on the subject; Sloane MS. No. 1446, fol. 56, 6: (Chalmers, B. P., v. 585: "I know no painte of Poetry Can mend such colour'd imag'ry," &c.) Signed R. C.

See Tho. Hearne's edit. of W. Roper's *Vita D. Thomæ Moriæ;* account of the Parish of Fairford, 1791; and Hist. Fairford church in Gloucestershire, 1763. John Keble was born at Fairford, in 1792.

Page 88. *Will you please to hear, &c.*

Our superfine taste is now shocked at the name of what Parson Evans calls "a familiar beast to man, and signifies love." People shudder at Burns's Address, "Ha! wha're ye gaun, ye crowlin' ferlie?" Tourists abroad are not so fastidious about naming F. sharps (the B. flats being confined to English sea-coast lodgings, always supposed to have been brought from town in

in the bathers' own "portmantels"); as we noticed in Italy, and elsewhere. We remember seeing the following in an Hotel book:—

At Brieg through fleas,
I got no ease;
But here at *Iselle*
I sleep very well."

(This traveller was so enraptured with quiet ees, that he has forgotten the final *e* is not *e* mute.) Again:—

At an Inn in *Vicogna*, ycleped The Post,
Is a very small landlord, but of fleas a large host.

Robert Heath, 1650, p. 25, has a poem "On a Flea-bite espied on his *Clarastella's* fair hand," beginning, "Behold how like a lovely fragrant Rose." Soldiers seem often to have complained: Like Falstaff's followers, as reported by Davy, if back-biters, "no worse than they are back-bitten, for they have marvellous foul linen."

Page 91. *O my dearest, &c.*

By THOMAS CAREW, before 1639. Entitled "Love's Complement," in Harleian MS. 6057, fol. 12; and "In Praise of the Excellent Composure of his Mistress" in Ashmol. MS. 38, art. 36. See Roxb. Libr. Carew, p. 121; also in Anderson's Brit. Poets, iii., 703, "The Complement:" with variations and two more verses.

Page 93. *Some years of late, in* '88.

Also in "Wit and Mirth," 1684, p. 20. Given, with the Music (to "The Catholick Ballad"), in Pills to P. M., iv. 37; and in Chappell, P. M. p. 212, from our text. Joseph Ritson thought it "probably little older than the date of the book;" *i. e.*, West. D. (Anc. Sgs., 271). But in Harleian MS. 791, fol. 59, is a different version, certainly of earlier date than 1671, being also in "Choyce Drollery," 1656, p. 38. This probably gave name to the tune. Here it is, direct from the Harleian MS.—

Sir Francis Drake; or, Eighty-eight.

In eyghtye-eyght ere I was borne,
As I can well remember,
In August was a fleete prepar'd,
The moneth before September.

Spayne, with Biscayne, Portugall,
Toledo and Grenado,
All these did meete, and made a fleete,
And call'd it the Armado.

Where they had gott provision,
As mustard, pease, and bacon,
Some say two shipps were full of whipps,
But I thinke they were mistaken.

There was a little man of Spaine,
That shott well in a gunn-a,
Don Pedro hight, as good a Knight
As the Knight of the Sun-a.

King Phillip made him Admirall,
And charged him not to stay-a,
But to destroy both man and boy,
And then to run away-a.

The King of Spayne did freet amayne,
And to doe yet more harme-a,
He sent along, to make him strong,
The famous Prince of Parma.

When they had say'ld along the seas,
And anchor'd uppon Dover,
Our Englishmen did board them then,
And cast the Spaniards over.

Our Queene was then at Tilbury,
What could you more desire-a?
For whose sweet sake, Sir Francis Drake
Did set them all on fyre-a.

But let them looke about them selves,
For if they come againe-a,
They shall be serv'd with that same sauce,
As they were, I know when-a.

Of

Of the ballad in our text there are better readings in a year-earlier copy, "Academy of Complements," 1670, p. 20 :—*the* nineteenth; *But* some say *of*; 6. *Their* men; *soon* set on *them*; could *we* more; *so* that one; *But* had not they; *O my soul* he had; *But* let them neither; Let *'em*; *they* know when-a.

In verse 3. Don *Pedro* refers to Alonzo Perez di Guzman, Duke of Medina Sidonia, commander of the Spanish Fleet in 1588. "The Knight of the Sun" was a favourite hero of Romance, mentioned *inter alia* in Sloane MS. 1489, "The Trimming of Tom Nash," (soon after 1600);—

"And he as many authors read
As ere Don Quixote had,
And some of them could say by heart,
To make the hearers glad.

"The valiant deeds of Knight o' th' Sun,
And Rosicleer so tall;
And Palmerin of England too,
And Amadis of Gaul." &c.

(See Reeves and Turner's old English Plays, 1874, viii. 6.) The Spanish romance was translated in 1598, as "The Mirrour of Knighthood."

Page 96. *Beat on, proud billows.*

Written before 1649: probably by Sir ROGER L'ESTRANGE, who was imprisoned four years by the Parliamenterians. It is in "Wit and Drollery," 1656, p. 11, entitled "Loyalty Confined;" as also in the "Rump," 1662, p. 242, with small variations. In David Lloyd's "Memoirs of those that Suffered" persecution for Charles I., it is mentioned as the composition of a worthy personage, who suffered deeply in those times, and was still living with no other reward than the conscience of having suffered (Percy's Reliq., ii. bk. 3, No. 12, 1767). But L'Estrange held, from 1663 to 1685, the invidious office of Licenser, (he bears the credit of versifying the "Love-Letters from a Nobleman," so was fitted to become censor of others and turn Approver

prover!) and shewed in other matters so little of conscience and high principle that we could be willing to annul his claim to authorship of this noble poem. A Harleian MS. assigns it to him, which formerly belonged to Capel, so that the pretensions advanced for the latter nobleman seem erroneous (Royal & Noble Authors, ed. Park, iii. 35). Margerite (ver. 5), a pearl, There is an allusion to Jason of Pheræ, "*medicinam invenit ex hoste*," as Dr. J. Hannah shows (C. P., 252), "when the dagger of an assassin saved his life by opening an imposthume which his physicians had given over as incurable: Pliny, H. N., vii. 51; Cicero, De Nat. D., iii. 28; Val. Maxim. I. viii. Externa, § 6."

Page 99. *My First Love.*

Ascribed both to THOMAS CAREW and to Sir John Suckling. We believe it to be Carew's. It is in Wit Restored, Repr. p. 242; in Roxb. Libr. Carew, 119, called "The Spark," as in Anders. B. P., iii. 703 (and again, on p. 742, as Suckling's, entitled "The Guiltless Inconstant"). Cf. Ashmol. MSS. 38, 47.

Page 100. *Farewel, fair Saint.*

With music, by Henry Lawes, in his First Book of "Ayres," 1653, p. 10, where he states the words to be by Honble. "THOMAS CARY, son to [Henry, Lord Lepington, afterwards] the Earl of Monmouth." He is not likely to have been mistaken regarding the author, for whom he set the music. W. C. Hazlitt gives it as Carew's, however, not Carey's (Roxb. Libr. Carew, p. 161), who was a gentleman of the bed-chamber, at about the same time as Thomas Carew was of the privy chamber and sewer-in-ordinary. It remains doubtful. The poem occurs also in Abraham Wright's "Parnassus Biceps," 1657, p. 120; and a Latin version, *Dominæ Navigaturæ* is given in Fanshawe's transl. of Guarini's Pastor Fido, 1648. Thomas Carew died about 1639. The poem speaks for itself, in its beauty, agreeing

agreeing with Carew's loveliest work, and few equalled him in chaste elegance.

Page 101. *Stay, lusty blood.*

In Wit Restored, 1658; page 185 of Reprint.

Page 103. *You'l ask, perhaps, &c.*

In Wit's Recreations, 1645, Reprint, p. 315.

Page 104. *Keep on your Mask.*

This is in Lansdowne MS. (Wm. Browne's Poems, &c), Brit. Mus. 777, fol. 68, signed Wm. Str., for Dr. Wm. Stroud; to whom it is given, also, in Hy. Lawes' Ayres, 1653, i. 19. In Wit's Interpreter, 1655, it begins "Keep on your Vail," &c., as To a Lady Unveiling Her Self. It was evidently suggested by Shakespeare's "Take, O take those eyes away!" Measure for M., Act iv. sc. 1, and the second verse (probably by John Fletcher), "Hide, O hide those hills of snow!" in Rollo, D. of Normandy. Variations, in Lansdowne MS., divided into three stanzas: beholding *you*; *will* strike; *while* I thus; torments; *sounds* like; *where* shall I goe? (So in W. Int.)

Page 105. *I'll tell you how the Rose.*

In Wit Restored, 1658: Reprint, p. 182. In Wit's Recreations, 1640-45, No. 41, Rep. 20, begins "Shall I tell you," &c.

Page 106. *Is she not wondrous fair?*

Also in Wit's Interpreter, 1655, p. 15; 1671, p. 120.

Page 106. *Go, thou gentle whispering wind.*

In Harleian MS. No. 6913, p. 38.

Page 107. *Still to be neat.*

By Ben Jonson. In Act i. sc. 1, of his "Epicœne; or, the Silent Woman," 1609, and also in his "Forest."

An

An imitation of *Semper munditiis*, see Percy's Reliq. iii. Dr. Arne's music to it is in "Clio and Euterpe," 1762, i. 63. Robert Heath, in his "Clarastella," 1650, p. 11, has a poem on true gracefulness, not unworthy of being read along with Ben Jonson's. Here it is:

SEEING HER DANCING.

Robes loosely flowing, and aspect as free,
A careless carriage deckt with modestie;
A smiling look, but yet severe:
Such comely graces 'bout her were.

Her steps with such an evenness she wove
As shee could hardly be perceiv'd to move;
Whilst her silk sailes displaied, shee
Swam like a ship with Majestie.

As when with steadfast eies we view the Sun,
We know it goes, though see no motion;
So undiscern'd she mov'd, that we
Perceiv'd shee mov'd, but did not see.

Page 108. *As we went wandering.*

Also in Windsor Drollery, p. 9.

Page 110. *One wish'd me to a Wife.*

This is another of the many clever epigrams by Sir JOHN HARRINGTON, in the edit. 1615. Also in Wit's Interpreter, eds. 1655, 1671.

Page 110. *Disdain me still, that I may ever love.*

By WILLIAM HERBERT, Earl of Pembroke (b. 1580; d. 1630). Printed in the Collection of Poems written by him, with Answers by Sir Benj. Rudyard, and others, in 1660; edited by Dr. John Donne. "Wrong not dear Empress," (see W. D., ii. 129), is in the same volume. Clarendon gives a glowing eulogium on Pembroke. So does Ant. á Wood. Corrections:—Then, though thou frown, I'll say thou art most fair; And still

still I'll love, though still I must despair; As *heat's ; metals ; too* soon; *reward.*

Page 112. *Was ever grief so great as mine?*

Given, also, in Dryden's Misc. Poems, iii. 321, ed. 1716 (few of the shorter poems and songs are to be found in early editions during his life-time. They were mostly added by the publisher). For the story of Gilderoy, as told by the not always veracious Captain Alex. Smith in "Compleat History of Highwaymen," &c., London, 1719, 12mo., and for the modernised Scottish version of the ballad, beginning "Gilderoy was a bonny boy," the reader cannot do better than turn to the excellent "Scotish Bds. and Songs, Historical and Traditionary, edited by James Maidment," Edinburgh: Wm. Paterson, 1868, vol. ii. p. 220. Also his smaller work, similiar title, 1859, p. 230, giving our song. The subject of authorship and alteration is far too large to be entered on here: but Lady Elizabeth Wardlaw (née Halket) deserves little credit for her small share in either; less than she gains in the North. We must be brief, but here are our conclusions: The Halkett purifying or cobbbling cannot have been long before 1719, at which date was published the sham-antique "Hardiknute," part 1. But not only is the present "Was ever grief," original of Gilderoy, printed in W.D., 1671, but even the "Gilderoy was a bonny boy" version dates about 1685; as a copy exists in the Bagford Collection of Bds. Brit. Mus., vol. i. p. 102. It has ten verses, and is printed for C. Bates, at the Sun and Bible. It is entitled "The Scotch Lover's Lamentation; or, Gilderoy's Last Farewell." The verses are 1. G. was a b.; O sike; My G.; For G.; In mickle; While we; 'Tis pity; 'Cause G.; At Leith; Thus loving, &c.

Stenhouse writes of a Black Letter copy "as early as 1650," but its existence is apocryphal. We have seen none before the Bagford and the W.D.; but these two differ from one another. Music to "Gilderoy was," occurs in Pills to P.M., v. 29. Professor Child sums

up

up: Lady Elizabeth Wardlaw revised "Gilderoy," omitted 2 and added 3 stanzas. Her version is in Ritson's Scot. Sgs. ii. 24. Percy's agrees, omitting sta. 9. Herd, i. 73, and Pinkerton follow Percy, Reliq. 1. 3. No. 13,

This present writer when a boy used to play in the field where Gilderoy was hanged in Chains, beside Leith Walk Edinburgh, 1636. The ground is now almost wholly built on, and known as Montgomery street.

Daniel da Volterra got an unenviable renown as the "breeches-maker" who disfigured Michael Angelo's Last Judgment to please a fastidious Pope. Bernini had similar work, and even one of Canova's finest statues in St. Peter's (that of Azrael), and the younger female figure on a tomb, were bedizened with drapery to suit squeamish prudes. We have scanty sympathy, therefore, with Lady Wardlaw and other destructive renovators. It is like "restoring" churches—obliterating every part that was venerable and giving instead their own paltry workmanship.

N.B. Verse 5.—genee, a misprint in original for "geare," or chattels.

Gilderoy, we are told, means, in *Gaelic*, the Red-haired Lad.

Page 114. *I will not do a sacrifice.*

In Wit Restored, 1658, Repr. p. 243.

Page 115. *Phyllis, for shame, let us improve.*

Music by Pelham Humphrey, in "Choice Ayres," 1676, i. 34.

Page 116. *Beneath a Myrtle Shade.*

Music by John Banister, in "Choice Ayres," 1676, i. 37. Also in Pills to P.M. iii. 171. See note on p. 31, *ante*.

Pages 118 to 122. *Like a Dog, &c.*

Both "Like a dog with a bottle" and "How pleasant a thing

thing were a Wedding!" are by THOMAS FLATMAN, the later song being marked as a second part to the former in his collected Poems, 1674, pp. 63, 64. There was a modern imitation, by a wife-hater, which employed a tin-kettle instead of a bottle for the comparison. This also found an answer, and an effective one:

After accepting the simile, and claiming brightness and utility for the wife and for the kettle, it concluded;—

> And should dirt its original purity hide,
> That's the fault of the Puppy to whom it is tied.

In Flatman's "How pleasant," we read:—*Could* purchase; 'Till she *grow*; *I thank you* for that! Compare Charles Cotton's lines:—"How uneasy is his life, Who is troubled with a Wife," &c.

WESTMINSTER DROLLERY, PART II.

Notes and Illustrations.

R. Mangie's lines:—*Haveing perus'd your Book.*"

See first note in Appendix, and on pp. 40-44, for mention of Captain Willm. Hicks, the suppositious "Author" of "*Westminster Drollery.*" He also edited the "*London Drollery*; or, The Wit's Academy," London, printed for I. Eglesfield, 1673, 8vo. It has some of his own pieces, with others of earlier date. What was called "the last and now only Compleat Collection of the newest and choicest Songs and Poems; with about forty new songs never before in print, which are now added to the second part of Westminster Drollery: the second impression," was printed at London for W. Gilbertson, in 1672 or 1674.

Anthony à Wood (who writes with evil *animus*, so that his allegations must be taken *cum grano*) mentions our Wm. Hicks, as having been "born in S. Thomas's parish [Oxon], of poor and dissolute parents, was bred a Tapster under Tho. Williams, of the Star Inn, inholder

holder, where continuing till after the Rebellion broke out, became a retainer in the family of Lucas in Colchester, afterwards Clerk to a Woodmonger in Deptford, where training the young men and putting them in a posture of defence, upon the restoration of King Charles II. obtained the name of Captain Hicks, and was there living in 1669, when his book of Jests was published," &c. "This Hicks, who was a sharking and indigent fellow while he lived in Oxon, and a great pretender to the art of dancing (which he forsooth would sometimes teach) was also author of . . . . other little trivial matters, meerly to get bread, and make the pot walk." *(Athenæ Oxonienses*, ed. Bliss, iii. 490.

Page 1. *Since we poor Slavish Women know.*

By WILLIAM WYCHERLEY, in his "Gentleman Dancing-Master," Act ii. scene 2, where a lady sings it, as "the new song against delays in love." Leigh Hunt gives the date as 1673, but we see it here in 1672, and also in Grammatical Drollery, p. 27, the same year. Genest gives it correctly. Music, by John Banister, is in "Choice Ayres," i. 18.

Page 4. *Sit tha doon be me.*

With music, in "Choice Ayres," i. 76, (but not the answer, "Sibby Cries," &c.) Also in Wit & Mirth, 1699, p. 215. Not repeated in Pills to P. M., ed. 1719. Al. lect.—Sit *thee; own* joy; *shoulds't* thou; at *Wake;* with silver shoon; *If* thou *have* me; additional verse to follow 4 of W. D.:

What man we do when Scrip is fro?
Weez gang to the House at the Hill broo,
And there weez fray and eat the fish;
But 'tis thy Flesh makes the best dish.

This forms Henry Bold's 3rd Canton, 1685, p. 13, of "Latine Songs:"—

Mihi sis Assedo (melleum Cor,)
Si dura fias, Emorior, &c.

Page

Page 7. *What means this strangeness.*

With music by Henry Lawes, this is printed in Playford's "Select Ayres," 1659, p. 48, as "Coyness in Love." Sir ROBERT AYTON, or AYTOUN, was probably the author of this song, which in the Hive, ii. 148, is entitled "Ineffectual Coyness." Given, as Song, in Bannatyne Miscellany, vol. i., p. 320, 1827, among his Poems; 4 verses, with these variations:—*must* truth; This *distance*; *That may* such;

3. For if you mean to draw me on
There needs not half this art;
And if you mean to have me gone,
You over act your part.

4. Dismiss *me*; *I* give; *that's* spent. In Dr. Chas. Rogers' Reprint, 1871, (of no authority) are further differences, and a fifth verse, p. 59 (not in B. Misc.):—

5. And such a fair and equal way
On both sides, none can blame,
Since every one is bound to play
The fairest of his game.

Page 8. *So Shipwrackt passengers, &c.*

This was a new prologue to Fletcher's Comedy (orig. before 1625). The fire referred to was not the Great Fire of London, 1666, but the burning of the Theatre Royal, in January 1671-2, "The Kings Company in their distress removed to Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, which had been vacant since November last. They opened on February 26, 1671-2, the play was 'Wit without Money.' Mohun acted Valentine." (Genest's "Some Account of the English Stage," 1832, i. 132.) This Prologue is by JOHN DRYDEN.

Page 9. *Of all the brisk dames, my Selina, &c.*

With music, by Pelham Humphrey, in "Choice Ayres," i. 23. Variations:—*Misselina* [for *Messalina*]; meet *it*: *And* jumpings.

Page 10. *Give o'er, foolish Heart.*

In R. V. [Veel, or Vyner?]'s New Court Songs, p. 59, 1672, where it is called "Daphne." In Hive, i. 32, entitled "Transitory Resentment." Also in "Windsor D.," and "Covent Garden D.," p. 52. Possibly, by VEEL. With music, by Alph. Marsh, in "Choice Ayres," i. 28.

Page 14. *Some say the World is full, &c.*

In "The Rump," 1662, p. 323, a medley begins "Some say the world is full of cheat," but there had been probably a still earlier use of the opening tune, and we incline to the belief that it was the first of the two in W. D. Chappell, p. 724, gives the tune "Petticoat Loose," but not the words (which run :—

"The Captain's Lady is always ready,
Her petticoat's loose, her petticoat's loose," &c.)

This country dance tune of the 18th century is distinct from "Petticoat Wagge." In Wit and Mirth, 1700, p. 69, the Answer, or "Pelfe" Song appears, with music by Akeroyd, entitled The True World; a much longer version. See Pills to P. M., 1719, iv. 69, for extra verses, of which three this is first :—

Your honest citizen bends the brow,
And complains there's no gains,
For to be got by gentlemen now;
For when he does his Book survey
He doth find more left behind,
Then swears they'll never pay.
Then let them, &c.

Page 15. *You Powers that guard.*

We may not attach any weight to the initials R. V., except merely as a compiler, otherwise this song being in his "New Court Songs," p. 105, might help us to guess the authorship.

Page 17. *From the hag and hungry Goblin.*

This had previously appeared in the small collection by "the

"the Wits of the Age," at end of "Prince d'Amour," 1660, p. 167. It is copied into Dr. Rimbault's inestimable Little Book of Songs and Ballads, gathered from Ancient Music Books, 1851, p. 201. Ritson in Anc. Sgs., p. 261, and Logan in Pedlar's Pack, p. 178, are the only other transcribers we know. The Tom a Bedlam songs are numerous and interesting, as are also the Bess of Bedlam and other Mad Maid's Songs. Of the former, Bp. Percy gives the best known and finest, viz., "Forth from my sad and darksome cell," the music to which is to be found in Walsh's edition of Henry Purcell's "Orpheus Britannicus," p. 116, though not in the other editions. Bishop Corbet's "Am I mad, O noble Festus" (in Percy folio MS., iii. 269), "Grim King of the Ghosts," Tom D'Urfey's "From rosie bowers," Henry Carey's "I go to the Elysian shade," and D'Urfey's "I burn, my brain," also meet us in Percy's Reliques, vol. ii. book 3. "My Lodging is on the cold ground" has been referred to, and the Parody (in our Introduction, p. xxix). In Fletcher's Nice Valour is one unmistakeably Mad Song, besides the beautiful "Hence, all ye vain delights." W. Logan gives "I am old Mad Tom," and two or three corrupt versions from chap-books, such as "I'll bark against the Dog-Star" (with which compare "I'll sail upon the Dog-Star," Tom D'Urfey's original, 1688, in Orpheus Brit., i. 122, 1695), and another, "To find my *Tom* of *Bedlam*," from Pills, iv. 189. This is an alteration of the one in "Wit and Drollery," 1656, p. 126, which has not been reprinted, to our knowledge, except in the edition of 1661.

We must also mention another "Tom of Bedlam," in "Prince d'Amour," 1660, beginning "From the top of high *Caucasus*," the pretty Mad Song, "Good morrow to the day so fair!" the Roxburghe Ballad, "Poor Besse, Mad Besse" (Love's Lunacie); Sir Francis Wortley's "Poor *Tom* hath been imprisoned," 1648; and "Heard you not lately," &c. (The Madman's Morrice, Bagford Coll., ii. 117). Even these do not exhaust our list, so rich is the store of phrensy songs.

Westm. D. gives the text better than Prince d'Amour. But from it we note for corrections :—3. With a thought I took for *Maudlin;* Owl my *marrow;* Your *Calvers* [qu. calves]; the sober *Knight* and gentle; 8. With a *Hoste* of furious, &c. In verse 5, supping with Humphrey refers to the jest that those who had nowhere to go and dine paid a visit to the tomb of *Humphrey* Duke of *Glo'ster* instead.

Page 21. *The Starr that shines, &c.*

We commend to our American readers the accentuation of the word European, on the second syllable, in verse 10, and also the employment of the word "Fall," as equivalent to Autumn, on ii. p. 111. These prove that it is ourselves who have fallen off from the old ways, and that any "American Lady" has a strong case if attacked again on these particulars.

Page 24. *Of old Soldiers.*

Music in Pills v. 217. Words only in Wit and Drollery 1682, 165; and Old Ballads, iii. 193, 1725. The genealogy here may be worth tracing.

Page 40. *All Women, &c.*

In Wit's Recreations, 1045 (abt.), Repr. p. 55, "All Women *naturally* are called *Eves,*" &c.

Page 41. *As youthful day.*

See Note on p. 35 of Part 1. (Ante, p. xix).

Page 46. *To Love thee without flattery.*

Given, with Music by Henry Lawes, in Playford's Select Ayres, 1659, p. 28, entitled "Inconstancy in Love." Mocked by Henry Bold, *olim e N. C. Oxon.*, 1684, in his Poems, p. 123, "To love thee and to flatter were a sin."

Page 47. *When Thirsis did the splendid eye, &c.*

With music, by "Pursell," (*sic* for Hy. Purcell?) in "Choice Ayres," 1676, i. 43.

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Page 48. *My Mistress will not be content.*

This is one of the "Citie Rounds," for three voices, in THOMAS RAVENSCROFT'S "Melismata," 1611. Differences slight. Reads: *for* the new translation; she *would* not dispence.

Page 48. *He that is a Clear Cavalier.*

Attributed to SAMUEL BUTLER, author of Hudibras. (Posth. Wks., 1730, p. 158). Music in Pills, iii. 129, and Chappell, Pop. Mus. 447.

Page 52. *Now Chreest me save.*

With Variations, this had appeared in "Wit Restored," 1658, p. 226 (Repr. 110), beginning "I pray you save poor Irish Knave," and The Answer to it, which agrees with what is here verse 3. In Martin Llewellyn's "Men-Miracles and Other Poems," 1646, p. 76, is "An Irish Love-Song," beginning "For Chreeshe's sake, come pity me; O hone!" &c.

Page 59. *As at noon Dulcina rested.*

A copy of this song is in the Percy folio MS., p. 178 (E. E. T. ed. iv. 32). It is mentioned in the Registers of the Stationer's Company, May 22, 1615, as "a Ballett of Dulcina, to the tune [its own] of Forgoe me nowe, come to me soone." Isaak Walton shews it to have been a favourite with the milkmaid, along with "Philida flouts me," and "Come, Shepherds, deck your heads" (Compleat Angler, 1653, cap. 2). It is in the Roxb. Coll. Bds., ii. 402, entitled An excellent Ditty called the Shepherd's Wooing Dulcina: printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clark. Bp. Percy refers to a Pepysian copy (Reliq., iii. 2, No. 13). The Bishop did useful work, and brought back much early poetry into favour, though he tampered with his texts in an indefensible manner, which we hope may never be repeated. The charming song of "Dulcina" has been assigned to SIR WALTER RALEIGH, but without

out sufficient evidence. We could easily believe it to be his, however, and Geo. Ellis gives it to him in Spec., 1801, ii. 189; thence followed by Cayley, &c. An inferior second part was printed in 1720, (showing continued popularity beyond a century,) viz.,

DULCINA, PART II.

Day was spent and Night approached,
Venus fair was Lover's friend,
She intreated bright *Apollo*
That his steeds their race should end:
He could not say the Goddess nay,
But granted Love's fair Queen her boon;
The Shepherd came to his fair Dame,
"Forego me now, Come to me soon."

Sweet (he said) as I did promise,
I am now return'd again;
Long delay you know breeds danger,
And to Lovers breedeth pain:
The Nymph said then, above all Men,
Still welcome Shepherd, Morn and Noon;
The Shepherd prays, *Dulcina* says
Shepherd I doubt thou'rt come too soon.

When that bright *Aurora* blushed,
Came the Shepherd to his dear;
Pretty birds most sweetly warbled,
And the Noon approached near:
Yet still, away! the Nymph did say;
The Shepherd he fell in a swoon;
At length she said, be not afraid,
Forego me now, Come to me soon.

With grief of heart the Shepherd hasted,
Up the Mountains to his flocks;
Then he took a Reed and piped,
Eccho sounded thro' the Rocks:
Thus did he play, and wish'd the Day
Were spent, and Night were come e'er Noon;
The silent Night [brings] Love's delight,
I'll go to Fair *Dulcina* soon.

Beautie's

Beautie's darling, fair *Dulcina*,
Like to *Venus* for her Love,
Spent away the Day in Passion,
Mourning like the Turtle-Dove:
Melodiously, notes low and high,
She warbled forth this doleful Tune;
Oh, come again, sweet Shepherd Swain,
Thou canst not be with us too soon.

When as *Thetis* in her place, [?palace]
Had receiv'd the Prince of Light,
Came in *Coridon* the Shepherd,
To his Love and Heart's delight:
Then *Pan* did play, the Wood-Nymphs they
Did skip and dance to hear the Tune;
Hymen did say 'tis Holy-day,
Forego me now, Come to me soon.

Music in Chappell, Pop. M., p. 143.

Page 64. *Songs of Shepherds.*

A faulty copy of this occurs in Percy folio MS., p. 458, but as it has been carefully collated with the present W. D. in the E. E. Text Soc. print, iii. 303, the reader is referred thither. Our text is best and earliest printed. Old Ballads, iii. 198, 1725, even begins faultily: "Songs of *Sonnets* and rustical Roundelays;" and transposes vers. 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, to become 9, 8, 6, 5, 7 (followed in Dryden's Misc. P., iii. 309; Nichols', i. 188). Music in Calliope, 1788, p. 101 (7 verses only), and in Chappell, 324 (do.).

As promised in the Introduction, we insert the lively companion song "The Hunting of the Gods." The music (with first verse only) is in Chappell's Pop. M., p. 323. He is little to be envied who detects impropriety in this tale of hoydenish May-day romps; *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, as the Second Part frontispiece has it:—

A Ballad called the Green-Gown.

Pan, leave piping, the gods have done feasting,
There's never a goddess a hunting to day:
Mortals marvel at *Coridon's* jeasting,
That gives them assistance to entertain *May*.
The lads and the lasses, with scarves on their faces,
So lively as passes, trip over the downs: [qu. Pusses?]
Much mirth and sport they make, running at *Barly-break*:
Lord! what haste they make for a green-gown.

John with *Gillian*, *Harry* with *Francis*
Meg and *Mary* with *Robin* and *Will*;
George and *Margery* lead all the dances,
For they were reported to have the best skill:
But *Cicely* and *Nanny*, the fairest of many,
That came last of any from out of the townes,
Quickly got in among the midst of all the throng,
They so much did long for their green-gown.

Wanton *Deborah* whispered with *Dorothy*
That she should wink upon *Richard* and *Sym*:
Mincing *Maudlin* shew'd her authority,
And in the quarrel would venture a limb.
But *Sibbell* was sickly, and could not come quickly,
And, therefore, was likely to fall in a sowne:
Tib would not tarry for *Tim* nor for *Harry*,
Lest *Christian* should carry away the green-gown.

Blanch and *Bettrice*, both of a family,
Came very lazy, lagging behind;
Annise and *Annabel*, noteing their policie,
Cupid is cunning, although he be blind:
But *Winny* the witty, that came from the citie,
With *Parnell* the pretty, and *Besse* the brown,
Clem, *Jone*, and *Isabel*, *Su*, *Alice* and bonny *Nell*,
Travell'd exceedingly for a green-gown.

Now the youngsters had reach'd the green meadow,
Where they intended to gather their *May*;
Some in the sunshine, some in the shadow,
Singled in couples did fall to their play;
But constant *Penelope*, *Faith*, *Hope*, and *Charity*,
Lookt very modestly, yet they lay down; And

And *Prudence* prevented, what *Rachel* repented,
And *Kate* was contented to take a green-gown.

Then they desired to know of a truth,
If all their fellows were in like case;
Nem call'd for *Eede*, and *Eede* for *Ruth*,
Ruth for *Marcy*, and *Marcy* for *Grace*;
But there was no speaking, they answered with squeaking,
The pretty lass breaking the head of the clown,
But some were a wooing while others were doing,
Yet all this going was for a green-gown.

Bright *Apollo* was all this while peeping
To see if his *Daphne* had been in the throng,
But, missing her, hastily downwards was creeping,
For *Thetis* imagin'd he tarried too long.
Then all the troop mourned, and homeward returned,
For *Cinthia* scorned to smile or to frown:
Thus they did gather *May* all the long Summer day,
And at night went away with a green-gown.

(In "An Antidote against Melancholy: made up in Pills," 1661. Also, in Roxb. Col. of Black Letter Bds., i. 538, B. Museum: Printed for J. Wright, Junior, n. d., but about 1663. Tune, "Room for Company.")

Page 74. *O Love whose force and might.*

This meets us earlier in Wit and Drollery, 1656, p. 21, with extra verses; and an Answer added in 1661 edition, p. 34. The chief value of this versical *non sequitur* is in the proverbial sayings which end each verse (and which contradict what preceded). *Ex. grat.*, 8 ver., "As Mosse did catch his Mare," W. & D. In Notes & Q., 1st series, 1, p. 320, R. S. B. made enquiry, never answered, concerning the meaning of this expression. He had found it in the translation of Rabelais [Urquhart's?]; and wrote, "There is also a song among the farmers of South Devon, of which the last line of each verse is 'As Mosse caught the Mare.'" Mosse's grey mare had evidently been caught when "napping," or asleep; see the (in 1658, already) "*old* Ballet of Shepherd Tom," in Wit Restored:—

"Where

"Where she may take him napping,
As *Mosse* took his mare" (Reprint, p. 304).

Other readings:—*power* and might, No *Creature*; Her Tresses; Much like; *thy thunder* clap, And *rend*. Verses 2, 6, and 7 were orig. 8, 9, 12.

2. (1656) Sole Mistress of my heart, [?breast]
Let me thus farre presume,
To make this bold request;
A black patch for the Rhume.

6. Oh, Women, you will never
But think men still will flatter;
I vow I love you ever,
But yet it is no matter.

7. *Cupid* is blind they say,
But yet methinks he seeth;
He struck my heart to-day,
A T . . . in *Cupid's* teeth.

10. And since her grateful merits
My loving look must lack,
I'le stop my vitall spirits
With Claret and with Sack.

THE ANSWER.

(1661 *edition only*: *p.* 34.)

1. Your letter I receiv'd,
Bedect with flourishing quarters,
Because you are deceiv'd,
Goe hang you in your garters.

2. My beauty which is none,
Yet such as you protest,
Doth make you sigh and groane:
Fie, fie, you do but jest.

3. I cannot chuse but pitty
Your restless mourneful teares,
Because your plaints are witty,
You may goe shake your eares.

4. To purchase your delight,
   No labour you shall leese,
Your pains I will requite;
   Maid, go fetch him Bread and Cheese.

5. 'Tis you I faine would see,
   'Tis you I daily think on;
My looks as kind shall be,
   As the Devills over Lincoln.

6. If ever I do tame
   Great *Iove* of lightnings flashes;
I'le send my fiery flame,
   And burn thee into ashes.

7. I can by no meanes miss thee,
   But needs must have thee one day,
I prethee come and kiss me,
   Whereon I sat on Sunday.

Page 77. *Come hang up your Care.*

Music by Robert Smith in "Choice Ayres," i. 40. This is by THOMAS SHADWELL, in Act iii. Sc. 3, of his "Miser," same date, 1672. Properly, a *Catch* in four parts, sung by *Hazard*, *Tim*, *Rant*, and *Joyce*: Come *lay by* your *cares*, and *hang up your* Sorrow, &c., in first ed. of "Miser;" inferior in many lines to W. D., but the adjective marking "the place where the glass goes not round" is by no means "damp:" *mais tout au contraire*. For an anecdote of Charles II., good humouredly excusing the familiarity of Sir Robert Viner, and quoting from this very song "He that's drunk is as great as a king," see the late J. H. Jesse's amusing "Mem. of the Court of England," iii. 338, edit. 1840.

Page 77. *Never will I wed a Girl that's coy.*

Compare the epigram "I love not her, that at the first cries I [aye I]," in Wit's Rec., No. 61, p. 29. Also two songs printed in 1670: "He that marries a merry Lass," and "He that will court a wench that is coy." By R. Brome, in his "Northern Lass," 1632, Act iii., is this:—

A SONG.

He that marries a Merry Lass,
He has most cause to be sad:
For let her go free in her merry tricks
She'l work his patience mad.
But he that marries a Scold, a Scold,
He has most cause to be merry,
For when she's in her fits,
He may cherish his wits,
With singing hey down derry.

He that weds with a Roaring Girl,
That will both scratch and bite;
Though he study all day
To make her away,
Will be glad to please her at night.

And he that copes with a Sullen Wench,
That scarce will speak at all;
Her doggednesss more
Than a scold or a w . . . .
Will penetrate his gall.

He that's matcht with a Turtle Dove,
That has no spleen about her;
Shall waste so much life
In love of his wife,
He had better be without her.

Somebody else thought not so well of a scold, having had experience of her, as we find in Harleian MS. 6396, fol. 20. b (John Hilton set music to it, 1652):—

On a Scold.

Here lyes a woman, no man can deny it,
Who rests in peace, although she liv'd unquiet,
Her husband prays you, if by her grave you walk,
You gently treade, for if she wake she'l talk.

And this, among the Epigrams, Book 1., 1650, p. 130, by Robert Baron,—On a Scolding Woman, *sub persona mariti*:—

Here

Here lies my wife interr'd; oh how
Good is't for her quiet,—and mine too!

Here is the other

SONG.

He that will court a Wench that is coy,
That is proud, that is peevish and antick,
Let him be careless to sport and toy,
And as peevish as she is frantick:
Laugh at her and slight her,
Flatter her, spight her,
Rail and commend her again.
It is the way to woo her,
If that you mean to come close to her,
Such Girls will love such men.

He that will court a Wench that is mild,
That is soft and kind of behaviour;
Let him kindly woo her,
Nor roughly come to her,
'Tis the way to win her favour.
Give her kisses plenty:
She'l take them were they twenty,
Stroke her and kiss her again,
It is the way to woo her,
If that you mean to come close to her,
Such Girls do love soft men.

He that will court a Wench that is mad,
That will squeak and cry out if you handle her,
Let him kick and fling,
Till he make the house ring,
'Tis the only way to tame her: [dandle?]
Take her up and touze her,
Salute her and rouze her
Then kiss her, and please her again:
It is the way to woo her
If that you mean to come close to her,
Mad Girls do love mad men.

Page 79. *Come, O come, I brook no stay.*

By WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT, written before 1643, in "The

"The Ordinary," Act iii. Sc. 3; A Song sung within, while "My fair is hallowing her Lute with her blest touch." It is given, with music by Henry Lawes, in Playford's "Select Ayres," 1659, p. 55, entitled "Love admits no Delay." See previous note, on 1. p. 35. In first edition of Cartwright's works, 1651, p. 45, we read the second verse, not found in Westminster Drollery :—

2. To be chaste is to be old,
And that foolish Girle that's cold
Is fourscore at fifteen :
Desires do write us green,
And looser flames our youth unfold.

Page 80. *Come Lasses and Lads.*

The music of this Maypole Song is in Chappell's Pop. M., p. 532; that of Packington's Pound, and Sellenger's (or St. Leger's) Round, pp. 124, 60. See also Dr. Rimbault's "Little Book of Songs and Ballads," p. 146, from which we glean the following final verse, but compare Songs of the Peasantry, p. 164, and "You Lasses and Lads, in Pills, iii. 301.)

8. Good night, sais *Tom*,
And soe saies *John*,
Good night, saies *Dick* to *Will*;
Good night, saies *Sis*,
Good night, saies *Pris*,
Good night, saies *Peg* to *Nell*.
Some run, some went, some staid,
Some dallied by the way,
And bound them selves by kisses twelve
To meet next hollyday.

Page 84. *For Bacchus I'm born.*

An inferior version, *i. e.*, "For Bacchus I am, and for," &c., is in Windsor Drollery, p. 145.

Page 86. *Let Fortune and Phillis frown, &c.*

Music, by Pelham Humphrey, in "Choice Ayres," i. 27.

Page

Page 87. *As I Walk'd in the Woods, &c.*

Music by Robt. Smith, in "Choice Ayres," i. 36. It appears this is the song "Harry gave Doll." Music and words also given in Wit and Mirth, 1699, p. 184, and Pills, iii. 169, 1719. See note, later, on page 116. This looks like the earlier version, despite its being here called a Mock-Song.

Page 88. *O, the sad day.*

This, in R. V.'s New Court Songs, p. 100, is entitled A Mournful Song. It is by THOMAS FLATMAN, who died 1688. It is among his Poems, 1674, p. 49; there called "Death: A Song." To us it appears of strangely suggestive power,—equal to that thrilling picture of the bewilderment of death given recently by Mrs. Oliphant in "A Rose in June." Its situation in the Drolleries enhances the effect, by contrast. The saddening reiteration of the final line, that meets us in our version (earliest), does not appear elsewhere. It adds to the pathos of the poem. Other differences: See (singly); these *poor* eyes; be!; *bed*-side; Touch; *And* when; Who (singly); the peevish world, &c. Flatman has another Poem, addressing Death, "O mighty king of Terrors, come!" which is worthy of notice, as is also one signed "Em. D.," among the poems of Thomas Beedome, 1641, "On Eternity."

Page 89. *O Sorrow, Sorrow, &c.*

Music by Robt. Smith, in "Choice Ayres," i. 87. This is properly a Dialogue, between one afflicted and Sorrow impersonated. It is thus given in R. V.'s New Court Songs, p. 103, but, like several others already noted in this Appendix, most certainly not his writing. In fact, we are doubtful of his being author of a single song in his collection, and think his name as likely to have been Robt. Viner, or Vyner, as Veel. The pres-

ent song is by SAMUEL ROWLEY, and is in Act i. Sc. 2, of his "Noble Souldier; or, A Contract broken justly Revenged," 1634. It is sung while *Onælea* walks discontentedly, weeping, to the crucifix, her maid beside her. There marked as Question and Answer. In orig.—*jurier* face; thou *in* City, Town; *weep*, To sigh, to sob; Oh when (bis).

Page 89. *Chear up my Mates.*

Music by Pelham Humphrey, in "Choice Ayres," i. 2. This also is to be found among R. V.'s New Court Songs, same date, p. 102. Variations:—Dull men are those *that* tarry; they *might*; spie *too*. As to the happy phrase, "On the wide sea of drink," we may go far before we light on a broader scene of illustration than that afforded by honest Thomas Heywood in his tragi-comedy "The English Traveller," Act ii. Sc. 1, "as it hath been publikely acted at the Cockpit in Drury Lane, *by Her Maiesties* seruants."

Clowne. Where I was to-night at supper, . . .
Was a great feast. . . .

Young Geraldine. In the height of their Carousing, all their braines,
Warm'd with the heat of Wine; Discourse was offer'd,
Of Ships, and Stormes at Sea, when suddenly,
Out of his giddy wildnesse, one conceiues
The Roome wherein they quafft, to be a Pinnace,
Moouing and Floating; and the confused Noise,
To be the murmuring Windes, Gusts, Marriners;
That their vnstedfast footing, did proceed
From rocking of the Vessell: This conceiu'd,
Each one begins to apprehend the danger,
And to looke out for safety, fflie saith one
Vp to the Maine-top, and discouer; Hee
Climbes by the bed-post, to the Teaster, there
Reports a Turbulent Sea and Tempest towards;

And

And wills them if they'le saue their Ship and liues,
To cast their Lading ouer-board; At this
All fall to Worke, and Hoyste into the Street,
As to the Sea, What next come to their hand,
Stooles, Tables, Tressels, Trenchers, Bed-steds, Cups,
Pots, Plate, and Glasses; Heere a fellow Whistles,
They take him for the Boat-swaine, one lyes strugling
Vpon the floore, as if he swome for life,
A third, takes the Base-violl for the Cock-boate,
Sits in the belly on't, labours and Rowes;
His Oare, the Sticke with which the Fidler plaid;
A fourth, bestrides his Fellowes, thinking to scape
As did Arion, on the Dolphins backe,
Still fumbling on a gitterne.

Clowne. Excellent Sport.

Wincott. But what was the conclusion?

Y. Geraldine. The rude multitude,
Watching without, and gaping for the spoyle
Cast from the windowes, went bi th' eares about it;
The Constable is called to Attone the broyle,
Which done, and hearing such a noise within,
Of eminent Ship-racke; enters the house, & finds them
In this confusion, They Adore his staffe,
And thinke it Neptunes Trident, and that hee
Comes with his Tritons (so they cal'd his watch)
To calme the Tempest, and appease the Waues;
And at this point, wee left them." (1st ed., 1633.)

Page 90. *Nor Love nor Fate can I accuse.*

Compare the similar but less complicated song in Part 1st., p. 83, The Forsaken Maid; of which the opening verse only is given in 1670 in "The Academy of Complements," reading A *Maid* so like the *Saints* above." It appears to be still older, as in "Choyce Drollery," 1656, p. 4, is a song, Of a Woman that died for Love of a Man, beginning, "Nor Love nor Fate dare I accuse." The variations are curious, showing gradual elaboration.

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Page 92. *Heart's Ease, an herb, &c.*

One example of the fondness for songs on the herbs of Love's Garden, and the Language of Flowers. Cf. Ophelia's "There's rue for you; and here's some for me: we may call it Herb of Grace o' Sundays."

Page 94. *Be your liquor small.*

This is a short version, possibly all that was originally in it, of the Black Jack Song, but more probably a condensation. Readers will be glad to regain the other verses, as they appeared in print twelve years later. They commence with a reference to the quaintly humourous song of "The Leather Bottell," which we might have gladly given, but that this Appendix is already large, and the song is attainable elsewhere, one version in Chappell, p. 514. Cans of wood, glasses fine, black pots, flagons, are shewn to be of small account in comparison to the Leather Bottel, for holding drink. And it has continuity of usefulness; like the first experiment in armour-plated ships, which was declared to be a safe investment of capital, as they warranted it to last for ever, and afterwards it might realize half its cost as old iron. Thus :—

And when the bottle at last grows old,
And will good liquor no longer hold,
Out of the side you may make a clout,
To mend your shoes when they're worn out;
Or take and hang it up on a pin,
'Twill serve to put hinges and odd things in.
So I wish in heaven his soul may dwell,
That first found out the leather bottel.

On this hint speaks our poet of the Black Jack, (of which a splendid specimen exists in the Museum of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries, Edinburgh, big as though of Jack-Boots it were "two single gentlemen rolled into one"):—

THE

THE BLACK JACK.

1.—'Tis a pitiful thing that now a days, Sirs,
Our Poets turn Leather bottel praisers;
But if a Leather theame they did lack,
They might better have chosen the bonny Black Jack;
For when they are both now well worn and decay'd,
For the Jack than the Bottle much more may be said;
And I wish his soul much good may partake,
That first devis'd the bonny Black Jack.

2.—And now I will begin to declare,
What the Conveniences of the Jack are;
First when a gang of good fellows do meet,
As oft at a Fair or Wake you shall see't,
They resolve to have some merry Carouses,
And yet to get home in good trim to their Houses;
Then the bottle it runs as slow as my Rhyme,
With Jack they might have all bin drunk in good time.
And I wish his soul in peace may dwell,
That first devis'd that speedy Vessel.

3.—And therefore leave off your twittle twattle,
Praise the Jack, praise no more the Leather bottle;
For the man at the bottle may dance till he burst,
And yet not handsomely quench his thirst;
The Master here-at maketh great moan,
And doubts his bottle has a spice of the Stone;
But if it had bin a generous Jack,
He might have had currently what he did lack.
And I wish his soul in Paradice,
That first found out that happy device.

4.—Be your liquor, &c., [see text.]
Because it said more than it could perform;
But if it had bin in an honest Black Jack,
It would have prov'd better to sight, smell and smack.
And I wish his soul in Heaven may rest,
That added a Jack to Bacchus his feast.

5.—No Flagon, Tankard, Bottle, &c., . . so fit . Tugg;
For when a Man and his wife play at thwaks,
Ther's nothing so good as a pair of black Jacks;

Thus

Thus to it they go, they swear and they curse,
It makes them both better, the Jack's ne'er the worse;
For they might have bang'd both til their hearts did
And yet no hurt the Jacks could take. [ake,
And I wish his Heirs might have a pension,
That first produc'd that lucky Invention.

6.—SOCRATES and ARISTOTLE
Suckt no wit from a Leather Bottle;
For surely I think a man as soon may
Find a needle in a bottom of Hay: [*sic.*]
But if the black Jack a man may toss over,
'Twill make him as drunk as any Philosopher;
When he that makes Jacks from a peck to a quart,
Conjures not, though he lives by the black Art;
And I wish his soul, &c.

7.—Besides, my good friend, let me tell you, that Fellow,
That framed the Bottle, his brains were but shallow;
The case is so clear I nothing need mention,
The Jack is a nearer [qu. neater?] and deeper Invention.
When the bottle is cleaned the dregs fly about;
As if the Guts and the Brains flew out;
But if in a cannon bore Jack it had bin,
From the top to the bottom all might have bin clean;
And I wish his soul no comfort may lack,
That first devis'd the bounsing black Jack.

8.—Your leather bottle is used by no man,
That is a hair's breadth above a Plow-man;
Then let us gang to the Hercules pillers, [*i.e.* Gibralter]
And there visit those gallant Jack-swillers,
In these small, strong, sower, sweet, mild, stale,
They drink Orange, Lemon, and Lambeth Ale:
The chief of Heralds there allowes,
The Jack to be of the antienter house.
And may his successors never want Sack,
That first devis'd the long leather Jack.

9.—Then for the bottle, you cannot well fill it,
[&c., See verse 4 of text, the same until "a spout;"]
Then burn your bottle, what good is in it,
One cannot well fill it, nor drink nor clean it; But

But if it had bin a jolly black Jack,
'Twould came a great pace, and hold you good Tack,
And I wish his soul, &c.

10.—He that's drunk in a Jack looks as fierce as a spark,
They were just ready cockt to shoot at a mark;
When the other thing up to the mouth it goes,
Makes a man look with a great bottle nose;
All wise men conclude, that a Jack new or old,
Though beginning to leak is however worth gold;
For when the poor man on the way does trudge it,
His worn out Jack serves him well for a budget;
And I wish his Heirs may never lack Sack,
That first contriv'd the Leather black Jack.

11.—When Bottle and Jack stand together, fye on't,
The Bottle [&c., as in verse 3 of text,—to "shooes;"]
For add but to every Jack a foot,
And every Jack becomes a Boot;
Then give me my Jack, ther's a reason why,
They have kept us wet and they'le keep us dry;
I now should cease, but as I'm an honest man,
The Jack deserves to be called SIR JOHN.
And may they nere want for belly nor back,
That keep up the Trade of the bonny black Jack.

This final verse 11. partly agrees with final verse 6., of text, as well as with 3. Thus, in controversy between Leather Bottel and Black Jack, very much indeed "may be said on both sides."

Page 99. *The Nymph that undoes me.*

Music by Mr. Stafford, in "Choice Ayres," i. 31. Also in R. V.'s 'New Court Songs,' same date, with few verbal differences:—*the* joy of; *And* the cause of *a*; 2. Her *Mouth*; wit *still*; Has the *beautiful Blush* and smell; *attend*; she *wounds* with a *look*; Lover *must* hope; In *Sylvia*; love *her*, who.

Page

Page 100. *It was in* June, *and 'twas on* Barnaby *Bright too.*

In first line of verse 6, the text has "many," certainly a misprint for "merry." "Barnaby," is the feast of S. Barnabas, June 11, held formerly as a high festival throughout England. At Glastonbury, on the North side of St. Joseph's Chapel, a miraculous walnut tree determinately refused to bud before St. Barnabas' day, and then sprung into leaf. Of course so devout a tree required pilgrimages, and got them. King James, his Queen Anne, and their nobility "gave large sums of money for cuttings from the original. Midsummer, or nightless days, now begin and continue until the 2nd of July. There is still this saying among country people,

> '*Barnaby* Bright, *Barnaby* Bright,
> The longest day and the shortest night.'"
> (Hone's E. D. B., i. 172.)

An old ballad of The Bathing Girls is in Black Letter.

Page 104. *When first I saw my Celia's face.*

P. 105, third line, should end, evidently, with "tipple," and "Still" begin next line. In verse 5, "Her feet were so Epitomized, Like peeping-mice did still appear," the resemblance is more than accidental to Sir John Suckling's origination of the simile :—

> "Her feet beneath her Petticoat
> Like little mice stole in and out,
> As if they fear'd the light :
> But oh ! she dances such a way !
> No Sun upon an Easter day
> Is half so fine a sight."

Indeed, this exquisite "Ballad upon a Wedding" evidently suggested the entire poem, beside a dozen other imitations; chief among which may be mentioned Robert Baron's "I tell thee, Jack, as I sought out," 1650; and "Now that Love's Holiday is come, and

Madge

Madge the maid hath swept the room," 1682. In the handsomely printed "Selections from Suckling's Works," 1836, his delicious "Ballad on a Wedding" is actually mutilated, as Saturn was treated by Jupiter (but without any similar result, a birth of Beauty), by an egregious dolt, the Rev. Alfred Suckling: he being one who "dies of a rose in aromatic pain," and having so keen a scent for impurity that he would muffle the bust of Clytie in a starched ruff and pinners. Out of the mouth of such Sucklings as Alfred cometh no wisdom. He confounds Aurelian Townshend with Heywood (p. 86, d); but that is a field-mouse to an elephant among his misdoings.

The Music, by James Hart, in "Choice Ayres," 1676, i. 63, has words to a slightly different measure. It is probably the *Original Song*, to which our *Westminster Drollery* version is a Mock or Parody:

1. When first I saw fair *Cælia's* face,
So full of modesty and grace,
As potent armies do attaque the place
Which can't resistance make;
So she by pow'r has made her way
Unto my heart, and there does stay,
Receiving homage which I pay.

2. The force of Love who can withstand,
It is in vain to countermand,
What envious *Cupid* has decreed;
Then my poor heart must ever bleed,
'Till you, fair Nymph, by pity mov'd,
My passion having once approv'd,
Can Love, as now you are belov'd.

3. It would be gallantry in Love,
If *Cælia* would the act approve,
Where she so long has caus'd a smart,
There to bestow, at length, her heart.
In doing this, fair Saint, you may
From your blest name derive a day,
When Lovers unto you shall pray.

Page 108. *There's none so pretty.*

Music in Pills P. M., vi. 222, 1720. Entitled "The Yielding Lass."

Page 111, line 8. *Every Spring and Fall.*

"Fall," so in Mock Songs, 1675, p. 74, "I sing of great diseases all, That happen not at Spring, or Fall." Only ignorance prompts the ridicule employed against American usage of this word, as equivalent for Autumn. We have to thank our Transatlantic cousins for keeping alive many good old English words that have been starved to death at home (see previous note on European, ii. p. 23).

Page 112. *And I have a mind to be married.*

Still called "A Penny Wedding" in Scotland, though the custom has died out, like other good things. Young folks wish to begin now-a-days amid all the luxuries wherewith their parents left off. The Lament, "Phil Porter's Farewel," will be found in Pills P. M. iv. 4.

Page 114. *Get you gone, you will undo me.*

One of the lively songs by SIR CHARLES SEDLEY. Given in his Miscellaneous Works, ed. 1702, p. 38, but imperfectly, as compared with the excellent version in text, which alone is divided into stanzas and contains lines 5, 6, 17, 18, special. The 1702 version reads our 12th line (its own 16th) tamely thus: "Never intending to go higher," and ends the song with "leave me too." Giving 1 to 4, then 7 to 10, these lines (not in W. D.) continue :—

> At every Hour, in every Place,
> I either saw or form'd your Face;
> All that in Plays was finely writ,
> Fancy for you, and me did fit.

My

My Dreams at night were all of you,
Such as till then I never knew:
I sported thus with young Desire, &c.

Page 116. *As I walk'd in the Woods.*

This (compare p. 87 for "Harry gave Doll") is by THOMAS SHADWELL, in his comedy, "The Miser," Act ii., same date. The fourth verse, here omitted, runs:—

Now all my fresh colour deserted my face,
And let a pale greenness succeed in the place,
I pine and grow faint, and refuse all my meat,
And nothing but Chalk, Lime or Oatmeal, can eat:
But in my despair, I'le die if I can,
And languish no longer for want of a man.

Page 118. *How charming are those, &c.*

Given as "A song at the King's House" in R. V.'s "New Court Songs," p. 55; also in "Covent Garden Drollery," p. 48, "Song;" both of same date, 1672. Al. lect.:—message *to;* pulse *grown* warm, Oh the *raptures*; And then, O Heavens! the Secret Deed! When Sense and Soul, &c.

Page 119. *While Alixis lay prest.*

Music, by Nicholas Staggins, in "Choice Ayres," i. 22. By JOHN DRYDEN, in his "Marriage a la Mode," 1672, Act iv. Sc. 2, at the Masquerade.

Sometimes printed "*Whilst Alexis*," or "As *Alexis* lay pres'd," in "New Court Sgs.," 77; Covent Garden Drollery, 62; Choice i. 253; Hive iii. 208, &c. Title, "The Willing Nymph." Genest mentions it as a Song indecorous "but very well written" (Account of Engl. Stage, i. 134). Both in Cov. Gard. D. 72. and N. Ct. Sgs., 104, is also a song called "Enjoyment," same date, 1672, which strikingly resembles Dryden's.

ENJOYMENT.

ENJOYMENT.

(A Song at the King's House.)

So closely, closely prest
In his *Clymena's* arms young *Damon* lay,
Panting, in that transport so o're-blest,
He seem'd just ready, just to die away.
Clymena beheld him with amorous eyes,
And thus, betwixt sighing and kissing, she cries,
Oh, make not such haste to be gone:
'Tis too much unkind,
Whilst I stay behind,
For you to be dying alone.

This made the youth, now drawing to his end,
The happy moment of his Death suspend:
But with so great a pain
His soul he did retain,
That with himself he seem'd at strife,
Whether to let out Love, or keep in Life.
Then she, who already was hasting to Death,
Said softly, and trembling, and all out of breath,
O now, my Love, now let me go;
Die with me, *Damon*, now; for I die too.
Thus dy'd they; but 'twas of so sweet a death
That so to die again, they took new breath.

In text (by Dryden's folio, 1701, i. 500) correct: *Alexis*; often they *di'd*; Nymph *di'd* more.

Page 120, and 123. *O Love, if ere thou'lt ease, &c.*

Music, by Pelham Humphrey, in "Choice Ayres," i. 12. At the former page this is wrongly stated to be in "Marriage a la Mode" (by confusion with previous song). It is by JOHN CROWE, "sung to *Julia* in the garden," in Act iv. third scene, of his "History of Charles the VIIIth. of France; or, The Invasion of Naples by the French." The 1st. edition, 1672, mentions, "acted at his Highness, the Duke of York's Theatre." In N. Ct. Sgs., p. 91. Variations—least from first

first copy :—*pants* with never; *shade*; *too* nigh; *Yet* oh ye Powers! I'd; Ere *I'd*; Which honour; *our griefs*.

Page 123. *I must confess, not many years ago.*

Music, by William Turner, in "Choice Ayres," i. 75. Given in R. V.'s New Court Songs, p. 90, entitled "The Recovery: A Theatre Song." Reads "or t'other coy." Additional 3rd verse :—

No Eunuch can more unconcern'dly brook
The glances of the most bewitching Look :
Yet if my *Mis* be wantonly enclin'd,
None can be more obliging, none more kind.
Enjoyment now has taught me how to prize
What onely they that know not, Idolize.

John Evelyn, in his Diary, refers to the introduction of the word "Misse," in restricted meaning, "as at this time they began to call lewd women;" 9 January, 1662. Even thus the harmless word Mistress has become opprobrious.

Page 126. *Here to a period is a Scrivener come.*

This dates thirty-two years earlier, being in "Wit's Recreations," No. 175 (Reprint, p. 270). We may refer to other poems of like humour, beside the "Sexton" next following: viz., "The Chandler drew near his end," The Chandler, in Choice Drollery, 1656, p. 72; punning Epitaphs on another Chandler, "How might his dayes end that made weeks? (wicks)"—Wit's Recr., p. 271; on a Dyer, ibid., p. 268; on a Cobbler, Wit Restored, Repr., 182.

Page 127. *I sing the praises, &c.*

Given as "An Encomium," among the Fancies and Fantasticks in Wit's Recreation, 1640, Repr., p. 402. Attributed to Suckling is another, on a similar mishap in the Parliament House; in Pills to P. M., iii. 332, "Down came grave ancient Sir *John Crooke*," &c.;

Rump Coll., 61. At p. 123 (as at pp. 31, 53, 54) we venture on a bracketted correction of an evident misprint: "Times," should be "Thames."

Page 129. *Wrong not, dear Empress, &c.*

Attributed to SIR WALTER RALEIGH (died 1614) on authority of Lansdowne MS.; Rawl. MS.; and Cotgrave's Wit's Interpreter, 1655, p. 40; where, as "Wrong not, sweet Mistress," &c., it is entitled The Silent Lover. Introductory lines, omitted in W. D., are

Passions are likened best to floods and streams:
The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb;
So when affections yield discourse, it seems
The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
They that are rich in words, in words discover
That they are poor in that which makes a lover.

Wrong not, &c.

It has been claimed, without evidence, for Sir Robert Ayton, for Lord Pembroke, and Lord Walden! Rawlinson MS. calls it "Sir Walter Raleigh to Queen Elizabeth." See note on i. p. 110.

INTRODUCTION.

Page xv. note, line 6, read *James* Wright (*son of Abraham Wright, author of "Parnassus Biceps."*)

Page xix. note, line 2. We possess a copy of a previous edition of Part 1. of "The Wits," also dated 1672, which lacks this Preface, and has, instead, two pages of printed address "To the Readers, The Stationer sends greeting," signed by Francis Kirkman. The arrangement is different, including many of Cox's "Humours," afterwards included in Part 2., 1673. The frontispiece, representing a performance of "Drolls" at the Red Bull Theatre, is seldom found in extant copies.

FINALE.

FINALE.

IF ye be weary of the drowsy hum
Of silly Senators, and Legal folly,
The boasts of "Scientists" (all wrangling), come!
These *Drolleries* free you soon from melancholy.
A pleasant hour you'll spend with Cavaliers,
Their roystering fun, their catches and cajolery,
Their love-lays—with more smiles than trace of tears;
The varied phases of *Westminster Drollery*.

Shadows before us move of buried Wits,
Beau Sedley, Dorset, CHARLES with frank good nature;
Once more at Will's, enthron'd, John Dryden sits,
And Davenant brooks jest on nasal feature:
Carew and Raleigh strike their earlier strings,
Wotton and Lyly joining in the chorus;
Wycherley lends fresh mirth, plump Shadwell sings,
Starched Johnny Crowne perks his grave phiz be-
[fore us.

Playwrights and Poets, not unknown to fame,
With mockery of Wife, and ode to Spinster,
Gibing at Puritan and Roundhead, came
To 'twine these *Drolleries* from old *Westminster:*
Garlands unfaded, with a perfume still
For all who hold the White Rose still in favour,—
All who can quaff the true Castalian rill,
And like it better for its antique flavour.

1874. J. W. E.

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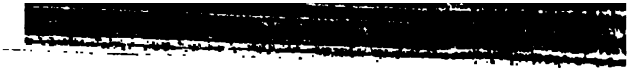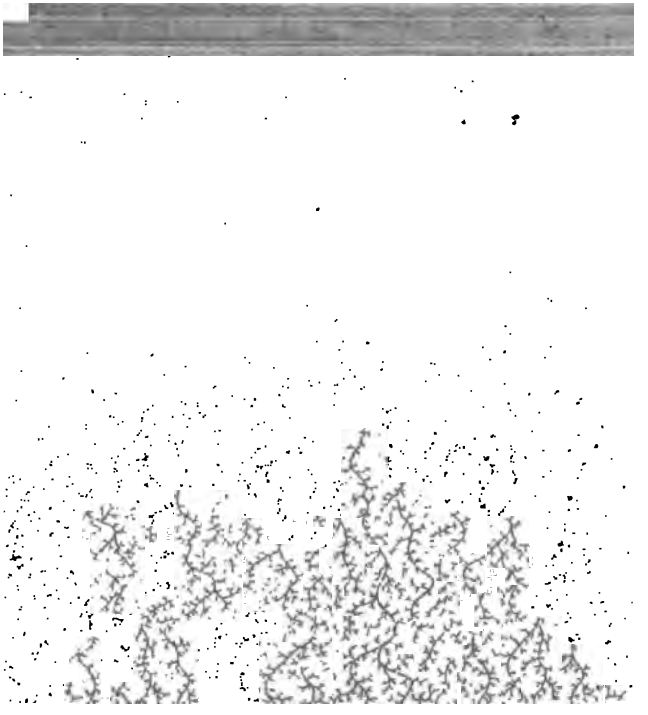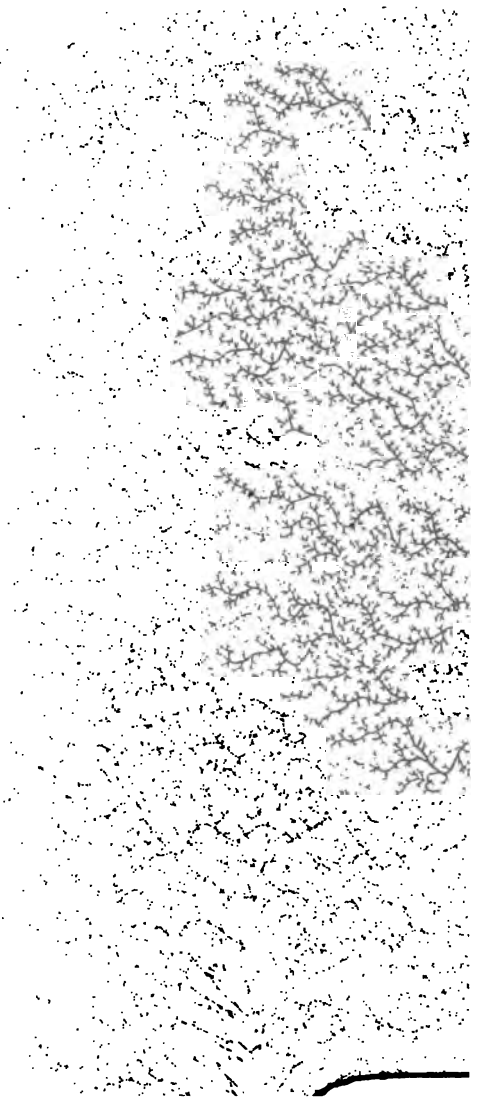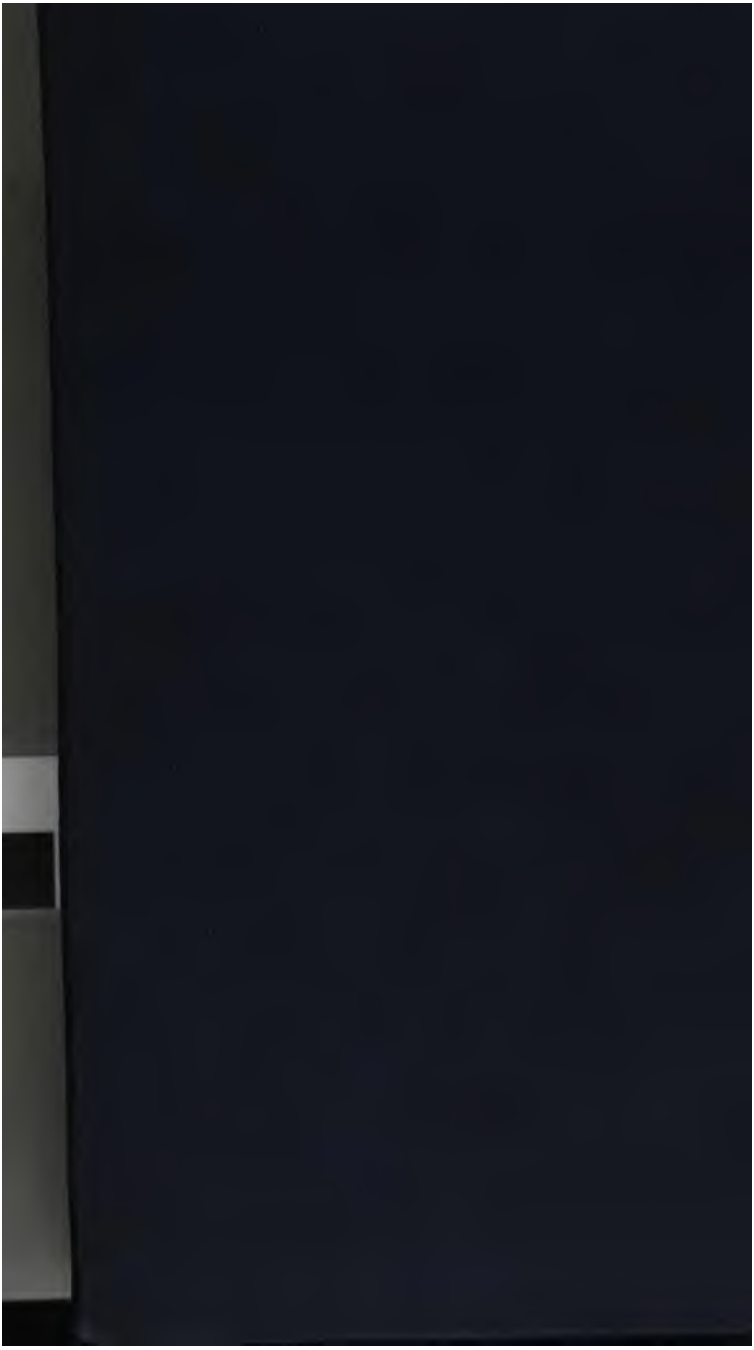
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